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HIS VANISHED STAR.

V.

Kenniston's gracious mood was not of long continuance. He was of the temperament which demands a prerequisite for good nature. Given an adequate reason to be happy, and he could show you a fine article of felicity. But his heart would not bubble with gratitude on general principles for ordinary blessings enjoyed in common by humanity at large. It was not enough for him that the fried chicken was fat; that his cigar was good; that, as he smoked after supper on the little porch, the air was so fragrant, so fine, so dry; that the stars were brighter for the great dark amphitheatre of mountains above whose summits, serrated against the horizon, his far-reaching gaze sought them; that Julia, as she sat on the step of the threshold, had an outline and a coiffure that he would have discriminated as classic in marble; that every trace of the battered beauty of old "Cap'n Lucy's" countenance vanished, leaving it a unique ideal for a gargoyle, when his guest chanced to intimate that he had written to the register in the county town, who had furnished him with the calls from his title deeds, and that he felt very sure that Captain Lucy had inadvertently trespassed on his neighbor's domain. Harmoniously ugly as his countenance was, Captain Lucy's conduct was more so.

"Waal, sir," he said, after an interval of stunned dismay, during which Kenniston leaned forward, drawing with his cane an imaginary line on the floor, and repeating the measurements for the boundaries from the paper in his hand, "ye an' the register may go to hell, sir, an' brile, sir!"

Captain Lucy's face was very distinct in the light from the fire within the door, as he sat tilted back in his chair against the post of the porch, and a sudden sensation ensued amongst his household as they gazed upon him, astounded by this unprecedented breach of all the canons of hospitality. There was silence for a moment. Luther stirred uneasily, the legs of his chair rasping harshly on the rough flooring of the porch. Even Julia gave signs of having heard by turning her head slowly, with a certain interest and incipient excitement on her impassive face. Adelicia's eyes dilated with alarm as she half rose from her seat on the step of the porch; she had grown pale; her delicate, fine little chin and her lips quivered with the agitation of the moment.

"Oh, uncle Lucy, ye don't mean that, — ye don't mean that, now!" she urged.

"Oh, I ain't partic'lar ez ter *when!*" the old man blurted out. And then he paused to chuckle in sinister fashion over his play upon the double meaning of the word "now" in this connection. He had a satisfaction, too, in thwarting the ever-ready peacemaker and apologist, and in her look of balked surprise as she cogitated upon his answer.

His grimly jocose pride in his cleverness relieved the tension of the moment. It suddenly became more practicable for

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Kenniston to overlook his rude rage, when the circumstances rendered it hardly possible for him to take cognizance of it. His indignant repugnance to the situation was sharply manifest in his face, however, which was of an expressive type, but he compassed an offhand manner as he said, —

"Oh, the register and I may be burned indefinitely and to your heart's content, in due course of spiritual justice; but I fancy it won't be the direct consequence of anything in the nature of muniments of title, and it won't change the metes and bounds of this land by one rod, perch, or pole."

Another voice broke into the discussion abruptly: —

"What reason hev ye got ter 'low ez Cap'n Lucy be on yer land?"

The dull irradiation of the porch from the flicker of the fire within the house barely sufficed to show Lorenzo Taft's burly form standing beside the post. His approach had been unnoticed by the group, but his question apprised them that he had joined them some moments previously, and the pawing of his mare at the gate showed that she had been hitched in anticipation of passing the evening there. In the excitement of the situation the usual greetings were dispensed with, and Kenniston not unwillingly recited anew the calls of the title papers, again sketching the boundary line with his cane on the floor, and even taking from his pocket a letter, and drawing upon the back of the envelope a miniature plat of the irregularly shaped body of land. Even in his preoccupation he could but note the intelligence of the attention which the visitor closely bent upon his exposition and the rude draught, the receptivity of his mind, the pertinence of his questions. Taft stood leaning over the back of Kenniston's chair, his blue eyes fixed on the paper in the slim deft fingers of the draughtsman, his own brawny hand laid meditatively on his long yellow beard.

"Of course," said Kenniston, folding the paper, and by way of concluding the matter, "I am ready to pay the colonel the full value of his improvements. He has only to name his price."

The irate glance which Captain Lucy shot at him served to steady him a trifle, to tame his buoyant sense of triumph. He had an ample fund of physical courage; that is, in his fresh, healthy, normal mental impulses he never thought of fear. But he had seldom been brought into actual personal danger, and the details of sundry lawless and furious feuds that had come to his knowledge during his stay in the mountains were brought suddenly to his remembrance by that swift, scathing look; and he was further reminded that few of these bloody chronicles recounted so definite a provocation as the effort at eviction. Nevertheless, the sense of proprietorship was strong within him, and the active aggressiveness of a man with the coercions of that weapon in his hand, the law of the land, made his blood stir when Captain Lucy, wagging his arbitrary old head, retorted, "An' s'pose I say — like I hev said — ez my h'a'th-stone ain't got no price! S'pose I won't sell, an' I won't gin in, an' I keep my line whar I know my line hev got a right ter be, — whut then, hey?"

But for his gray head, so did his manner and expression reach the climax of aggravation, it might have seemed righteousness to smite him. Kenniston, held in the bonds of such considerations, controlled himself with difficulty. He was unused to self-restraint, or to occasions that necessitated it. The color had overspread his face; he was hot, impatient, indignant. "Why, then, there 's nothing for it but to procession the land and establish the boundary," he declared.

Captain Lucy stared in amazement. This possibility seemed never to have occurred to him as a solution.

"Percession my lan'!" he cried at last, as if the extremity of insult had been offered him. "Percession my lan'!"

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His face was scarlet; his eye blazed; his hand, held out with a gesture of insistence toward Kenniston, shook with fury.

"Or *my* land," Kenniston sneered. "'T is n't capital punishment. Plenty of men have survived the processioning of land, — thriven on it! My land, then; the process won't hurt it. Get the line, — that 's what I want."

Once or twice Adelicia sought, in her agitation, to interpose. Now she rose and came to Captain Lucy's side, taking hold of the shaking hand which he brought ever nearer to Kenniston's face, who would not draw back, nor mitigate or postpone his demand, in the front of this threatening gesture. "Oh, uncle Lucy — don't — don't! Sweet uncle Lucy, don't! Thar 's room enough in the mountings fur all o' we-uns! Look at the mountings — how big they air — toler'ble roomy fur sure! Don't quar'l 'bout *lan'*, uncle Lucy — whenst we-uns hev got all out o' doors fur lan' — an' git in a fight, mebbe, an' git hurt, an' " —

"Ad'licia," snarled "sweet uncle Lucy," with a gasp, pretermitting his attentions to Kenniston to turn upon her his corrugated face, "Ad'licia, I tole that man ez war so dead set ter marry ye I would n't let him hev ye. But I hev changed my mind. I 'll tell him he kin cart ye off from hyar ter-morrer, an' welcome, mighty welcome, ef so be he ain't changed his mind; fur I can't abide ye an' yer 'peace talks,' like a Injun, an' yer interferin' with yer elders, an' yer purtenses, no mo'! Thar, now!" he exclaimed in triumph, as she fell back quite speechless because of this disclosure of the matrimonial proposition. "I reckon ye 'll set down now, an' stay set!"

Then he turned to Kenniston with an accession of fury, the fiercer for the momentary stemming of the tide.

"An' I say, hyar I be, an' yer percessionin' don't tech me nowhar. An' hyar I 'll 'bide, no matter whut! An' I won't sell out, an' I won't take no price fur my h'a'thstone, no matter whut!"

"Then," said Kenniston hotly, "you 'll be ejected in due process of law, — that 's all."

He changed color the next moment and bit his lip, for he had put himself in a false position.

"That 's toler'ble tall talk ter a man under his own roof," said Captain Lucy, suddenly cool, and not without dignity.

Kenniston was out of countenance for the nonce. He felt that there was scant grace or utility in forcing the matter, which was beyond the control of either, to this unseemly issue. He had been hurried by his impatience of contradiction and Captain Lucy's illogical and arbitrary temper far beyond his intention, which was originally merely to propose to have the surveyor run out the boundary line in order to demonstrate for the old man's enlightenment the fact that he was a trespasser, and to offer to pay the full value of the improvements. But he was not of the type from whom penitents are developed. The acknowledgment of being in the wrong was inexpressibly repugnant to him. Perhaps he could not have constrained himself to make it but that he foresaw the reversal of their mutual positions.

"You 're more than half right, colonel. I am out of place here. I feel that. And, under the circumstances, I think I had better take myself off."

He had intended to get the better of his host. But his most cruel desire could never have sought to compass the deep humiliation of vanquishment which had befallen poor Captain Lucy. The implied reflection upon his hospitality, the consciousness that his own hasty words justified it, the receding and diminishing aspect of the provocation common to the mental vision at such moments, with the magnifying of the offense, all combined to render him a chopfallen and lugubrious old non-combatant in the space of a second. But Captain Lucy's talent for open confession and repentance was not more marked than Kenniston's. He sat

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grum, crestfallen, afflicted of mien, but silent. His keen eye had no longer an alert interest; it was fixed with an absorbed, reflective stare on an intermediate point some two feet from the floor, with the air of insight rather than outward vision. Kenniston was not prepared, either, for the protest from the younger and ordinarily acquiescent members of the family.

"Thar, now!" exclaimed the apathetic Luther, rising to the occasion like a man of this world. "Ye hev actially got ter the p'int o' quar'lin' over yer old land an' worldly goods an' sech. An' what diff'unce do it make? The line is thar, no matter what air one of ye say, an' I reckon the county surveyor air man enough ter find it. Mebbe ye 'low ye air powerful interestin', but I ain't listenin' much, through wantin' ter interjuice this hyar plumb special applejack I got this evenin' from the cross-roads. Ye 'lowed ye hed never tasted sech, Mr. Kenniston. Now try this, sir, an' ye 'll feel good enough ter set out an' sing psalms an' hymns an' speritchul chunes the rest of the evenin'."

Adelicia took a pitcher which the languid Julia had alertly fetched. She spoke for her, as if Julia were dumb. She looked up at Kenniston, with her delicately tinted old-fashioned oval face set in smiles.

"Ef ye want ter temper it enny?" she suggested.

"Git out'n the way, Ad'licia, with that pernicious jug o' cold water!" exclaimed Luther, shoving her aside. "Take it straight, stranger; don't spile the good liquor."

The feminine members of the family had observed that Kenniston's glass was usually diluted, and in their eagerness to facilitate peace they gave him no excuse. He hardly liked to nullify his bluster of incipient farewell by accepting this show of good fellowship and further hospitality, and yet he could not rudely repel it. He felt that both he and his host had gone too far, much farther than he had intended. Yet nevertheless his was not the nature nor the practice to overlook an affront. He took the glass, with a slight laugh and the outward show of amity, but he was determined to adhere to his threat of departure. Their interests were too adverse to make a longer sojourn appropriate; time would render them even more inimical, and he was under no obligations to put up with indignities at the hands of Captain Lucy or any other man. Could he have thought anything humorous that affected his interests, he must have been moved by the seriocomic aspect of the old man, sedulously silent lest his tongue escape him, solemnly sampling the new liquor, — for his son had filially and with great show of courtesy waited upon him, — a sort of aged pallor upon the wrinkles of his face, where erstwhile his rage had glowed so ruddily. In drinking, Taft had unconsciously a knowing and discriminating air. He was comparing the quality of the beverage with the apple brandy of the Lost Time still. He looked very thoughtful as he lowered the glass, and let the flavor permeate his palate, and once more took a careful, considerate draught. It was more like business than pleasure. Luther himself did not indulge beyond the merest swallow for form's sake. He was occupied in guiding the conversation clear of difficulties and bellicose suggestions; and, considering his limited and uncouth experience, his efforts to reëstablish the decorums of peace were worthy of praise. He evidently considered that he had failed utterly when Kenniston rejoined him in the porch, after the rest of the family had retired for the night, and communicated his intention of immediate departure. "I can make the cross-roads by daylight or breakfast time, no doubt," he said, "if you will let me have my horse; and I can rest there an hour or so, and then ride on and reach the train,

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the night express, as it passes the tank and stops for water, about sundown."

In vain Luther protested. Kenniston declared this his original intention. He would save time, and prevent making both journeys by daylight. "I don't believe I could stand the sun two days in succession, at this season. And if I like, I'll lie over at the cross-roads, and make another night ride." He urged Luther to say nothing to Captain Lucy or the other members of the family, as he did not want to combat any objections to his departure. "The old cap'n will think I bear malice, and — really I must go."

Luther's hesitation in the matter was a trifle nettling to a free agent. He evidently hardly liked to take the responsibility of acting without the autocratic paternal concurrence. Kenniston himself felt the irking of leading-strings. "Cap'n Lucy or no Cap'n Lucy, I 'm going," he said to himself, making a dash for liberty, as it were. "I believe the man thinks Cap'n Lucy owns the earth."

Luther's obduracy gave way presently, although he persisted in saddling his own horse, also, and accompanying his guest as far as the cross-roads. Kenniston was oppressed with the sense of so punctilious a host, and the long ride in the dewy night, along the deserted roads, under the white silent stars, would have accorded better with his humor had he been solitary. But the freshening wind that came with the daybreak had a sense of liberty in the broad spread of its wings. Under the slow revelation of the clear gray skies of dawn, he marked how far the tumult of its flight extended in the stirring of the forests on the mountain sides, awakening from the lethargies of the night. He experienced a certain quickening interest in the unrolling of an unfamiliar landscape from the obscurities of the darkness. He had a keen zest for its beauty, the splendid symmetry of its setting amidst a new and strange conformation of the mountains; he was responsive, too, to that touch of pensive melancholy, that sense of loss, which one must feel in noting the day-star fade, the quenching of that white, tremulous, supernal lustre in the midst of the roseate mists; but his strong mundane heart stirred to see the sun sail majestically up amidst the full argosy of scarlet and amber clouds, freighted with the future, and the breathless expectation of the quiescent landscape merge into the certainty of largess to the present moment. And he had a yet deeper satisfaction: he noted the inferiority of the magnificence about him to the scene he had left, his own, his very own, and he dwelt upon the recollection of it with a personal triumph, as if he had himself designed and builded it. It was with an influx of hopefulness, of content, of renewed interest in the world, that he shook hands with Luther, glad enough to part with him.

The mountaineer looked after him with a certain wistfulness. His experience was too limited, his idea of the world beyond too vague, for his thoughts to follow the traveler. It was only the sudden dim perception of that fresh, vital, alert turning to fields beyond his ken that smote upon him with a sense of deprivation or of discontent, too subtle to be definitely discriminated.

It was, fortunately, fleeting. Luther's satisfaction to discover that old Captain Lucy approved of his course, and in fact was secretly pleased to be rid of Kenniston's presence, dominated every other consideration. As the day wore on, the old man's jaunty self-importance returned. From various meditative pauses, in which he evidently argued anew the situation, he visibly derived self-justification. He was altogether at ease and himself again in an indefinitely short time, for the father was hardly more worldly-wise than the son. He considered Kenniston's departure final. He

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assumed that his taunt and his sturdy resistance had bluffed the man off from the design of processioning the land, which, being a thing undreamed of hitherto, Captain Lucy vaguely feared, albeit sure enough that he stood well within his own boundaries. As time went by without incident or news, he began even to speak of the projected hotel as a thing of the past, a sort of mental mirage of a crack-brained visionary.

It came upon him, therefore, with the force of an unexpected blow when Luther one day burst into the house with a paper in his hand giving notice of the proposed processioning, and blurted out that he had seen the public notice posted, according to law, at the voting-place of the district, which was the gristmill on Tomahawk Creek.

Captain Lucy, lapsed in the soft securities of peace, was stunned for a moment. That valiant essence, his temper, of all his faculties recovered its vitality first. He mounted his horse and rode to Sawyer's Mill, where, confronting the obnoxious notice, conspicuous upon the doorpost, he stood for a moment, the centre of a curious group of idlers, frowningly contemplating it; then, with a single irate gesture, he promptly tore it down, in defiance of the law. He silently got upon his horse and rode away, leaving Luther and the kindly miller to patch the fragments together, and to replace the notice as before, where, the fractions not perfectly adjusted, it haltingly and disconnectedly continued to proclaim the date, some twenty days hence, when said Kenneth J. Kenniston designed to cause his land to be processioned, stating the corner at which he intended to begin, to ascertain and establish its boundary line.

Kenniston's absence, however, Captain Lucy still appreciated as a boon. He was free to flounder about amongst the dense jungles of the laurel, "huntin' fur the line ez ef 't war hid 'mongst the bushes like a rattlesnake, an' he mought find it by hearin' it rattle," Luther observed, with his first unfilial criticism. Since the full value of the improvements would doubtless be paid, should it be ascertained that the land was Kenniston's, the son could only think it a matter of inconvenience to be obliged to move, and a misfortune to that extent. But he regarded the contingency as untenable as a *casus belli*, having no realization of the reserves of obduracy in Captain Lucy's mind, or of that aversion to change so characteristic of the home-loving aged. He deemed the surveyor the fit discoverer of the line, and deprecated his father's long jaunts up and down the mountain from one "monument of boundary" to the other; for since there was no adversary to relish the spectacle, Captain Lucy's pride did not preclude him from daily patrolling the extent of his possessions so far as his strength and his horse's legs might serve. But Luther came to think this a frivolous objection indeed, in comparison with his view of his father's standpoint later.

One day Captain Lucy rode up to the side of the cornfield, a late planting, where Luther, with a bull-tongue plough, was industriously engaged in "bustin' out the middles," since the land had been planted, in view of the backwardness of the season, without the preliminary "breaking up." The young man reluctantly came to the fence, his ruddy countenance shadowy glimpsed beneath his broad-brimmed hat.

"Mount an' kem along straight," commanded his father.

Obedience, implicit and unquestioning, had been Luther's lifelong habit. He looked with desperation at his suffering corn. "Why, dad, I ain't got on no shoes," he ventured to urge.

"I ain't keerin' ef ye ain't got on no skin," the arbitrary elder declared. "Git on yer beastis an' kem along with me."

The surprised old plough horse was released, and, with his clanging gear still rattling about him, and his owner on his saddleless back, began to take his

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way, following Captain Lucy's lead, up the precipitous slope of the mountain. The dark forests closed high above their heads. The transition from the glare of the noontide of the open field to the chill twilight of the shade was grateful to the senses. The undergrowth and the jungle of the laurel seemed well-nigh impenetrable, except indeed for the traces in broken boughs and bruised leaves of Captain Lucy's former transits. They had journeyed nearly to the summit, and Luther was ruefully meditating on the loss of two good hours of farming weather, when the old man turned his head, glanced over his shoulder, and drew rein.

"Luther," he said, excitement shining in his blue eyes and the color rejuvenating his face, "ye know that Kenn'ston 'lows his southeast corner air at that boulder 'known ez Big Hollow Boulder,'" — he quoted from the notice with a sneer, — "ez ef it could hev been known ez a peegeon-aig boulder or sech."

Luther nodded in surprise.

"Waal, he gins notice ez he begins thar."

Luther nodded again in assent.

"Waal, sir, that thar boulder hev been moved."

The young man stared for a moment. Then a blank alarm settled on his face.

"Why, dad, it 's onpossible!" he exclaimed.

"Kem an' see! Kem an' see." And Captain Lucy rode on as before.

Luther was never sure whether he really came upon the old landmark earlier than he expected to see it, or whether the anticipation of something novel and incongruous colored his mind. There it was, presently, lying on the steep slope in the midst of the wilderness, as he had always known it, — a vast boulder, weighing many tons, with a cavity in it which almost pierced through its bulk, and was large enough to accommodate a man standing at full height. The slope above was bare, for it was near the bald of the mountain, and with outcropping ledges of rock; athwart these several trees were lying, one apparently old and lightning-scathed long ago, the others freshly storm-riven, for the winds had raged in a recent tempest, and instances of its fury were elsewhere visible in broken branches in the woods.

"The wind could n't hev done it," observed Luther, as his father pointed at the boulder with a wave of the hand.

"Wind? — ye sodden idjit!"

"'Pears like ter me it air whar it always war," said Luther, seeking refuge in conservatism from the hazards of conjecture.

"Luther," said his father impressively, "I know that thar rock war the fust thing my gran'dad viewed in Tennessee, whenst he wagoned 'crost the range ter settle. I hev hearn him say that word time an' agin. He said he struck camp by it, 'count o' the spring close by, up over thar. I hev knowed it familiar fur better 'n fifty year, an' I tell ye ez it useter war around the curve o' the bend o' the mounting up over thar, a-nigh the spring."

"Hev ye viewed that spot lately?" asked Luther, drawing his horse to one side, and gazing blankly at the big hollow boulder.

"Nuthin' ter view, — jes' rock an' laidges an' sech."

"Why, dad, how could it hev kem down hyar?" demanded Luther.

Old Captain Lucy broke into a high, derisive laugh.

"Ax Mr. Kenn'ston; don't ax me. I ain't 'quainted with them things he talks 'bout by the yard medjure, — 'splosives an' giant powder an' daminite." (Thus Captain Lucy profanely denominated a certain cogent compound.) "Enny one o' them would be ekal ter fetchin' the rock 'known ez Big Hollow Boulder' down hyar whar he wants it to be."

"Whut fur, dad?" demanded Luther.

"Whut fur, ye fool? Ter make the line run ter suit him, ter take my house

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an' lot an' sech in his boundary, ter turn me out'n house an' home ter suit his pleasure! He can't buy it, so he 's a-fixin' ter take it, — take it by changing the corner fur the start o' the survey."

His eyes dilated with anger, and his chin shook with the weakness of age and the vehemence of his emotion.

Luther's face grew grave. "That 's agin the law, ain't it?"

"Ter move corner lan'marks or monimints o' boundaries air a felony, that 's whut," said Captain Lucy, cavalierly swinging his feet in his stirrups. "Mr. Kenn'ston hed better gin keerful heed ter his steps."

He grinned fiercely as he took up the reins, and, followed by the astounded, dismayed, and ruminating Luther, fared cheerfully enough down the mountain.

VI.

The roof beneath which Jack Espey had found shelter was the readiest expression of hospitality. Its several expansions beyond its builder's original gambrel design were betokened by the incongruity of the additions, and the varying tints and fashion of the warped and worn old clapboards. Two shed-rooms were obviously of a later date than the dank and mossy covering of the main building; a queer projection above a modern porch exhibited an aboriginal inspiration correlated to a dormer window, albeit lacking the aperture; a section of the limited porch itself was boarded up to serve further as house-room; and a valiant disregard of the possibility of leakage characterized the intrepid domestic architect. It further differed from the conventional roofs of the district in its surroundings. In lieu of the bare door-yard and the neighboring fields, or the low tangle of peach and apple orchards, great forest trees loomed above it, the gigantic poplar and white oak of the region; for the space about it was rugged with the outcropping rock that sheered off further down into the great precipice on the mountain slope, precluding the possibility of cultivation. An exhaustless freestone spring burst out from the rocks close at hand, the reason of the selection of its vicinity as a building-site, and the "gyardin spot" and the corn-fields were lower down the slope at the side, out of view amidst the clustering foliage. So little industrial were the suggestions that hung about it, so allied was it in its rough, gray, mossy aspect to the rugged bark and gnarled boles of the great trees, that it too might have seemed some spontaneous production of the soil, as it rose from the ledges of the rock, mossy and gray and rugged, too, like the rest. It had an intimation, also, of an aspiration toward higher things, as it, like the trees, gazed out upon the environing lofty seclusion of the mountains, the very inner sanctuary of nature; for, save the mystic mist, or the sun and the pursuing shadow, or the vagrant wind, naught ventured into that vast semicircle of mountains and intermediate valleys that lay before it, refulgent with color, massive, multitudinous, illimitable, the compass of the human vision failing to trace further than the far horizon the endless ranges still rising tier upon tier.

Whether the inmates of the house consciously derived aught from the scene, from its calm, its splendor of extent that might widen the imagination in looking upon it, its vast resources of suggestion, one of them spent many idle hours in gazing upon it. Often Jack Espey lay all the forenoon upon the hay in the loft of the little barn, watching through the bare logs, guiltless of "chinking," the shadows dwindling on the hazy indented slopes, blue in the sunshine, amethyst in the shade. The white clouds would sail when the wind set fair, or in still noontides would lie at anchor off the great shimmering domes. Sometimes these loiterings were prolonged till the pageants

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of sunset-tide were on the march along the great purple western slopes, and from the shipping of the skies floated every pennant of splendid color; the sun, with the burnished dazzling quality quenched in the great blood-red sphere, would go slowly dropping down behind the western ranges, leaving the sky of a delicate amber tint with scarlet strata, amongst which incongruous gorgeousness the evening star would shine with a pure, pensive white radiance. The loft of the flimsy little barn, but now all aglow with bars of gold alternating with brown shadow as the sunlight fell between the logs, gilding even the tissues of cobweb and the masses of hay, would sink into a dull, dusky monochrome. A shadow would seem to fall upon his spirit. The anxiety to which the contemplative, languorous idleness had granted surcease roused itself anew; the voices from the house, never silent, were reasserted upon his attention, and the necessity would supervene of joining the family circle, — a necessity sometimes infinitely repugnant to his troubled soul, craving solitude for its indulgence of woe, and hardly able to maintain the cheerful disguise which must needs screen it.

So poor were his arts of deception that perhaps they would scarcely have served his purpose elsewhere, but here he and his peculiarities were given scant heed. He could not have found another domicile, in all the length and breadth of the country, where he could have been installed and have excited so little attention and curiosity. And indeed, to Mrs. Larrabee, the head of the house, he was only one more in addition to the rest of the tribe that must be warmed and fed and housed, or, as she expressed it, "tucked away somewhar." She always was equal to the emergency, although whenever Espey entered the large circle about the fireside it seemed to have been recruited somewhere, and more numerous than at his last survey.

"Ye 'pear ter hev a cornsider'ble head o' humans hyar, Mis' Haight," he observed on one occasion to the old grandam who sat in the corner, the stepmother-in-law of Mrs. Larrabee, and whose reproval seemed the natural incident of all that her daughter-in-law did. The world had gone much awry with her, after the mundane manner, and in the evening of her days she had neither the softening influence of religion nor the resources of culture to mitigate the asperities of the result.

"In course, — in course!" she exclaimed rancorously, gazing at him over her spectacles with little dark eyes, the brighter for exasperation. "Thar 's me an' my ole man, — he 's got the palsy," as if this rendered him more numerous; "an' thar 's Jerushy, my darter, an' her chil'n, five, an' her husband; an' S'briny Lar'bee herself, an' her son Jasper. An' ez ef that war n't enough, she hearn ez Henrietty Timson's husband war dead, an' they war burnt out an' hed no home, so S'briny Lar'bee jes' wagons down the mounting an' brung 'em hyar ter stay, seben of 'em, — seben with thar mammy makes eight. S'briny jes' tucks 'em away somehows, ez she 'lows, in this hyar leetle house!" She sneered toothlessly, then laughed aloud. Suddenly she leaned forward, and, with her knitting needle in her hand, pointed at the group of floundering children. "See that thar brat, the leetlest one?"

Espey, turning in his chair, descried a tow-head bobbing not far above the floor. The significant eye of the old woman fixed him as if reciting an enormity.

"He war a infant whenst he kem, — a ill-convenient infant in arms, *with the rickets!*"

As the subject of this criticism scampered out of the crowd, with a single unbleached cotton garment on, very rotund as to trunk, very fat and cherubic as to legs, very loud and blatant as to voice, very arrogant and impudent as to manner, the young man was moved to remark that he "'peared toler'ble hearty now."

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"Course he do," she assented, "through a-gormandizin' of so much fat meat; scandalous, impident shoat, — ez well ez a bear!"

She loved a quiet life, did Mrs. Haight. She had been an only daughter. She had had only two children. She had always had her house to herself; and in this congregation of incongruous elements around her widowed daughter-in-law's hearth she beheld only inconvenience, perversity, and an unfilial disregard of her own very sage advice. It had even been advanced to exclude her own daughter.

"Let Jerushy's husband take keer o' her. She would marry him, spite o' all. Let her 'bide by her ch'ice."

But poor Jerusha's husband was a drunkard, and the forlorn household had suffered hardship and very nearly grazed starvation before they made their happy advent into this populous haven.

There were certain sensitive thrills of pride and shame in the fugitive's heart, as he listened to this arraignment of the numbers crowded about the hospitable hearth. He said to himself, in justification, that he was only one more among so many, but he felt that he was an imposition. There was no such thought, however, in Mrs. Haight's mind. She regarded him only as a visitor, a personable young man, and moreover as possessing a certain unique interest for her; for in her youth she had spent some days in Tanglefoot Cove, and, despite the wide diversity of their age, occupation, and outlook at life, they passed sundry companionable hours in gossiping of the people of that locality, and detailing the various chances that had befallen families known to both. During these sessions he was wont to hold her yarn for her to wind. She never slipped the hank across his wrists that he did not bethink himself of other wristlets destined for him, perchance, and made of sterner stuff. He was prone to be silent for a time during the winding of the skeins, but she improved the opportunity to talk to an attentive listener; for Sabrina was too liable to interruptions from her various charges to meet her somewhat exacting demands as an interlocutor, and she was at scornful variance with the other elders of the family.

"Mis' Lar'bee 'pears ter be fond o' comp'ny," said Jack, as he leaned forward, with his submissive hands outstretched for the yarn.

The old woman, peering keenly through her spectacles as she sought to find the end of the thread, — she had a cautious, skillful, alert air, as of a trapper, — paused suddenly, her knotted, withered hand poised like a claw.

"'T ain't that!" she exclaimed scornfully. "Nothin' like it! Ye reckon enny 'oman in her senses likes sech ez that?"

She nodded acrimoniously, and Jack, following the direction of her eye, glanced over his shoulder at the turmoil of towheads scuffling together in the flickering firelight. Supper was in course of preparation, and they were even noisier at this glad prospect than their wont. One of them, under cover of Espey's preoccupation, had approached, and, slipping his hand under the arm held out for the skein, was venturing slyly to touch the pistols in his belt, with all the greed of the small boy for deadly weapons. Espey, his white hat far back on his head, looked down upon him, his suddenly scowling face all unshaded, and the little mountaineer fell back affrighted and in dismay; for, despite his humble estate in life, he had encountered few frowns.

"Naw, S'briny's reason ain't got no reason in it." Mrs. Haight had begun the winding now, and the red ball was whirling, ever larger, in her nimble fingers. "She jes' hed a son kilt in the wars. Leastwise the tale ez kem back war that he war wounded in a scrimmage, turrible; an' his folks war all on the run. An' he crawled ter a house nigh by, an' the 'oman tuk him in. An'

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he died in her house stiddier on the groun' or in a fence corner. That war the tale. S'briny never could find out who war the 'oman, nor edzac'ly whar it happened. But sence then, ter pay back her debt, she takes 'em all in, an' whenst they gits too crowded she knocks up a shed or suthin' an' packs 'em in; whenst like ez not the 'oman lef' Alvin ter die on the hard, cold groun', an' mebbe sot the dogs on him ter hurry the job."

There was silence for a few moments, while the firelight flickered upon Espey's absorbed eyes and intent, listening figure. The wrinkled, parchment-like face of the old woman was partly in the shadow as she sat in the corner, but her spectacles gleamed with unwonted brilliancy as she actively moved and nodded her head under her big ruffled cap.

"S'briny say, too, ez old pa'son Jenks say ez ye mought entertain angels unaware. An' *I* say, then agin ye mought n't! Fur ef enny o' these hyar that S'briny *hev* entertained air angels, they air powerful peart at hidin' it, sure!"

Once more she cast a caustic glance at the group, and her sarcastic laughter fell upon the air, sharply treble.

If celestial visitants, these were certainly well disguised. He glanced at the bloated face of the inebriate husband of Jerusha, tremulous, full of sudden fits and starts; at Jerusha herself, slatternly, slothful, and down at the heel, a snuff brush in her mouth, and her forlorn discontent with life in general on her weak, flabby face; at the old feeble-minded man dozing and muttering in the corner, — he had once in his life worked in the Lost Time mine, and he sometimes gave Espey a sudden start by bringing out the name with a deep, full, blood-curdling curse. Henrietta Timson's thankfulness had merged into a suspicion that too much gratitude was expected of her, and she was prone to magnify the lighter tasks which she selected, and went about with an overworked, drudging air, and with some distinct proclivity for the rôle of martyr. It was a furtive, jealous eye which she cast upon Mrs. Larrabee, at home, competent, and emphatically in command. The children, nevertheless, were disposed to take undue advantage of their protectress; and the smaller they were, the more capable, by reason of her leniency, of imposing upon her. This disposition characterized even an infant turkey which had contracted some disease by exposure to the inclemency of the weather, and, being put into a basket of cotton to recuperate, found its way out, from time to time, with a cotton girdle adhering about its middle, and, with a fifelike voice, made the grand tour of the hearth, in imminent danger of catching fire in its cotton gear, causing her acute anguish lest it should be baked alive and before its time.

Even Mrs. Larrabee herself, — if there were aught spiritual about her, it must have been in the ends of her fingers. She was much given to wearing a sunbonnet, in the depths of which her thin, pallid face had a look like marble, with its keen, straight features. Her busy eye had not casual observation: she looked at the children to see if they were sick or cold or hungry; at Jerusha's husband to descry if perchance he were drunk again; at Jack Espey to discover if he wanted aught, and if he had no want or ailment she noticed him not at all. He could hardly have been more free to come and go as he would, and the long hours when he and Larrabee were away at the still passed altogether without remark. It was nevertheless to her that he resolved to open his heart. The door was ajar, and he could see that the long, loitering summer night had come at last. Through the gap in the trees the stars were visible, glowing white above the sombre mountains in the distance; he could not distinguish a constellation, — only a whorl of brilliant stellular points of light in the scant interval where the black leaves of the oak, as distinct and as dark as if cut of bronze, failed to fill

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the space between the threshold and the zenith. It was not long now before she would be at leisure, and sleep would silence the juvenile members of the family, except indeed the turkey, which, though unclassified amongst nocturnal fowl, was wont to pipe lugubriously in the dead watches of the night, necessitating the uprising of the mistress of the house with a draught of water and a light lunch of corn-meal batter to compose it once more to slumber. As Espey observed it gadding about on its long legs, disproportioned to the size of its body even when begirt with the cotton batting, he sagely thought that Mrs. Larrabee's tolerance toward its exacting idiosyncrasies was the result of no sense of obligation to it or its kind. "She 's a powerful good-hearted woman, and smart, too," he said to himself; "she 's got enough sense ter hev some feelin's."

The evening, passed in winding the yarn, wore slowly away to him after his resolve. He was very taciturn and still, and Mrs. Haight, finding so acquiescent a coadjutor, grew industrious, and hank succeeded hank upon his motionless and submissive wrists. His silence did not discourage her flow of words. On the contrary, it assumed the narrative form in lieu of their usual dialogue; and as the fervor of reminiscence waxed, her small black eyes grew brighter, her parchment-like cheek flushed, and, with her red "shoulder shawl" and big white cap and snowy hair and blue apron, she looked like some fairy godmother. And indeed, as she briskly wound the thread, now blue, now red, and again gray "clouded" with white, it might have seemed that she wielded some sorcery to reduce to the humble fireside utility this wild-eyed, defiant spirit. The young desperado, his belt stuck full of weapons, was oddly at variance with the solicitude which he now and again exhibited when a troublous tangle developed, and the thread perversely knotted and broke. The firelight that flickered on his face, the fairer from his sojourn in the sunless depths of the Lost Time mine, his great boots and spurs, his pliant attitude and submissive gestures, and his aged and incongruous companion served also to show what speed was made in disposing of the youthful gentry for the night. With that perverse disinclination for bedtime which betrays the old Adam in the youngest infant, they severally resisted, each to the best of his very respectable capacity. One or two of tender years, having been hustled up the ladder to the loft, came down again in scant attire, and he who had triumphed over the rickets, and whose bed was in a box, resuscitated himself from amongst the bedclothes whenever he was stowed away, but finally was overtaken, and fell asleep on the old house-dog's neck as he lay snoring on the hearth.

Espey was of that type of man to whom juvenility is neither comical nor alluring. Duty was revealed to him in graduated doses adapted to the age of the taker, and he was disposed to make no allowance to infants for delinquency. It seemed to him that Mrs. Larrabee's patience was much misplaced, and he now and again gazed with unkindly eyes at the group. He was obliged to linger long before she was at leisure, and sitting in front of the hearth with the shovel in her hand, ready to heap the ashes over the coals to keep the fire till day. The two beds in the room were edged with the tow-heads of the children, sleeping crosswise; the baby's box-crib and the turkey's basket had each its wonted occupant; and if the dreams that went up from the conclave could have been materialized, what a wild display of phantasmagoria they would have made! The door had been barred up against the possible marauder of the elder's apprehension, and the black bear of juvenile dread. The shadows of the two loiterers were on the red, dully illumined ceiling, two gigantic, distorted heads of dusky brown.

"I war sorter waitin' fur Jasper," ob-

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served Espey disingenuously, having noticed that Mrs. Larrabee looked inquiringly at him. "I reckon he be a-visitin' down at Tems's."

"Mebbe so," she acquiesced succinctly, rasping the shovel on the hearth. She seemed indisposed for conversation.

"Mis' Haight 's mighty good comp'ny," he continued, leaning sideways in his chair, with his elbow on its back as he supported his head in his hand. "Talkin' 'bout old times, an' her courtin' days, an' sech."

For, according to Mrs. Haight's own account, she had been a truculent heart-breaker in her heyday. There were few names that one might mention, native to her locality, which she could not have worn had she chosen. She always alluded cavalierly to the husband she had and to the one she had lost as "toler'ble samples o' the whole b'ilin'."

Mrs. Larrabee's immobile face was more inexpressive than before, as the red light sought it out in the depths of her sunbonnet. She had her secret doubts as to this wholesale destruction of the peace of youth a half century before.

"Toler'ble interestin' ter me!" protested Espey suddenly. "I hev been sorter in love myse'f — leastwise" — He did not continue to qualify, for Mrs. Larrabee turned her face, illumined by maternal interest, upon him. "It 's gin me a heap o' trouble, too," he broke out impetuously, divining her sympathy.

She was looking at him tenderly, remembering her own youth and her own young lover, dead and gone this many a year. Jacob Larrabee had, in happier days, laughed retrospectively at his own lackadaisical woe and wakeful nights and anxious doubts. "Sech a *funny* fool I war. Thar may hev been ez *big* fools, but I 'll swar I war the *funniest.*" But his woe had always appealed to her commiseration, and she was glad she had consciously been no factor in it. "I would n't hev hed ye so tormented fur nuthin', Jacob, ef I hed knowed," she would say gently.

Jack's young face, worn with fiercer griefs and turmoils and keener fears, was appealing in its anxious lines; her warm motherly heart went out to him. He leaned his hands on his knees, and assumed a confidential tone.

"Now, Mis' Lar'bee," he said, "I 'lowed I 'd ax ye what this hyar gal means. I hev done everything I knowed how ter please her, — even whenst she tole me ter go a-perlitin' around another gal. I done *jes' like she ordered,* an' what ye s'pose she done?"

"What?" demanded his partisan confidante angrily, knitting her brows heavily.

"She hit me."

"Did she hurt ye?" exclaimed Mrs. Larrabee sympathetically, dropping her voice in contemplation of the enormity.

Remembering the relative proportions and force of Adelicia and himself, Espey and his woe were out of countenance for the nonce. He laughed a little sheepishly. "Naw," he admitted reluctantly. "She did n't hurt me none ter speak on."

Mrs. Larrabee's brow cleared. "Sonny, 't war jes' love-licks," she suggested, in old-fashioned maternal phrase.

"Naw, sir! Naw, sir!" Espey shook his head with grave protest. "She war too leetle ter hurt me, she war bound ter know. She jes' wanted ter hurt my feelin's. An' she done it, too."

Mrs. Larrabee's face was all commiseration; and suddenly a truly feminine curiosity became manifest. "Whar do the gal live? Hyarabouts or in Tanglefoot?"

However far a man may trust a woman, he never trusts her completely. Jack Espey caught himself sharply. "It 's fur off, — mighty fur, 'pears like ter me," he said mendaciously. "Now, Mis' Lar'bee, I wants ter git yer advices. What ails the gal ter treat me that-a-way, jes' 'kase I done her bid an'

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gin the t'other gal good-evenin', full perlite like she told me ter do? What ails her?"

"Pride," said Mrs. Larrabee sternly. She could be severe enough with people whom she did not see, and her mental image of a buxom termagant was far enough removed from the fragile and shrinking Adelicia.

Espey looked at her with doubtful, troubled eyes. "Jes' turned on me an' smit me!" he protested. "I feel like I 'll never git over that lick. I 'll die of it yit!"

"Pride!" fiercely reiterated Mrs. Larrabee. "An' ef ye wanter make her repent it, ye jes' perlite up the t'other gal fur true! Whenst I went back ter Tanglefoot Cove, I 'd show sech manners ez it ain't used ter, — ye 'd better b'lieve I would. That thar gal 'lows she kin git ye too easy, too powerful cheap. T'other gal good lookin'?"

"Waal," drawled Espey uneasily, evidently contemplating apprehensively this heroic treatment for the small smiter, "nobody don't look purty ter me but one, an' she 's plumb beautiful, ter my mind."

"Oh, shucks!" Mrs. Larrabee exhorted him scornfully.

"T'other gal hev got the name of it, though," he said reluctantly, plainly jealous for the preëminence of his lady love. "T'other gal is named a reg'lar gyardin lily fur beauty."

"Waal, then, perlitin' 'round her won't go so turrible hard with ye," said Mrs. Larrabee discerningly. "Though mebbe ye hed better let the 'gyardin lily' inter the secret, 'kase she mought fall in love with ye an' yer perliteness."

But Jack Espey shook his head; he had bitter cause to distrust candor. "I can't go 'round warnin' the gals off'n me," he said sturdily. "Ef she falls in love with me, she 'll jes' hev ter fall out agin, that 's all."

He sat for a little time gazing moodily at the fire, and contemplating the details of this scheme of reprisal. Then, with a curt good-night, he rose and tramped off to the roof-room, which he shared with Jasper and a delegation of the larger boys; leaving Mrs. Larrabee covering the embers, and pausing now and again, as she knelt on the hearth, with the red light on her statuesque features, to ponder on the lover of her past youthful days, and the sensible advice she had given Jack Espey to reduce the inordinate pride of the arrogant, arbitrary damsel of his heart in Tanglefoot Cove.

But the bars so stoutly made fast against the door were not destined to keep their place that night. The moon had long before slipped from the vaguely illumined limited space of the sky, which her own light had rendered faintly blue, down behind a jutting crag of the western mountains; it glowed a sombre purple as the crescent passed, with a pearly gleaming mist half revealed against the black summits about it. The white stars, whiter still, pulsated in the darkening sky. So pervasive a sense of silence was in their mute splendor that even the benighted mountain wilderness seemed to assert many voices, strange, murmurous, unknown to the light. Espey, stretched upon his pallet in the recess of the dormer window above the porch, with his wakeful, troublous thoughts, languidly sought to differentiate the sounds. He heeded the rustle of a vagrant zephyr, the twitter of a nestling, the murmur of the spring in the rocks near at hand, the never silent chirring of the cicada of the Southern summer night. But what was it in the insensate world of crag and forest and mountain and chasm that drew a long breath, and paused, and once more sighed heavily, and again resigned itself to silence? He could see in the rifts of the clapboards above his head a palpitating white star, — how its heart of fire beat! He felt his own pulses throb heavily, and the next moment they seemed to cease. A new sound intruded into the monotony of the mountain stillness. He heard it

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once far away, and then silence. He lifted himself upon his elbow and listened, with dilating eyes. Only the sense of the noiseless dewfall, the cracking of a sun-dried clapboard, the swift scurrying of a mouse amongst the rafters, and once more silence, or that mysterious voice of the night which rose and fell in the cadence of sighs. He was about to lie down when the sound came again, — distinct this time, unmistakable, so close at hand that it seemed the very malice of fate that he should not have distinguished it earlier. It was the hoofbeat of horses, and they came at a swift gallop, — so swift that he had hardly a moment to take counsel with himself, in a turmoil of doubt and fear; his foot was barely on the stairway when a heavy tread fell upon the little porch, and a sturdy fist thundered at the door.

Into the dusky red darkness of the room below — for the glow of the embers could hardly be reckoned as light — a feeble white glimmer was stealing. Mrs. Larrabee, without her sunbonnet for once, had hustled on her homespun dress, buttoned all awry, and was striking a light for a tallow dip. Perhaps its dim flicker revealed the young man standing high in the deep shadows, on the stair that led to the roof-room, or perhaps she only distinguished his step in the midst of the clamor at the door, for she called out suddenly to him, "Open the door, Jack, open the door, sonny, no matter who it be! Every chile in the house will be a-swarming up d'rectly ef that thar bangin' be 'lowed ter go on, an' I reckon we 'll *never* git the baby inter bed agin!"

The turkey was already awake and alert, its piercing pipe adding to the confusion and nervous stress of the situation, as Jack Espey, after one irresolute moment, strode to the door, and Mrs. Larrabee rose from her knees on the hearth and stood in the dusky brown background, shading with her hand the timorous flame of the candle.

Perhaps it was well for Jack Espey that the bars went down with so resolute and hearty a clangor, for, as he confronted the men at the door, they did not doubt that they faced the son of the house.

"Widder Lar'bee lives hyar?" said a keen, tall, dark-eyed man, with high cheek-bones and a hooked nose, above which his thick black eyebrows met. His soft black hat had a sort of peaked crown, and he wore a suit of plaided "store clothes," as befitted one having access to the towns, but which were much creased, and his boots were drawn, country fashion, over his trousers to the knees.

"Air that enny reason ter bust the door down?" demanded Espey, looking at the stout battens as if expecting to discern injury as it swayed in his hand.

Mrs. Larrabee interposed blandly, "I be Widder Lar'bee. 'T ain't no use ter talk loud. I got some mighty fractious chil'n hyar 'sleep."

The fractious turkey stood upon the hearth and piped till the end of its tail quivered with the energy of its vocalization. A cricket was shrilling keenly. The trivial sounds seemed to throb in Espey's brain when the visitor said, "I be a dep'ty sher'ff o' Cher'kee County, Mis' Lar'bee, an' I hear ez thar war a stranger in the Cove a-puttin' up hyar."

The two men behind the officer looked over his shoulder, their bearded faces keenly inquisitive.

"Naw, sir, I ain't got no stranger hyar; not but whut I would take 'em in, — me an' my son hev made a rule o' that, — but we-uns bide too fur off'n the road." She did not account Espey a stranger, so accustomed a figure had he become in the domestic circle.

There was a definite disappointment in the officer's keen, high-featured face.

Mrs. Larrabee turned to Espey. "Ye ain't hearn o' enny stray man hyarabouts, hev ye, sonny?"

"Thar be a stranger down at Tems's," said Espey; "though I reckon he ain't done nuthin' agin the law, — saaft-spoken an' perlite an' peaceable."

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The high-featured face was contorted in a jocose grimace, to which the meeting of the black eyebrows gave a singularly sinister effect. Espey felt his heart sink as the official winked at him.

"Perliteness would hev been wuth mo' ter this man ef he could hev showed manners sooner. War mighty onpolite indeed in Tanglefoot Cove, Mis' Lar'bee, an' shot a man."

"Kilt him?" she demanded in a bated voice, and turning pale. She held the candle awry, as she spoke, and the flickering light of the tallow melting and dripping heavily on the floor showed only her own straight features and masses of brown hair, dulled with gray, coiled at the back of her head.

Espey's overladen heart thumped heavily. The cold drops stood thick on his face, all in the shadow, white and drawn with suspense.

"In an' about, — a sorter livin' death. An' sence he hev got so much worse his folks want the malefactor apprehended straight. We hearn ez he air hyarabouts or in Persimmon Cove, one. An' ez the constable o' this deestric' air sick abed, — ailin' ole cattle like him ought n't ter be 'lowed ter hold office! — the high sher'ff sent me ter look arter him, ef I could come up with him. Waal," — he was turning away, — "I 'm sorry I hed ter roust ye and yer son up this *time o' night.*"

Mrs. Larrabee took no note of this misdescription. Her thoughts were engrossed by a sudden hospitable intention.

"Would n't a bite an' a sup hearten ye up sorter, arter so much ridin' in the night wind?" she drawled amiably.

The deputy, despite his lean, lank, illnourished air, was susceptible to the allurements of the pleasures of the table. He hesitated, and a very little urgency sufficed to induct him into a chair by the side of the fire, while Mrs. Larrabee ransacked her stores for the bite and sup, which were more easily promised than provided.

He was new to his office, and disposed to magnify its dignities and difficulties, as he and his two companions waited for the refection, while Espey stirred up the fire and rescued the turkey, which had burrowed into a mound of dead ashes, still permeated, however, with the grateful warmth of the embers.

"Ye 'd be plumb s'prised, Mis' Lar'bee, at *the slyness o' sech malefactors,* an' the trouble they 'll gin. Now I be a stranger ter this e-end o' the county, an' what with the constable sick everybody sorter holds back 'bout'n informin' the off'cer o' the law; turrible 'fraid lest the folks in gineral takes it out on them, ye know. Some 'lows I be a-trappin' moonshiners; an' that ain't my business at all. I got no mo' agin moonshiners 'n I hev agin whiskey. It 's all one ter *me.* I don't c'lect the tax, an' I don't pay it nuther. I drinks mos'ly on treats, sech ez this." He held up his glass, for Espey had proffered the product of the Lost Time still, and it seemed to him at the moment that the very jug looked conscious. "I could n't git a critter ter kem with me ter-night 'thout reg'lar summonsin' a posse: one man ailin'; t'other man, sick wife; another man, sore foot; another man, lame horse. Course *I* could hev *made* 'em kem," waving the hand with the glass in it with a capable gesture; "but I did n't want ter be harsh an' *requirin'* with the citizens, 'kase, ye know," with a sudden sly geniality illumining his countenance, "I mought want ter run fur sher'ff myse'f some day, — that is, ef the old man was ter git done with the office," he added, mindful of his tenure through the favor of the high sheriff. "Now this hyar man," pointing out one of his followers, who bore with a sort of wooden equanimity the united gaze of Mrs. Larrabee and Espey, "he be a stranger hyarabouts, too, — kems from my deestric', frien' o' mine, — so o' course he war n't acquainted hyarabout, nuther."

Mrs. Larrabee's perceptions detected

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something embarrassing to a sensitive nature in this invited survey of the silent, bearded man, who had not opened his mouth except to put a biscuit into it. As amends, she handed him the plate anew, and the second biscuit silently went the way of the first.

"Now this hyar other man," — the officer indicated a short, square-set fellow, — "he war powerful leetle 'quainted round hyar, though he kem from neighboring ways. the Gap; so he ondertook ter p'int out yer house" —

The short man interposed in great haste, and with his mouth full: —

"Though I hev never hed nuthin' agin you-uns, Mis' Lar'bee, an' I hope ye won't lay it up agin me, marm. I knowed 't war mighty safe, 'kase you-uns war n't the sort ter harbor evil-doers 'gainst the law an' sech ez that, hevin' been powerful well 'quainted with yer husband whenst he war a boy; an' this hyar dep'ty war so powerful partic'lar, an' I did n't see how ter git out'n it, an'" — The crumbs in his throat and the scruples in his heart combined to choke his utterance, and as the climax came in a paroxysm of coughing Mrs. Larrabee turned to the officer.

"I got nobody hyar wuss 'n yerse'f, sher'ff," she drawled, with a slow smile.

"Waal, now, Mis' Lar'bee," said the officer, probably mindful of political hopes, "ef ever ye want ennything of me, ye jes' lemme know. I wanter show ye how I 'll remember this hyar squar meal ternight. I ain't one o' them ez can't 'member dinner till it 's dinner time agin." He smiled gallantly upon her from under his superabundance of brows. Then he turned to Espey. "I been so well treated it makes me plumb bold ter ax another favior. I want ye ter git on yer horse an' ride with me ter set me in the road ter Tems's. Nare one o' these men air 'quainted with the way."

His dark eyes hardened under his sinister black brows, and Espey, who had taken heart of grace, felt his hope of escape annihilated in the instant. His eyes were fastened with a fixed stare on the officer's face; his nerves were all a-quiver; his heart seemed to stand still; a cold insidious thrill crept along the fibres of his skin. The conviction seized him that the conversation which had seemed so incidental was merely a blind devised for the purpose of getting him apart from the women and children, that he might be captured with less ado or danger to the bystanders, perhaps further from the chance of rescue. He thought of rescue, himself, of Jerusha's husband blind drunk in the shed-room, of Jasper away at the Lost Time mine. Through some other sense than that of conscious sight he was aware of the movements of the deputy's comrades: that one, seated in the chair, was carefully examining his revolver; that the other was standing beside the door with his hand on the latch. But Espey's eyes never quitted the face of the sheriff, who apparently took note of this fixed, unresponsive gaze.

"Air he deef?" he demanded of Mrs. Larrabee, and was about to repeat his demand in a louder key, when his hostess interposed.

"No deefer than them in gineral be who ain't willin' ter hear," she muttered. "Go saddle yer critter, Jack. 'T won't take ye long." Then, in a lower aside, "Ye 'll jes' hev ter guide 'em ez fur ez Tems's, ennyhow."

Her insistence constrained him; and indeed no alternative was definite to his mind. He turned with a bewildered, submissive mien toward the door.

The chill midnight air, blowing freshly on his face as he held it open and the draught rushed through, revived him like the very breath of freedom. The obvious opportunity flashed through his mind like an inspiration. He could give them the slip while saddling the horse. He would have the start of them even if by only a few paces. Let him but once get foot in the stirrup again, with

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the kindly shield of the darkness about him, and he would give them a good run through this pathless mountain wilderness. He caught up his saddle that lay upon the floor, and made for the door with a sudden eager alacrity.

He heard an abrupt clanging noise, as one hears a sound in sleep, muffled, unreal, distant. It was only when he saw one of the men stoop and rise again and follow him that he realized what had happened. One of the stirrup irons had fallen from the saddle, unbuckled perhaps in the unwarranted juvenile curiosity of the meddling youngsters of the house. The deputy sheriff also followed. "I 'll put that on agin whilst ye air a-ketchin' an' a-bridlin' of the nag," he said.

Espey heard the loud, strident tones of his hasty farewells as he took leave of Mrs. Larrabee, — he evidently intended to return no more, — and then he was by the young man's side in the barn, followed by his two companions. For the horse was not in the pasture lot; he had repaired to the little shed that served as barn, and had stretched himself on his bed of straw. At the first indication of the prospect of journeying the roan horse struggled up, and, with a sound of greeting that was almost articulate, came out from the stall, ready and willing to be saddled and bridled. Espey experienced a sort of animosity toward the creature for his unreasoning alacrity. He was even denied the poor respite which the usual delay in catching the horse might have given.

In his numbing, silent despair as he buckled the girth and slipped the bridle over the horse's head and the bit into his mouth, he took no definite heed of his surroundings, and yet they were all impressed upon his consciousness. He noted, uncaring, how the horse tossed up his head askance at the stranger's touch, when one of the men laid his hand on the powerful shoulder and opined that he must be a "toler'ble good goer." He was aware, somehow, of the blue-black, translucent gloom of the air, and the differing darkness with its effect of solidity, of the fodder stack looming close by, of the fantastic roof of the little log cabin against the stars, and of a vague sense of motion where the invisible smoke curled up from the chimney, faring off into the dense black gloom of the foliage of the great trees. The door was still open, and the yellow light fell far out into the darkness; in the interior he could see the gaunt, tall form of Mrs. Larrabee walking back and forth, and in her arms the baby, who had been roused by the falling of the spur. The child needed little tenderness, in his robust self-sufficiency, and was elderly indeed for such infantile coddling. His fat legs stuck far out of her arms, and his bawling objections to the interruption of slumber attested temper rather than delicacy. Espey realized how her heart would go out to a real trouble, — how she would feel for him if she only knew! Somehow the thought of that fictitious anguish of sympathy soothed him for the moment, and he was resigned to say to himself that it was best as it was. She could have done naught. He was no child like the others to cling to her in a sort of fervid faith in her omnipotence. No; resistance would only have endangered her and hers. And so he was strengthened to put his foot in the stirrup and ride away, with the sheriff at his right hand, and the other men close behind, all looking alertly forward into the gloom. The roan horse, fresh from slumber, was beginning to feel his oats and corn, snuffing the freshening wind, pulling on the bit, and forging on at a more speedy gait. The other men noticed this, for now and again, with a touch of the spur, they closed up, and the roan horse was in the centre of the squad.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

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EDWIN BOOTH.

THE keen sense of loss which has come to the American people because of the death of Edwin Booth may well be shared by all the English-speaking communities of the world. If Mr. Irving be left out of view, it is plain that for many years Mr. Booth has had no rival as a tragedian among those actors who use our language; and it is equally plain that there is to-day not even a candidate for his vacant place.

As for Mr. Irving, it is fair to say that neither his career nor his success has been precisely upon the plane of Mr. Booth's. By turns a comedian, a player of melodrama, an attempter of tragedy, and a master of farce, Mr. Irving, in his picturesque and versatile talents, has ever displayed an eccentric quality of which there was not a trace in the American performer. Mr. Booth will be remembered as a classic tragedian, while it is more than probable that Mr. Irving's Louis XI., Mathias, and Dubosc will be recalled when his Hamlet and King Lear have quite slipped out of general recollection.

The student of the history of the English stage will not find, outside of the Kemble and Kean families, a person whose equipment would vie with that of Edwin Booth; including within the word "equipment" all that may be reasonably expected from tradition, heredity, and surroundings in early life. Mr. Booth inherited from his father, Junius Brutus Booth, — an actor accounted by many competent critics the greatest of his brilliant period, — a definite bent and a full gift. He was born to the buskin as truly as Edward III. was born to the royal purple: in his infancy and youth he breathed the atmosphere of the stage, and histrionic traditions and aptitudes came to him as a part of his birthright. Edwin was undoubtedly inferior to his father in that plasticity which may be cultivated, but cannot be acquired; yet his temperament was admirably well adapted to the needs of his craft, and especially of that department of the actor's art to which, after a little experimenting at the outset of his professional life, he wholly devoted himself. In Mr. Booth's nature there was a remarkable combination of sensibility, thoughtfulness, power, and reserve. His intellect was vigorous, intuitive, and singularly lucid. Physically he was nobly equipped for his work: with a voice of exceptional purity, range, and carrying power; with a figure of medium height and size, but well knit and proportioned; and with a mobile face, finely, almost faultlessly chiseled, lighted by dark eyes of extraordinary brilliancy and depth, and marked in repose by a cold but highly distinguished beauty. The histrionic art has ever been a jealous mistress to her followers, and no class of professional men and women are, as a rule, so completely absorbed by their work as are actors and actresses. In this respect Mr. Booth surpassed even the custom of his class. For forty years all his strength and industry, all his powers and parts, were concentrated upon the study and practice of his art. Ambition to excel and to shine was, of course, one of the feeders of the zeal which burned with such a pure and steady flame; but it was only one. He was an actor as Shelley was a poet, Raphael a painter, Mozart a musician, — an actor by every instinct of his nature, by the impulse of every drop of his blood. It may well be believed that what is called "society" lost much by his seclusion; but the social or unsocial habit of such an artist is not to be criticised. He knew what he had to do, and how best or only he could do it, and through his fidelity to the law derived

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from that knowledge he wrought not only to his own best advantage, but to that of the entire community and nation.

Mr. Booth's peculiar quality as a player was the natural product of his endowment and mode of life. As an artist he lived an ideal existence. He was too quick and keen not to profit by his inevitable contacts with men, but assiduous reading, study, and toil in the closet or on the stage supplied both the substance and the color of his performance. In a man less richly endowed by nature such a life might have brought forth but barrenly; with Mr. Booth it seemed to be the condition of his most fruitful achievement. Well has the artist lived whose hours have been spent in lofty intimacy with the great poets and dramatists; and so it was well with our tragedian. His habits and associations were at once the consequence and the cause of his artistic temper. Under the guidance of the chosen companions of his life he became incapable of vulgarity; and as a player he became the shining exponent of that school of acting whose chief characteristic and distinction is ideality.

All that was corporeal of the artist fitted well to his fine spiritual conditions. Some of my readers can recall his first appearance as a leading player at the Boston Theatre, thirty-six years ago, and will remember that, like all other artists, he had his early faults and crudities of method; but the process of correcting and ripening was rapid, and for a quarter of a century or more Mr. Booth was recognized as the best accomplished actor of our stage. Free and graceful in motion, with carriage and step which lent themselves with equal and perfect ease to the panther footfall of Iago, the dignified alertness of Macbeth, and the stately progress of Othello; with a beautiful face whose mask was as wax under the moulding fingers of passion; with a voice whose peculiar vibrant quality had an extraordinary power to stir the soul of the listener at the very moment of its appeal as music to the ear, — all of Edwin Booth that was, in the choice phrase of Shakespeare, "out of door" was "most rich." And, without unduly exalting the mere material of his art, it is worth while to dwell for a moment upon the service which he constantly rendered to the ever-imperiled cause of pure and elegant speech. "Orators," teachers, preachers, many actors, — some in one way, some in another, and some in nearly every conceivable way, — set the example of bad utterance of our language. Mr. Booth's tongue might well in its kind have secured for him the praise which Chaucer's pen won for the first great English poet; for in his speech he was a "well of English undefiled," reviving and refreshing the ancient tradition, which is now dying of inanition on English and American soil, that the stage is the natural guardian of the nation's orthoepy.[1] A faultless pronunciation, an enunciation distinct, clean, and clear without formalism or apparent effort, an exquisite feeling for the sweetness of words, and a perfect sense of their relation to one another united to give to his delivery exemplary distinction, and to make it a model and a standard. And, at a moment when the art seems almost to be lost to our theatre, one must recur with melancholy pleasure to his mastery of the noble art of reciting English blank verse. The vast majority of our players helplessly and

[1] Many points of unique elegance in Mr. Booth's enunciation might be mentioned. Two of the finest were the effortless distinctness of his delivery of the letter *r*, and the delicate purity of tone with which he always sounded our short *o*. Both these points are worth noting; for New Englanders appear to be absolutely incapable of the former, and as for the short *o*, it seems quite to have disappeared from the speech of large sections of the West and South, being replaced by the sound of *aw* or of *a* in "partner," with hideous results. The only mispronunciation I ever observed in Mr. Booth's speech was of the word "all," which he gave habitually with a very queer employment of the *a* in "father" as the vowel sound.

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hopelessly stumble, nowadays, in the attempt to interpret Shakespeare's lines: if they essay the rhythm, the meaning suffers a kind of smooth asphyxiation at their hands; if they devote themselves to the thought, the verse degenerates into a queer variety of hitchy prose. Mr. Booth, at no point of his career, seemed to find any serious difficulty in putting into practice the theory to which all the great actors and critics before his day had subscribed, — that in Shakespeare's blank verse sound and sense are as a rule so vitally united that what makes for the life of the one conduces to the life of the other; or, rather, that the master poet uses the melody and the flow of his measure as an implement in the expression of the idea or the emotion, almost as if he were a composer of music, employing words in lieu of tones.

It is understood that no one can achieve high success as an actor who is not a master of the art of elocution, using the word "elocution" in its amplest sense. Such a master was Edwin Booth. Very few of our players are capable of dealing as he dealt with a difficult text, in such a fashion as will keep that perfect relation of word to word, and clause to clause, by intonation, cadence, breathing, pause, and emphasis, which shall convey to the ear and mind of the listener the thoughts of the dramatist in all their fullness, power, beauty, and just proportion. A definite touch here and a slurring there, a firm grasp of one end of this phrase and of the other end of that, a scramble or rush toward the close coupled with an attempt "to make a point," — that is a fair account of all that the commonplace actor ever attempts in dealing with long poetical or declamatory passages. Clever old Colley Cibber had upon this theme a word which, indicating the magnitude and delicacy of the player's task, will help us to distinguish the inferior histrionic artist in this kind from the superior: "In the just delivery of poetical numbers, particularly where the sentiments are pathetic, it is scarce credible upon how minute an article of sound depends their greatest beauty and effect. The voice of a singer is not more strictly ty'd to Time and Tune than that of an actor in theatrical elocution. The least syllable, too long or too slightly dwelt upon in a period, depreciates it to nothing, which very syllable, if rightly touched, shall, like the heightening stroke of light from a master's pencil, give life and spirit to the whole."

Nearly all great actors experiment with a variety of parts early in their professional lives, and some players continue the experimenting process through their entire careers, though the general tendency of middle and later age is of course toward the stability of repetition. In his first years upon the stage Mr. Booth was moderately tentative, but soon settled himself to an almost steady presentation of what may be called the classical characters of the English theatre. In his repertory were all the first men's parts in the chief tragedies of Shakespeare, except Timon, Posthumus, Coriolanus, and the Antony of Antony and Cleopatra; and also Shylock, Benedick, and Petruchio in the maimed one-act summary of The Taming of the Shrew. In the histories, he played Gloster, — both in the familiar Colley Cibber perversion of Richard III. and in the excellent acting version of Shakespeare's play prepared for him by Mr. William Winter, — Brutus and Cassius in Julius Cæsar, and in 1887, and for a short time thereafter, Richard II. in the drama of that name. On several occasions during the first half of his career he essayed Romeo. Outside the Shakespearean drama, his principal parts were those of Sir Giles Overreach in Massinger's A New Way to Pay Old Debts, Don César de Bazan, Sir Edward Mortimer in The Iron Chest, Claude Melnotte, Pescara in The Apostate, Ruy Blas, Brutus in John Howard Payne's tragedy, **Bertuccio in**

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The Fool's Revenge (Tom Taylor's version of Le Roi s'Amuse of Victor Hugo), and Richelieu. All the characters in this group, except the last three, he practically dropped from his acting list for a long time in the middle of his professional life, but some eight or nine years before his death "revived" them, in the stage phrase, for performance in New York, Boston, and some other cities.

I have spoken briefly of Mr. Booth's fine physical equipment, and of the excellence of what may be called the outward part of his technique. But to attain success nobly and truly in the presentation of the characters which have been enumerated, it was necessary that great conditions of mind, temperament, and spirit should be united in the impersonator. Mr. Booth's intellectual strength and lucidity were of prime importance to all his achievement, and conspicuous factors in all his work. I have no means of knowing what Mr. Booth's ability and desire were on other lines of study, but of Shakespeare and the other English dramatists he was a close, intuitive, and discriminating student, often showing scholarly ability in judging of texts and readings, and constantly displaying such a mastery of the great playwright's thought in sum and in detail as is possible only to a vivid and refined intelligence working strongly and assiduously. Justly to conceive, as an actor should conceive, a character like Hamlet, Iago, or Shylock is a true intellectual gift, and has been given to a comparatively small number of performers. Mr. Booth's mind's eyesight was as clear as crystal: he read, saw, understood, conceived; then, by the operation of the artist's constructive faculty, brought all the portions of his conception together, each clearly defined in itself, and definitely related to every other; and when all had been, as it were, fused, or rather brought into a vital union, within the alembic of the spirit, the living product appeared. From time to time, of course, his conceptions of great characters changed, as his views of them were changed by further study or observation: lines were deepened in one place, and softened in another; colors were darkened here, and clarified there; perhaps the entire character grew or lessened in size or sweetness or spirituality, or even was so modified in significant particulars as to produce a new effect. But at each stage of the process the artist's thought was clear and vivid, and fairly and intuitively related to the writer whom he sought to interpret. A good example of these changes may be noted in passing. Mr. Booth's youthful idea of Shylock was of a literary and conventional order, according to the prevailing tradition of the stage; it made prominent and predominant all the best traits of Shakespeare's creation, and exhibited the Jew as a victim of persecution and an avenger of the wrongs of his race and religion, showing him as a figure of heroic qualities and proportions. Then a remarkable change took place in the artist's idea, and he proceeded to suppress the ideality of his conception, and to strengthen in it all that was rudest and of the coarseness of common clay. His father's Shylock had been likened to a roaring lion, and described as "marked by pride of intellect and intense pride of race." Edwin Booth's was now an ignoble, greedy, malicious usurer, a creature of tremendous but vile and vulgar passions, sometimes hideously jocular, in the trial scene fawning upon Portia after the ruling in his favor, incapable of exaltation except for some rare brief moment, appealing to the spectator's imagination only on the lower side. This impersonation was, in its way, very human, and effectively embodied a conception of Shylock which may be easily defended as natural and Shakespearean. Gradually Mr. Booth made the tone of his impersonation more sombre, dispensed with his lighter touches, and presented a personage of

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greater power and depth, though still of common mould. At last he came to a theory of the character in which the extremes of his former conceptions were avoided; out of which was evolved an impersonation of remarkable justness, consistency, and fullness, wherein neither the essential baseness of Shylock's nature nor the frequent dignity born of his passionate purpose was sacrificed. The depth and intensity, the lodged hate, the inflexible will, the stubborn spirit, and the fanatical conviction of the Jew were indicated with continuous and imposing power; but Shylock was not represented with the loftiness of a Greek sage or of a Christian martyr because of the force of his evil passions and resolved temper. In this final assumption, Shakespeare's composite thought and unrelenting neutrality in the invention of Shylock were supremely well expressed; yet every one of the previous impersonations had been lucid, intellectually vigorous, and fairly interpretative of the master dramatist.

Through these qualities of intellectual force and clearness, used with the patient discretion of a close student, Mr. Booth became possessed of that rarest of histrionic possessions, a large style. The phrase is applied with flippant frequency to many artists, and seems to be comprehended about as seldom as it is merited. Upon the stage, a large style is characteristic of the actor who is conscious, at every moment of his performance, not only of the needs of that moment, but of the total value and color of the character he is presenting, and of the relation borne by the passion of the instant to all the stirs of passion which have preceded it. With the mere reading of the definition, the observer of our modern stage has a painful vision of the small, deformed, fragmentary, spasmodic methods prevailing even among our more ambitious actors, who for the most part are well contented if they can utter any passion with a vaguely befitting naturalness. In the playing of such artists, Juliet, Imogen, and Parthenia have but one mode of expressing tenderness; Rosalind and Viola but one kind of vivacity; Gloster, Spartacus, and Lear but one form of rage. Many examples of Mr. Booth's largeness and artistic fullness of style might be cited. His Iago is especially in point. In his scheme of that character, also, there had been an interesting process of development. Midway or moderately early in his career, Mr. Booth apparently decided that he must fit his performance of the part to his physical limitations. He made Iago a light, comfortable villain, and bore down upon that side of the crafty Venetian's nature which allies him most closely with common humanity. But later he darkened the hues of his conception, and steadily increased its force, impetuosity, and profundity. As thus finally presented, his Iago was a masterpiece in respect of its breadth and finish of style, and was consummate in its malign beauty. In immediate appeal to the eye and the taste of the spectator, it was exceedingly interesting: a fascinating man, whose gayer air had the crisp sparkle of a fine winter's day; whose usual thoughtfulness was easy, poised, unaffected, potent, but not ponderous; whose talk was sensible, shrewd, and just cynical enough to relish to the taste of the worldly; whose wit was astonishingly keen, quick, inventive, prolific, and uttered with exquisite aptness by a tongue which drove or clinched a nail at every stroke; handsome in face, graceful and free in motion and in manners, polished, frank, and rich in *bonhomie*. In the deeper portions of his nature, Mr. Booth's Iago was endowed with an intellect as swift and subtle as electricity, and, like that mysterious element, capable of playing lightly over surfaces, or of rending the toughest obstacles in sunder; his temper was like some ethereal quicksilver in its sensitiveness, adapting itself to every mood of those whom it sought to influence; and

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in its intensity of malevolence and potency of maleficence his spirit had that right satanic quality which stopped not short of a consuming desire to torture and "enmesh" "all" good men and women, "ensnaring" them both in "soul and body," and did not fear to thrust its blasphemy into the very face of the Almighty. In diabolic force and blackness Mr. Booth's assumption was, I suppose, inferior to that of his father and of some of the other actors of the old heroic school. But in absolute self-consistency, in perfectness of proportion, in the maintenance of a most "politic state of evil," and in the unfailing relation of every point and particular of the conception to every other and to the total scheme it was as noble an illustration of largeness of style as has been afforded by our modern stage.

Intellectual force and lucidity — of which, as has been said, Mr. Booth was possessed in an extraordinarily high degree — are essential to the conception of dramatic characters, and to the presentation of such characters in a large and finished style. The ability deeply to move and convince the spectator by performance is derived from the possession of another quality or set of qualities. To identify this quality or these qualities is not easy. Neither patience, nor close observation of nature, nor superior mimetic skill, nor even sincerity, nor all these together, will necessarily furnish the player with the power to enter into the inmost life of the personages that he represents, to possess them or to be possessed by them completely, and then so to present them as to carry conviction to the soul of the spectator. I do not mean by "conviction" to imply that the auditor will ever, except for brief instants and at long intervals, lose the sense of the player's art, or forget that that art is representative, but that the actor shall so bring his audience into touch with the spirit of his creations that they shall be spiritually discerned, received, accepted, through the imagination believed in, and so loved or hated, honored or contemned; shall be, in other words, brought into genuinely and deeply sympathetic relations with the men and women who see and hear. Lacking this power, the histrionic artist may interest, please, or charm, but, how clever soever he may be, cannot by any possibility profoundly stir the passions or touch the heart. A full sense of the difference among players in this respect is sometimes slow to develop itself, but it comes sooner or later to nearly all who study the stage intelligently. It is not difficult to divide our leading modern actors of the "serious" order into two classes, according to their possession or lack of this ability, and then to see that those of one variety appeal successfully to the eye, the taste, the critical judgment, to what may be called, in a large sense, the pictorial faculty, of their spectators; the actors of the other sort, to the same faculties, but chiefly to imagination, sensibility, and sympathy. These diverse appeals are made through the same or similar dramatic characters, and often, so far as I can judge, with little or no conscious difference in the ambitions or hopes of the actors, all of whom, apparently, aim to touch the heart. Yet the results are as far apart as entertainment is from emotion. Mr. Irving and Mr. Willard may be named as players of the first kind; Salvini and Booth of the second. Some superiority in delicacy or fullness of sympathy, some hold upon a more intuitive imagination, some higher potency or fervor of temperament, avail to give players of the larger order a more complete possession of the soul of the part which they assume, and then the gift so to share that possession as deeply to stir the "convinced" listener with the passions of the part.

One simple, excellent test may be applied to indicate or enforce the distinction which has been made: try the performance by repeatedly witnessing it,

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and observing its effect upon the mind and memory. Mr. Irving's Louis XI., for instance, may be fairly regarded as a fine example of his histrionic cleverness. In effectiveness and variety of "points," in delicacy of detail as to form, color, action, and tone, in consummate mimetic skill, it can scarcely be surpassed; its picturesqueness is perfect. But scarcely even at a first sight of the performance is the spectator deeply moved either to horror, pain, or loathing; on a second view, curiosity only remains; and when, by another sight, curiosity has been satisfied, there is no further desire to witness the performance. Mr. Irving's impersonation of Charles I., to take another instance, stays, if it stays at all, within the memory of those who have beheld it as if it were an exquisitely finished portrait in oils of the unfortunate monarch; but the recollection causes no trouble of the spirit. Mr. Willard's Cyrus Blenkarn is recalled for its careful workmanship, decent reserve, and regard for the modesty of nature, which are respectfully and unperturbedly remembered. These artists and such as these, fine and admirable as they are in many respects, show the eyes, but do not grieve the heart; like a procession of shadows and pictures their creations come, and so depart. Compare with this the hold which the greater performances of Salvini have upon the spirit, first in representation and afterward in remembrance. It is scarcely possible to recall his Conrade in La Morte Civile, or his Othello, or his Samson, without a sense of tug at the heartstrings; and repeated view of such performances scarcely dulls the spectator's pleasure, for the spirit is slow to tire of the strenuous joy of its own sympathetic travail or pain.

To Mr. Booth this great power was given, not indeed in the interpretation of all his characters, but of the chiefest of them. He entered into and uttered the inner life of his prime creations, and one knew the completeness of his mastery by the delightful heartache, the throb in the throat, the flush of the cheek, which bespoke the "conviction" of the auditory. His Richelieu, as it was presented at the highest point of his career, when it had been largely divested of theatricalness, but had lost nothing of the player's force, may be selected as a good example of his power in this kind. The character itself does not afford the greatest opportunities, of course; but it is interesting at the outset to note that Mr. Booth not only filled to overflowing the conception of Bulwer, but went far beyond it, and imported into the character of the cardinal a wealth of truth and life which transcended the scheme of the text. The inconsistencies of the cardinal were reconciled or made acceptable by Mr. Booth's treatment. The personal flavor and intellectual quality of the man were shown with absolute vividness; his wit, his humor, his cunning, his insight into character, his bodily delicacy and frequent lonesomeness, his one exacting form of vanity, his diplomatic unscrupulousness, his aptness in flattery, his subtlety, speed, versatility, and fruitfulness of resource, were made portions of a living picture, and fused by the imagination of the player into a creation which took possession of the spectator's memory. A hundred even of his lighter phrases are unforgettable. The sly shrewdness — delighting in its knowledge of men, and in its own duplicity as a necessary implement of statecraft — with which, questioning Joseph concerning Huguet's fidelity, he says,

"Think — we hanged his father!
. . . . . .
Trash! favors past — that 's nothing. In his hours
Of confidence with you has he named the favors
To come, he counts on?
. . . . .
Colonel and nobleman!
My bashful Huguet! that can never be!
We have him not the less — we 'll promise it —
And see the king withholds;"

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the exquisite finesse and perfect ease with which, after frankly holding out the bait of a colonelcy to Huguet, in the words,

"If I live long enough — ay, mark my words —
If I live long enough, you 'll be a colonel,"

he adds, half under his breath, slowly, in a ruminating tone as if expressing a confidential afterthought, yet with a cleanly edged enunciation which carries straight to the captain's ear,

"Noble — perhaps;"

the delicately ironical flavor of the half-line with which, after his resignation, he comments upon the king's appointment of his successor, De Baradas,

"A most sagacious choice;"

the tenderness of his comforting promise to Julie, his stricken ward,

"All will be well; yes, yet all well,"

the short words dropping full and slow and sweet, as if they were laden with balm, — where could one pause in the chronicle, every line of which is a reminder and proof of the extraordinary intuition and just naturalness with which the actor penetrated the depths of the cardinal's spirit, and converted his knowledge into the very substance of imaginative life? Early in his career Mr. Booth played the character brilliantly well, but with every added year he made some gain on the lighter side of his performance, bringing to it a yet wiser discretion, a more delicate chastity of phrase, a more complete abnegation of vulgar over-emphasis, until the portraiture was etched, as it were, on the tissue of the spectator's brain with some uninjurious acid. The more intense, vehement, and lofty passions of the character were interpreted by Mr. Booth with varying degrees of histrionic skill. Often, in his younger period, his declamation of this or that famous speech of the cardinal was superfluously theatrical, or degenerated even into rant; at his point of greatest ripeness he had nearly rid himself and his style of fustian, and met the supreme test by producing powerful effects without extravagance in speech or in action. But, with all its imperfections on its head, Mr. Booth's Richelieu, at any time within the last fifteen years of his life, demonstrated in its stronger aspects the master actor upon the lines which I am now considering. It indeed piqued and gratified the curiosity, and stimulated and fed the spectator's sense of the picturesque. But that kind of achievement was as naught in comparison with the actor's "conviction" of his hearers' hearts. Always at some point in the performance, often at many points, when the cardinal's spirit blazed in ecstasy of courage or wrath, or when, especially, all weaknesses and insincerities solved in the pure flame of a true love of France, Richelieu stood, moved, and spoke, a veritable incarnation of the spirit of patriotism, the listener's soul would be stirred, thrilled, strained almost, it sometimes seemed consumed, by a passionate sympathy. Such pain and such joy it is given only to the actor of the first order to produce. The source of the producing power lies chiefly, perhaps, in temperamental force, and its basis may be partly or largely physical. But, however derived, it is unmistakable, the *sine qua non* of the great tragedian; and the lack of it relegates the tragic actor to the second rank of his profession.

The tragedian who is master of the mimetic detail of his art, of a large and finished style, and of the power to compel the hearts of men by the passion of the scene is a great actor. Edwin Booth was such a master. For my present purpose, it remains only to be said that his prime distinction among the players of our time lay in a quality for which I know no better name than ideality. The possession of that quality, a century or even half a century ago, could scarcely have conferred distinction

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upon a serious actor. Players were endowed with it in various degrees, of course; but from Garrick to Junius Brutus Booth, through all the illustrious lines of Kembles and Keans, the tragedians of the elder day assumed it as a part of their theory, so to speak. It was taken for granted by the scholarly Macready, and even the passionate and sensuous-natured Forrest confidently aspired to its possession. It is easy to see why these artists had a tradition in favor of ideality: their acting had been modeled upon the requirements of the dramas and characters which they represented; their playing was ideal, even as and because their plays were ideal. In our time a change has taken place, slowly, but with almost unremitting steadiness: we have seen the tragedies of Shakespeare less and less in evidence, and, in a day when the study of the master poet is more thorough and more general than ever before, we have witnessed the phenomenon of the gradual disappearance of his serious dramas from the theatre. Edwin Booth came down to us from a former generation, and brought with him the tradition which, transmitted to him by his father, had had its source in the rude stage upon which Burbage played. He was an actor of the ideal order, and not of that school which is now known as the realistic. Nothing but necessity would compel me to comment upon that offensive pair of adjectives, whose votaries and vassals are wearying the world with their endless battles and squabbles, — the world wherein room *must* be found, in one way or another, for Raphael and Verestchagin, for Scott and Tolstóy, for Corot and Courbet, for Hawthorne and Jane Austen, for Shakespeare's Imogen and Ibsen's Nora. Upon the stage the schools are sharply distinguished, but seldom clash, because they seldom meet. Tragedy of the higher order is the natural home of ideal acting, even as comedy is the usual place of the realistic. Thus far, indeed, the dramatists whom the world has accepted as great are ranged with the ideals. Most of them, whether writers of tragedy or of comedy, are of the old régime, to be sure; for the positions of Ibsen and of the Belgian, Maeterlinck, have not been settled for English-speaking people, any more than have the places of Mr. Pinero, Mr. Herne, Mr. Barnard, Mr. Harrigan, and other playwrights of local reputation. But the drift is now steadily away from what has been received as classic, and, especially in comedy, the stage "is subdued to what it works in, like the dyer's hand."

In playing the tragedies of Shakespeare, on the other hand, sensitive actors have for the most part found themselves under a strong compulsion toward the ideal style. All good acting must of course be derived from and keep a firm hold on reality or nature, and must be, therefore, in its essence, realistic, in the preciser sense of the word. Yet, in the higher ranges of the drama, and especially in its poetic forms, there are many characters which demand both to be conceived and to be expressed ideally; that is to say, to be lifted above the commonplace of daily life into the realm of fancy; to be so represented that, though their kinship with humanity is never lost, their prime citizenship is demonstrated to be in the land of the imagination. Even when the question is not of the most exalted or poetic creations, most persons can perceive that the style of the dramatist ought in some measure to control the style of the actor; that Rosalind demands a different treatment from Lady Gay Spanker, Sir Giles Overreach from Martin Berry. And though an eccentric actor has occasionally done his despite upon Shylock or Gloster, an almost perfect consensus of mankind would probably assume that the great tragic characters of the higher drama should be played in a fashion accordant somehow with the loftiness of their language and scheme.

It is foreign to my purpose to discuss the peculiarities of this loftier mode of

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playing. The essential thing to be noted is that the artist of the ideal school reaches his results by a method which removes them from and above every-day life; deliberately departing, in his bearing and utterance, from the familiar mode of parlor, counting-room, and street by the adoption of a style at once more distinct, more formal, and more elevated. The absurdities into which this manner may run in the gesture, walk, and declamation of incompetent performers have been the subject of ridicule almost ever since the stage and the actor came into existence. Shakespeare, even in the day when tragedy was "preferred" by gentle and simple, declared, through the mouth of Hamlet, that the extravagant action, the strut, the bellow, and the rant of the actor of the robustious sort offended him "to the soul." Even very capable players are in danger, as we all know, of achieving fustian in attempting velvet. But the grand style in its own place is none the less the true style because the attainment of it is beset by grievous dangers. Its function is not at any time nor under any temptation, whatsoever the opinion of superficial critics to the contrary may be, to defy or defeat nature. When the histrionic artist has the true feeling for his business and a true skill in his art, his product is supremely natural, if the nature of man, as seen by the clarifying, penetrating light of the imagination, and cleansed by the poet's power from what is transient and inessential, is to be taken as the standard. Upon the stage poetry has a language and voice of its own, which differ from those of our working-day life mainly because the higher mood of the mind or spirit which is here intermittently experienced is there maintained without fall or break; and that language it is the business and privilege of the actor of the ideal order to speak to the audience, which is his world.

Edwin Booth's art was preëminently idealistic. That he sometimes erred and displeased by his adherence to a stilted and conventionally theatrical style is not to be questioned. But, judged at and by his best, he attained the noble distinction of so interpreting the loftiest creations of the first of dramatists that his impersonations were both beautifully ideal and harmonious with the essential truth of life. If the faults of his Hamlet had been twenty times greater than they were, they would not have destroyed the high value of an assumption which reproduced the essence of the poet's thought, and imaged before us the very form and soul of Shakespeare's prophetic embodiment of the anxious, speculative, superrefined, and introverted humanity of modern times. Mr. Booth's impersonation of King Lear may be instanced, I think, as the greatest expression of his powers in this noble kind. The artist's achievement in this part was the more remarkable because of his lack of the highest physical force, and the impossibility — consequent, perhaps, upon that deficiency — of his reaching such sublimity of effect as that of Salvini, for example, at the Italian's grandest moments. But Mr. Booth's Lear was so wrought as to be as pure a triumph of the spiritual over the material as the warmest devotee of the idealistic could wish to see. Without extravagance of gesture, — which indeed Mr. Booth always used sparingly, — without violence of voice, without extreme effort of any kind, the chaotic vastness of Lear's nature, the frenzied wrath and woe of the "child-changed father," his agony of contrition over his rejection of Cordelia, the intellectual splendors which fitfully illuminate the pathos of his madness, and the sweet anguish of his restoration to a new life of the soul were greatly displayed. The subtlety, picturesqueness, and graphic vividness of all the details of the performance, especially in the second and third acts, were remarkable, but were scarcely to be esteemed in comparison with the immediate power of

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the impersonation to touch the deepest springs of emotion. It might be said without extravagance that the actor's victory in the performance was like that of the dramatist in the tragedy. Who can estimate, or overestimate, the worth to the world of such art as this? The actor dies, and leaves no sign or memorial of his prowess, it has been often said; even Garrick and Edmund Kean, Siddons and Rachel, are but names, to which the modern ear scarcely permits a hospitable entrance. But acting such as that of Mr. Booth in Lear, which lifts the spectator for a time almost to the level of the play, and transports him beyond the ignorant present, which shows the spirit to itself by the searching illumination of the poet's genius, must have a power far transcending the effect of the moment. In his highest achievements, Edwin Booth was an actor of the spirit to the spirit, for the spirit, — a pure interpreter of the master dramatist; and the echoes which he there awakened must roll, like the poet's own, we may well believe, from soul to soul, and grow forever and forever.

I have not attempted to deal, except indirectly, with Mr. Booth's faults of style, but justice seems to demand a few words of comment upon his two chief professional limitations. He was unsuccessful in playing the lover upon the stage; he had no gift in mirthfulness. The former proposition needs, perhaps, a little qualification. Mr. Booth at some moments, as in his Hamlet, Othello, and Sir Edward Mortimer, succeeded in speaking the voice of the divine passion with impressive earnestness and with the suggestion of great depth of feeling. But his touch in this kind was always heavy, his tone portentous. The fluent love of youth, love of that intermittent, palpitating, many-hued variety which is redundantly called "sentimental," he had no skill to utter; and his impersonation of Claude Melnotte, for example, was even more artificial than Sir Bulwer Lytton's style in The Lady of Lyons. In comedy, Mr. Booth often sparkled, and sometimes, as in Petruchio and Don César de Bazan, he was gay and entertaining. But, like all his family, he had no power to excite laughter. His performance of Benedick may be cited as his highest achievement in the lighter drama: it was elegant, easy, of great intellectual brilliancy and charm, but quite devoid of that capacity for creating mirth which Shakespeare makes a prime quality in his hero.

Of Mr. Booth's personal character it would be unbecoming in me to speak in this place except for a reason which compels me to say a single word. He presented the spectacle — the more impressive because it has not been very common — of a life which was all upon one plane. Pure, generous, high-minded, incapable of vulgar arts either of defense or display, he lived upon the stage of the world, even as on the mimic stage, an ideal life. And the one appalling disaster and sorrow of his experience he bore with such patience and magnanimity as presently reconquered the favor of a shocked and bewildered nation. Only great men can thus greatly endure great griefs. The soul of Edwin Booth, like the art of Edwin Booth, was of the truly heroic type.

Henry A. Clapp.

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HACK AND HEW.

HACK and Hew were the sons of God
In the earlier earth than now:
One at his right hand, one at his left,
To obey as he taught them how.

And Hack was blind, and Hew was dumb,
But both had the wild, wild heart;
And God's calm will was their burning will,
And the gist of their toil was art.

They made the moon and the belted stars,
They set the sun to ride;
They loosed the girdle and veil of the sea,
The wind and the purple tide.

Both flower and beast beneath their hands
To beauty and speed outgrew, —
The furious, fumbling hand of Hack,
And the glorying hand of Hew.

Then, fire and clay, they fashioned a man,
And painted him rosy brown;
And God himself blew hard in his eyes:
"Let them burn till they smoulder down!"

And "There!" said Hack, and "There!" thought Hew,
"We 'll rest, for our toil is done."
But "Nay," the Master Workman said,
"For your toil is just begun.

"And ye who served me of old as God
Shall serve me anew as man,
Till I compass the dream that is in my heart,
And perfect the vaster plan."

And still the craftsman over his craft,
In the vague white light of dawn,
With God's calm will for his burning will,
While the mounting day comes on,

Yearning, wind-swift, indolent, wild,
Toils with those shadowy two, —
The faltering, restless hand of Hack,
And the tireless hand of Hew.

Bliss Carman.

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A SLIP ON THE ORTLER.

THERE is but little light in Sulden-Thal at two o'clock in the morning, early in September. Not even the gray outlines of St. Gertrude's shrine could be traced, as we passed, through the blackness of the night, though a faint shimmer of light showed that already within the chapel some petition was being offered. Neither is such hour the most agreeable at which to begin the ascent of a mountain. However, if "one must suffer to be beautiful," so one must also suffer to earn the ultimate gratification of perching on the topmost point of any of the mountain monarchs.

Ortler, with his 12,356 feet of rock and ice, is, as the guidebooks say, "*nicht jedermannssache.*" Still, with care, experienced guides, and a sure foot, there is no reason, unless the weather be against you, why prospective difficulties should deter from the effort; and once determined on, wisdom dictates an early start.

At that time, seven and a half hours was supposed to be the best time from Sulden to the summit of the Ortler. Starting, therefore, at two in the morning would bring one there about half after nine. A half-hour's rest and from four to five hours for the descent would see one safely back by half after two in the afternoon. In other words, all dangers from rotten ice-bridge or fall of loosened snow would be left behind before the afternoon sun unduly increased them with its powerful rays. As the event proved, we made somewhat better time than seven and a half hours. But it is doubtful whether it would be worth trying again on the same terms. Determined to beat the record, we made a rush from start to summit; accepting on the way a method of accelerating pace which embraced some perhaps unjustifiable risk, and (possibly through our very haste) all but coming to what our English cousins describe as "everlasting grief" at the very summit itself.

At first our way led through rocky fields. Then we turned sharply up, bearing off, by a well-defined path, diagonally along the face of a steep alp, — so steep, indeed, that to call it an "alp" was a misnomer. Nothing could have pastured there but those fabulous beasts whose legs are shorter on one side than on the other. The lanterns which swung at our sides showed us where to place our feet, at the same time conveniently failing to illuminate one or two uncomfortable little precipices with which a misstep might have subjected the unwary to more intimate acquaintance. On our way down, again reaching this point, we saw by daylight the path followed in the dark. Turning to Pinggera, I asked if "that" was where we had come up by lantern light. He grinned, and admitted that it was. All that I found words for was an emphatic assurance that knowledge of the immediate vicinity of any such "dropping over" places would have as certainly deterred me from ascending in the dark as ordinary prudence would have prevented my riding down the mountain on an avalanche. At the time, however, the steepness of the climb gave such full occupation as prevented any suspicion of the actual profundity of the unillumined depths.

Gradually the east grew gray. The mountains and rocks started out of the darkness. Lanterns were extinguished. The last that could, by any stretch of courtesy, be called pasture or alp was passed, and steady rock-climbing began. This, varied with crossing an occasional snow patch, lasted an hour or two. As usual in ascending a mountain, the route was by no means the shortest or most direct. At one point, after toiling up on a most infernal line of advance, for an

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interminable time, the crest of a rocky ridge was reached only to learn that the object was to descend its other side to mount again in the final assault upon the peak itself.

As yet we were not tied together; the rope indeed being principally of use on ice and snow, and of most value merely in giving confidence. A man not sufficiently sure-footed to avoid slipping on rocks under practically any circumstances finds his best place in the valley below; for no one not fairly sure-footed is entitled, any more than a man liable to vertigo, to endanger the lives of others by making ascents in which the rope is a necessity.

Down the other face of the rocky ridge just spoken of lay one of those curious collections of broken stone, of all sizes and forms, found in so many of the hollows on the lower slopes of the mountain. The unanswerable question is, whence does it all come? It is useless to reply that it is the disintegrated fragments of the mountain; split off by frost, broken by its own falls, and temporarily lodged on its downward course. Very likely, some few thousand years ago, there was considerably more of every mountain. Doubtless they have been crumbling through the ages. But, presented with mere result, and with no capacity to appreciate the extended detail of causation, the mind rejects such explanation. It seems more reasonable to suppose that a former race of titanic road-menders deliberately sat themselves down upon the hills and broke stone, either as a pastime, a penance for their sins, or with the laudable view and desire to improve the Valhalla road: whence it would follow that these patches of broken stone which decorate the mountain sides must be the remnants and refuse left over when the gods themselves were hastily bundled off into the lumber-room of history.

Be this as it may, this particular patch of broken rock was an extensive one. It stretched down fully three hundred feet, sloped gradually outwards, and spread abroad at its base. Below its component parts were rocks weighing anywhere from five hundred pounds to a ton. At the upper edge they were of smaller sizes, weighing from an ounce to perhaps twenty pounds. Here we tried the somewhat reckless method of accelerating pace.

It is only necessary, as we all know from experiments with minor heaps, to start a few of the stones of such a pile sliding down, and they will rattle along merrily, if not to the bottom, at least until they have lost the imparted impetus, and come to rest and unstable equilibrium through the attraction of gravitation. This gave us our opportunity. We joined hands, and crept out on the face of the broken rocks. We worked our feet firmly in, and in doing so began to slide, accompanied by quite a little patch of the superficial surface. The stones did not move to any great depth, but still sufficiently so to carry us, standing upright and mutually supporting one another, rapidly down. Naturally, the descent of our improvised sled removed all support from the surface stones above, and these came rattling after us with constantly increasing speed. The little ones skipped gayly by; the larger ones rattled and jumped; the big ones rolled and bounced. Faster and faster our descent continued, and faster and faster came the loosened stones behind. It soon became apparent that there was a limit of safety to this performance.

We had traveled perhaps a hundred and fifty feet when the larger stones began to shoot past with a velocity promising misfortune if, flying clear, they struck us. At last a smallish stone did strike Pinggera quite a blow; at the same time, a ten-pound rock, traveling like a bolt from a catapult, whizzed past the second guide's head. With a simultaneous yell of warning we made a rush side-

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ways for the solid rock. Reaching it, we clung there, and watched and listened to the moving mass as it rattled down. Relieved of our weight, at first one by one, then in greater numbers, the moving patch of stones came to rest. A few big ones continued to descend, each ending with a wild bound out into the air on striking the boulders below.

We gained perhaps five or ten minutes by the device. Content with thus much of that particular kind of experience, we climbed down the remainder of the ridge on its more solid portion. Later we reached one of the larger glaciers of the mountain, and went steadily upwards diagonally across its face.

We were now in an interior valley of the mountain, in the cañon of a river of ice, up near its source. As we ranged across, the valley ran, with a sweep to the right, upwards, and became lost in the snows of the summit. On the other side it fell off steeply, turning gently away from the mass of the mountain, and doubling the rocky curtain we had crossed. Its slope was quite steep for a glacier, while its bed, being fairly smooth, presented but few bad hummocks or wide crevasses. It was like a great chute leading from the inexhaustible reservoirs above, until, beyond our vision, it curved into the Trafoierthal, on the further side of which the Stelvio way, having surmounted the pass, with cautious zigzags winds down to Nauders.

Winter's most prodigal product, snow, has recognized the opportunity afforded, and, for its own delectation, has here constructed the magnificent Lavine track of the Alps, a gigantic coastway for avalanches, — a slide down which, hour after hour, through the summer, the avalanches toboggan to their fall with the booming crash and reverberating thunder that replace the shouting of the coasters and the ring of the iron-shod double-runner of civilization. For, steadily pressing its way down from the mountain, on top of the ice is a glacier of snow, — a slow but overwhelming current, majestically moving onward. Squeezed by the narrowing of the gulch above into a stream perhaps a hundred feet wide and full forty feet deep, it emerges upon the broadened face of the ice beneath, and preserves its integrity of structure until the descent becomes steep. There it momentarily poises itself, hangs and trembles. Deep fissures start across it and slowly widen. The face of the wall splits into a dozen towers and castles of hardened snow. Then, as the irresistible weight behind pushes them slowly on, they sway forward, overbalance, and a thousand tons of snow, involved in a common ruin, rush with a great roaring noise resistlessly down the mountain side. Out into the Trafoierthal the avalanche pours down the steep side of the valley almost to the river, but ever diminishes in volume as it leaves its substance strung out along its track.

This track itself, of broken snow, the remnants of avalanches already fallen, is not above a hundred feet in width. But that hundred feet we had to cross. Some ten minutes before we reached it an avalanche fell; and the intervening periods of safety being short and of uncertain duration, we hastened silently on, to cross as soon thereafter as possible.

Twenty yards this side of the snow track, and perhaps a hundred yards from the threatening snow wall, we paused for critical survey. The question stood for instant decision. From the appearance of the snow wall it must be determined whether another avalanche would fall within the next few minutes. Was it best to hurry silently across? Was it best to wait? Was the next section of the snow face in such condition that a mighty yell would send an avalanche down, and give us an opportunity for our hasty transit? On the other hand, if we all yelled together and no avalanche fell, would the effect of our so doing be merely to hasten the next fall, whereby we might be overwhelmed in

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crossing? One towering pinnacle of snow, pushed a little beyond its fellows, seemed ready to totter to its fall. We looked at it doubtfully. It ought to have gone with the last avalanche. Would it stand, or would it fall within the next three minutes? A hundred feet is not much of a space to cross. But such crossing, if through fresh, broken snow from six to ten feet deep, is slow and floundering work.

From the time we came within view of the snow face the utmost silence had been preserved, and now, the searching but momentary scrutiny completed, Pinggera whispered to us to come on. With noiseless speed we hurried forward. Silently we struggled through the snow, and as silently emerged on the further side. From the time we started until we were well over the Lavine track no one of us turned his face toward the snow wall; but each kept his ears strained for the least sound from its direction. The silence was absolutely oppressive. It was like the silence in the woods at night, when the snapping of a dead twig under the foot of a deer two hundred yards away, coming down the hillside to drink in the stillwater, breaks sharp on the ear of the hunter and cracks like a pistol shot. I fancy, had a dry twig broken within earshot during those three minutes, each one of our three hearts would have gone through that saltatory performance known as "turning completely over."

Once across, we veered more to the left, and pressed steadily on. For some time the ascent was without incident. I remember one swelling slope, where the melting of the sun and the beating of the wind and weather had made glare ice of the snow, so that for some twenty yards we had to cut hand and foot holds to surmount it. This is always slow business. Your party is strung out perhaps fifteen feet apart, with the rope fairly taut. The leader cuts a fresh handhold, and each one lifts his right foot and puts it into the next nick in the ice, a foot above. Another nick is chopped. The left legs, in their turn, all go up one step, and so on until the slope lessens, or until some luckless wight settles all questions for himself and the others by failing to stand steady; that is, probably settles all questions, though a momentary slip is often recovered from if every one is cool and collected, and if things turn out luckily.

Further on we skirted the edge of a great snow precipice overhanging Sulden-Thal. That merest speck below us was the little church. It seemed as if a snowball thrown well out into the air would have dropped on it; and why the face of the snow cliff did not break off with our weight, as we traveled along on a line which seemed unnecessarily and ridiculously near the edge, I cannot understand. In fact, however, the consistency or binding quality of the snow on a mountain side is very great, while the weight of two or three human beings is an inconsiderable trifle to a great mass of snow.

Leaving the precipice finally, and turning to the right, we again labored up. So far our time from Sulden had been excellent. If we could continue at anything like the rate we were going, we stood fair to accomplish the result we desired, — that of breaking the record. Perhaps an hour and a half later we were within a few hundred yards of the summit. Our watches showed short of nine o'clock, so that our time was less than seven hours to that point.

The last peak of the Ortler is a single narrow *arête*. The extreme summit, as with all snow mountains, varies slightly from year to year. At that time it was but a cock's comb of snow blown up by the wind. This ridge rounds up from behind, and the mountain drops sheer off in front, appearing to hang over the valley. At the extreme end the snow was flattened out into a sloping triangular platform, perhaps twelve feet long,

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and not over six feet wide. One side of the ridge of snow leading to it (the one which looks towards the Stelvio Pass) runs down in an almost sheer drop about a hundred feet. Below, it is only a little less steep, and it ends in a sickening precipice. I had a good opportunity, a few minutes later, to form a judgment by earnest inspection of that side of the mountain. It is that which lies to the left as one comes along the ridge to the summit. The other side, lying toward the König-Spitze, is nearly as bad, and although at the extreme end it is just possible of ascent and descent, it is not so at any intermediate point; and even there it is rather to be avoided than sought, as the slightest slip on it is beyond all redemption.

All the ways to the summit are practically one, and that one lies along the knife-edge of snow between those two uninviting alternatives. We reached the ridge. We were not seventy-five yards from our bourne. We were walking out along the knife-blade. Pinggera was the leader, I came next, and the second guide, Martignon, was behind. The way was so narrow that we planted our feet crosswise on it, stamping them well down through the crust and into the snow. As a matter of fact, the actual crest of the *couloir* where we walked was not three inches wide. The particles of snow that crumbled beneath our feet and fell on either side of the mountain dropped on the one side almost sheer a hundred feet, then shot down some hundreds of feet further, and then went over the precipice. On the other side they slipped and slid swiftly down the steep but slightly rounded mountain side, and disappeared from view.

We were traveling fast, but carefully, almost on a level (the summit not being three feet higher than where we stood), and naturally we had the rope taut, and were a short twenty feet apart. Our journey was done. We had beaten the record to the top, and were fairly entitled to our half-hour's rest and a quiet pipe of tobacco.

Such an idea as that anything could intervene to prevent our reaching the top of the Ortler was as far from my mind as was aught else of the inconceivable. Pinggera was within three feet of where the snow broadened into the little plateau. I was at the moment watching him, and, as minutiæ under some circumstances become photographed upon the brain, I remember distinctly wondering whether his next step would take him clear of the couloir and on to the plateau. It was ticklish but not dangerous work, an interesting but not alarming situation. In the tenth of a second everything was changed. There was a flounder in the snow and a despairing cry behind me, and I knew that somehow, though how passed comprehension, Martignon was gone. I did not stop to look behind nor to ask any question. If I had known on which side he had fallen, it would have been simple enough to jump over on the other, but time to turn and ascertain was lacking. Moreover, by so doing I should have had Pinggera, too, off the ridge, and we might have had a bad time of it.

I simply opened my arms and legs and fell forward on the snow ridge (crushing it down a few inches), with an arm and a leg on either side of the mountain. I dug my arms to the elbows and my feet to the ankles through the crust into the snow, and waited for the tug at my waist, which would resolve the doubt. As I did so, I looked up at Pinggera. He had stopped, and stood rooted in his tracks, leaning forward with a strain on the rope, and looking back over his right shoulder. It was plain that he could be of no assistance in holding up Martignon, since the forward pull on the rope would not help in that respect. What he could do, and evidently intended doing, was to drop over on the other side in case the guide's falling body dragged me off the ridge, and he was waiting to

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see whether he would have to do this or not.

The facts all went with marvelous rapidity. There came at my waist a sudden heavy wrench to the left that all but had me off the ridge, and I knew on which side Martignon had fallen. The rope having been taut, he had necessarily swung and rolled in a half-circle, as it gradually pulled him into the perpendicular; and it was probably owing to this that it had been possible for me to hold him when the tug came. I put my face over on his side of the mountain and looked down at him. He hung from my waist at the end of the rope, twenty feet below, half swaying, half rolling, a few feet back and forth, like an irregular pendulum, clutching and grabbing at the snow crust. I lay there perfectly still. Pinggera leaned forward like a statue. Presently my literally "dependent" friend succeeded in kicking his feet and digging his hands through the crust, and there he stuck, like a fly on a wall, turning up at me a face that, to put it mildly, looked badly scared. We called down to him not to move till he felt all right again, and we waited in this absurd position with an exasperated feeling that our record time was meanwhile vanishing.

For perhaps sixty seconds he stayed there, and then, kicking holds through the snow crust with his feet and hauling on the rope, he came up the face of the mountain to my waist. When he reached me, he was shaking and shuddering. It was palpable that if we trusted him upon the ridge in that condition he would promptly fall off again. I put my left arm across his back and held him there, with his face buried in my side, while he slowly regained his breath. After perhaps a couple of minutes, I told him to get a firm hold, that I would crawl on until my body was clear of his: he could then crawl into my vacated place, and lie as I had in the snow, with one arm and one leg on each side, and wait there until the rope was again stretched taut. He agreeing, I crawled ahead a few feet. Pinggera went on an equal distance, and our unlucky companion filled my place, where he lay hugging the mountain with gloomy persistency.

Pinggera reached the beginning of the little plateau, and there turned round and sat down in the snow. Thereupon I resumed an upright position, and came toward him as far as the rope would let me, while he gathered in that section of the rope which was between us.

The situation was much improved, but I was still short of the plateau by three or four feet, while Martignon was twenty feet away, out on the ridge. It was evident that he must come as far as I then was without falling again, or we should have the same business to go through with, and perhaps with not so fortunate a result as before. Pinggera yelled to him not to stand up, but to hitch himself along the ridge with an arm and a leg on each side. He did so, and as he moved I went forward. A very few feet put me beside Pinggera on the snow, and then together we deliberately towed Martignon in on the rope. When we got him there, I was surprised to find that, in spite of everything, we had saved full thirty minutes on the record time, and that I was quite tired.

We lay in the snow on the summit and had our lunch and smoked our pipes. The area of the top was so restricted that when Pinggera, desiring to ascertain the reason for his fall, went over and sat down beside Martignon, he had to step across my body to get to him. To tell the truth, Pinggera and I had resolved ourselves into a high court of justice. We had still to descend the mountain. A slip in a descent, with every one faced outwards, may be more serious than a slip in ascending, and we desired to know why Martignon had fallen.

Presently Pinggera stepped back, and lay down again on the snow beside me.

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He reported that Martignon — a local guide from Meran, who had come with me to Sulden-Thal to show me the way over the Madritsch glaciers — was in a humble and contrite frame of mind. He had confessed that he ought not to have attempted the ascent. He proffered as excuse that he had had a bad fall a year or two before, when with the Empress of Austria's excursion through the Tyrol, which had shaken his nerves. He had never been up the Ortler, and a desire to be able to say that he had made the ascent, when he returned to Meran, had led to his concealing his doubts from me, and accompanying us up the mountain.

It was one life or three. We weighed him and our selfish selves in the balance; his scale went up, and sentence was pronounced. We told him we would help him back across the arête, look out for him at every difficult or dangerous place on the descent, and give him all the assistance we could, but that we would not be tied to him. He must come down without the rope. It had been a clear case of vertigo. No sane man should have undertaken to walk along a snow ridge, with a precipice on either hand, who could not guarantee himself against falling over from mere swimming of the head. He made no protest, and admitted that we were right, and that his coming had, under the circumstances, been unjustifiable. We gave him what there was left of the red Tyrolean wine we had brought with us, and took him back along the arête, one in front and one behind, holding our alpenstocks on each side of him to give him confidence.

As is often the case, his loss of nerve had been but temporary, and he got on all right. In the one or two places where his slipping would have brought him down on top of us and swept us all into eternity, and where no practical assistance could be afforded him, — in other words, the places where the rope is a mere element of confidence, and not of the slightest practical use, — we made him either go first, or wait until we had passed from the direct perpendicular line below him. He got on very well, made no complaints, and neither slipped nor lost his head. Nevertheless, I should not have cared to feel that a rope bound his and my fortunes together for that afternoon. In fact, the anticipation of his slipping at every bad place might have so shaken our confidence, had we been tied to him, that we should have added one more to the long list of Alpine disasters.

The descent, other than for a glissade down a steep slanting snow field, was uneventful. If you have never tried coasting down a mountain side, it is an experience which you should by no means continue to forego. Where a crust has formed over a snow field, lying at a steep angle, it is the simplest thing in the world to untie the rope, sit down, one behind the other, with extended legs, put your alpenstock behind you, under your arm (to act as a brake), give a couple of hitches, and slide down the mountain. Also, that a little familiarity breeds contempt could hardly be better exemplified than in the fact that we slid down perhaps three hundred feet at lightning speed toward the very precipice along the edge of which I had thought we went absurdly near on the ascent. When we got within a hundred and fifty feet or so of the edge, by bearing heavily down on our alpenstocks, we brought ourselves up to the perpendicular. Then two or three gigantic strides out into the air and a little plunge into the snow brought us respectively to a standstill. But, like everything else, you have to know how to do it. There was absolutely no danger in our doing what we did, and yet, as a matter of fact, there was no one of us but stopped within a short hundred feet of the edge of a precipice, over which, had he fallen, his body would have found no resting-place for full a thousand feet.

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When we reached Sulden-Thal, we made a slight detour, at Pinggera's request, to pass near the chapel. Pinggera gave a halloo, and a young woman appeared at the door and joined us. He presented her to me as his wife. That evening, at the Herr Curat Eller's house, I asked him what his wife had been doing at the chapel, and how he knew of her presence. He shamefacedly confessed that, at her request, he had taken her there in the morning before we started up the mountain; and there she had been on her knees until his halloo brought her the intelligence that her prayers had been answered.

It gave me a curious feeling when I handed him the trifling sum for which he had risked his life that day. I was a reckless boy, perhaps eighteen years of age, and what I did with my life was of small concern to me, and of no real consequence to any other. But the question as to whether I was justified in tempting him, for a half-handful of coin, to do that which had kept his wife, without food or fire, on her knees for full twelve hours was one which I had some difficulty in solving; and whether it was her prayers or my sticking like a leech to the snow ridge when the guide fell that led to our fortunate return is one which I have never settled.

Charles Stewart Davison.

A KITTEN.

If

"The child is father of the man,"

why is not the kitten father of the cat? If in the little boy there lurks the infant likeness of all that manhood will complete, why does not the kitten betray some of the attributes common to the adult puss? A puppy is but a dog plus high spirits, and minus common sense. We never hear our friends say they love puppies, but cannot bear dogs. A kitten is a thing apart; and many people who lack the discriminating enthusiasm for cats, who regard these beautiful beasts with aversion and mistrust, are won over easily, and cajoled out of their prejudices, by the deceitful wiles of kittenhood.

"The little actor cons another part,"

and is the most irresistible comedian in the world. Its wide-open eyes gleam with wonder and mirth. It darts madly at nothing at all, and then, as though suddenly checked in the pursuit, prances sideways on its hind legs with ridiculous agility and zeal. It makes a vast pretense of climbing the rounds of a chair, and swings by the curtain like an acrobat. It scrambles up a table leg, and is seized with comic horror at finding itself full two feet from the floor. If you hasten to its rescue, it clutches you nervously, its little heart thumping against its furry sides, while its soft paws expand and contract with agitation and relief;

"And all their harmless claws disclose,
Like prickles of an early rose."

Yet the instant it is back on the carpet it feigns to be suspicious of your interference, peers at you out of "the tail o' its ee," and scampers for protection under the sofa, from which asylum it presently emerges with cautious trailing steps, as though encompassed by fearful dangers and alarms. Its baby innocence is yet unseared. The evil knowledge of uncanny things which is the dark inheritance of cathood has not yet shadowed its round infant eyes. Where did witches find the mysterious beasts that sat motionless by their fires, and watched unblinkingly the waxen manikins dwindling

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in the flame? They never reared these companions of their solitude, for no witch could have endured to see a kitten gamboling on her hearthstone. A witch's kitten! That one preposterous thought proves how wide, how unfathomed, is the gap between feline infancy and age.

So it happens that the kitten is loved and cherished and caressed as long as it preserves the beguiling mirthfulness of youth. Richelieu, we know, was wont to keep a family of kittens in his cabinet, that their grace and gayety might divert him from the cares of state, and from black moods of melancholy. Yet, with short-sighted selfishness, he banished these little friends when but a few months old, and gave their places to younger pets. The first faint dawn of reason, the first indication of soberness and worldly wisdom, the first charming and coquettish pretenses to maturity, were followed by immediate dismissal. Richelieu desired to be amused. He had no conception of the finer joy which springs from mutual companionship and esteem. Even humbler and more sincere admirers, like Joanna Baillie, in whom we wish to believe Puss found a friend and champion, appear to take it for granted that the kitten should be the spoiled darling of the household, and the cat a social outcast, degraded into usefulness, and expected to work for her living. What else can be understood from such lines as these?

"Ah! many a lightly sportive child,
Who hath, like thee, our wits beguiled,
To dull and sober manhood grown,
With strange recoil our hearts disown.
Even so, poor Kit! must thou endure,
When thou becomest a cat demure,
Full many a cuff and angry word,
Chid roughly from the tempting board.
And yet, for that thou hast, I ween,
So oft our favored playmate been,
Soft be the change which thou shalt prove,
When time hath spoiled thee of our love;
Still be thou deemed, by housewife fat,
A comely, careful, mousing cat,
Whose dish is, for the public good,
Replenished oft with savory food."

Here is a plain exposition of the utilitarian theory which Shakespeare is supposed to have countenanced because Shylock speaks of the "harmless, necessary cat." Shylock, forsooth! As if he, of all men in Christendom or Jewry, knew anything about cats! Small wonder that he was outwitted by Portia and Jessica, when an adroit little animal could so easily beguile him. But Joanna Baillie should never have been guilty of those snug commonplaces concerning the

"comely, careful, mousing cat,"

remembering her own valiant Tabby who won Scott's respectful admiration by worrying and killing a dog. It ill became the possessor of an Amazonian cat distinguished by Sir Walter's regard to speak with such patronizing kindness of the race.

We can make no more stupid blunder than to look upon our pets from the standpoint of utility. Puss, as a rule, is another Nimrod, eager for the chase, and unwearyingly patient in pursuit of her prey. But she hunts for her own pleasure, not for our convenience; and when a life of luxury has relaxed her ardor, she often declines to hunt at all. I knew intimately two Maryland cats, well born and of great personal attractions. The sleek, black Tom was named Onyx, and his snow-white companion Lilian. Both were idle, urbane, fastidious, and self-indulgent as Lucullus. Now, into the house honored, but not served, by these charming creatures came a rat, which secured permanent lodgings in the kitchen, and speedily evicted the maid servants. A reign of terror followed, and after a few days of hopeless anarchy it occurred to the cook that the cats might be brought from their comfortable cushions upstairs and shut in at night with their hereditary foe. This was done, and the next morning, on opening the kitchen door, a tableau rivaling the peaceful scenes of Eden was presented to the view. On one side of the hearth lay Onyx, on the other

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Lilian; and ten feet away, upright on the kitchen table, sat the rat, contemplating them both with tranquil humor and content. It was apparent to him, as well as to the rest of the household, that he was an object of absolute, contemptuous indifference to those two lordly cats.

There is none of this superb unconcern in the joyous eagerness of infancy. A kitten will dart in pursuit of everything that is small enough to be chased with safety. Not a fly on the window-pane, not a moth in the air, not a tiny crawling insect on the carpet, escapes its unwelcome attentions. It begins to "take *notice*" as soon as its eyes are open, and its vivacity, outstripping its dawning intelligence, leads it into infantile perils and wrong doing. I own that when Agrippina brought her first-born son — aged two days — and established him in my bedroom closet, the plan struck me at the start as inconvenient. I had prepared another nursery for the little Claudius Nero, and I endeavored for a while to convince his mother that my arrangements were best. But Agrippina was inflexible. The closet suited her in every respect; and, with charming and irresistible flattery, she gave me to understand, in the mute language I knew so well, that she wished her baby boy to be under my immediate protection. "I bring him to you because I trust you," she said as plainly as looks can speak. "Downstairs they handle him all the time, and it is not good for kittens to be handled. Here he is safe from harm, and here he shall remain." After a few weak remonstrances, the futility of which I too clearly understood, her persistence carried the day. I removed my clothing from the closet, spread a shawl upon the floor, had the door taken from its hinges, and resigned myself, for the first time in my life, to the daily and hourly companionship of an infant.

I was amply rewarded. People who require the household cat to rear her offspring in some remote attic or dark corner of the cellar have no idea of all the diversion and pleasure that they lose. It is delightful to watch the little blind, sprawling, feeble, helpless things develop swiftly into the grace and agility of kittenhood. It is delightful to see the mingled pride and anxiety of the mother, whose parental love increases with every hour of care, and who exhibits her young family as if they were infant Gracchi, the hope of all their race. During Nero's extreme youth, there were times when Agrippina wearied both of his companionship and of her own maternal duties. Once or twice she abandoned him at night for the greater luxury of my bed, where she slept tranquilly by my side, unmindful of the little wailing cries with which Nero lamented her desertion. Once or twice the heat of early summer tempted her to spend the evening on the porch roof which lay beneath my windows, and I have passed some anxious hours awaiting her return, and wondering what would happen if she never came back, and I were left to bring up the baby by hand.

But as the days sped on, and Nero grew rapidly in beauty and intelligence, Agrippina's affection for him knew no bounds. She could hardly bear to leave him even for a little while, and always came hurrying back to him with a loud frightened mew, as if fearing he might have been stolen in her absence. At night she purred over him for hours, or made little gurgling noises expressive of ineffable content. She resented the careless curiosity of strangers, and was a trifle supercilious when the cook stole softly in to give vent to her fervent admiration. But from first to last she shared with me her pride and pleasure; and the joy in her beautiful eyes, as she raised them to mine, was frankly confiding and sympathetic. When the infant Claudius rolled for the first time over the ledge of the closet, and lay sprawling on the bedroom floor, it would have been hard to say which of us was the

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more elated at his prowess. A narrow pink ribbon of honor was at once tied around the small adventurer's neck, and he was pronounced the most daring and agile of kittens. From that day his brief career was a series of brilliant triumphs. He was a kitten of parts. Like one of Miss Austen's heroes, he had air and countenance. Less beautiful than his mother, whom he closely resembled, he easily eclipsed her in vivacity and the specious arts of fascination. Never were mother and son more unlike in character and disposition, and the inevitable contrast between kittenhood and cathood was enhanced in this case by a strong natural dissimilarity which no length of years could have utterly effaced.

Agrippina had always been a cat of manifest reserves. She was only six weeks old when she came to me, and had already acquired that gravity of demeanor, that air of gentle disdain, that dignified and somewhat supercilious composure, which won the respectful admiration of those whom she permitted to enjoy her acquaintance. Even in moments of self-forgetfulness and mirth her recreations resembled those of the little Spanish Infanta, who, not being permitted to play with her inferiors, and having no equals, diverted herself as best she could with sedate and solitary sport. Always chary of her favors. Agrippina cared little for the admiration of her chosen circle; and, with a single exception, she made no friends beyond it.

Claudius Nero, on the contrary, thirsted for applause. Affable, debonair, and democratic to the core, the caresses and commendations of a chance visitor or of a housemaid were as valuable to him as were my own. I never looked at him "showing off," as children say, — jumping from chair to chair, balancing himself on the bedpost, or scrambling rapturously up the forbidden curtains, — without thinking of the young Emperor who contended in the amphitheatre for the worthless plaudits of the crowd. He was impulsive and affectionate, — so, I believe, was the Emperor for a time, — and as masterful as if born to the purple. His mother struggled hard to maintain her rightful authority, but it was in vain. He woke her from her sweetest naps; he darted at her tail, and leaped down on her from sofas and tables with the grace of a diminutive panther. Every time she attempted to punish him for these misdemeanors he cried piteously for help, and was promptly and unwisely rescued by some kind-hearted member of the family. After a while Agrippina took to sitting on her tail, in order to keep it out of his reach, and I have seen her many times carefully tucking it out of sight. She had never been a cat of active habits or of showy accomplishments, and the daring agility of the little Nero amazed and bewildered her. "A Spaniard," observes that pleasant gossip, James Howell, "walks as if he marched, and seldom looks upon the ground, as if he contemned it. I was told of a Spaniard who, having got a fall by a stumble, and broke his nose, rose up, and, in a disdainful manner, said, 'This comes of walking on the earth.'"

Now Nero seldom walked on the earth. At least, he never, if he could help it, walked on the floor, but traversed a room in a series of flying leaps from chair to table, from table to lounge, from lounge to desk, with an occasional dash at the mantelpiece, just to show what he could do. It was curious to watch Agrippina during the performance of these acrobatic feats. Pride, pleasure, the anxiety of a mother, and the faint resentment of conscious inferiority struggled for mastership in her little breast. Sometimes, when Nero's radiant self-satisfaction grew almost insufferable, I have seen her eyelids narrow sullenly, and have wondered whether the Roman Empress ever looked in that way at her brilliant and beautiful son, when maternal love was withering slowly under the shadow of coming evil. Sometimes, when Nero had been prancing

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and paddling about with absurd and irresistible glee, attracting and compelling the attention of everybody in the room, Agrippina would jump up on my lap, and look in my face with an expression I thought I understood. She had never before valued my affection in all her little petted, pampered life. She had been sufficient for herself, and had merely tolerated me as a devoted and useful companion. But now that another had usurped so many of her privileges, I fancied there were moments when it pleased her to know that one subject, at least, was not to be beguiled from allegiance; that to one friend, at least, she always was and always would be the dearest cat in the world.

I am glad to remember that love triumphed over jealousy, and that Agrippina's devotion to Nero increased with every day of his short life. The altruism of a cat seldom reaches beyond her kittens; but she is capable of heroic unselfishness where they are concerned. I knew of a London beast, a homeless, forlorn vagrant, who constituted herself an out-door pensioner at the house of a friendly man of letters. This cat had a kitten, whose youthful vivacity won the hearts of a neighboring family. They adopted it willingly, but refused to harbor the mother, who still came for her daily dole to her only benefactor. Whenever a bit of fish or some other especial dainty was given her, this poor mendicant scaled the wall, and watched her chance to share it with her kitten, her little wealthy, greedy son, who gobbled it up as remorselessly as if he were not living on the fat of the land.

Agrippina would have been swift to follow such an example of devotion. At dinner time she always yielded the precedence to Nero, and it became one of our daily tasks to compel the little lad to respect his mother's privileges. He scorned his saucer of milk, and from tenderest infancy aspired to adult food, making predatory incursions upon Agrippina's plate, and obliging us finally to feed them in separate apartments. I have seen him, when a very young kitten, rear himself upon his baby legs, and with his soft and wicked little paw strike his mother in the face until she dropped the piece of meat she had been eating, when he tranquilly devoured it. It was to prevent the recurrence of such scandalous scenes that two dining-rooms became a necessity in the family. Yet he was so loving and so lovable, poor little Claudius Nero! Why do I dwell on his faults, remembering, as I do, his winning sweetness and affability? Hour after hour, in the narrow city garden, the two cats played together, happy in each other's society, and never a yard apart. Every night they retired at the same time, and slept upon the same cushion, curled up inextricably into one soft, furry ball. Many times I have knelt by their chair to bid them both good-night; and always, when I did so, Agrippina would lift her charming head, purr drowsily for a few seconds, and then nestle closer still to her first-born, with sighs of supreme satisfaction. The zenith of her life had been reached. Her cup of contentment was full.

It is a rude world, even for little cats, and evil chances lie in wait for the petted creatures we strive to shield from harm. Remembering the pangs of separation, the possibilities of unkindness or neglect, the troubles that hide in ambush on every unturned page, I am sometimes glad that the same cruel and selfish blow struck both mother and son, and that they lie together, safe from hurt or hazard, sleeping tranquilly and always, under the shadow of the friendly pines.

Agnes Repplier.

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WILDCAT BANKING IN THE TEENS.

THE refusal of Congress, in 1811, to recharter the United States Bank was followed within a twelvemonth by a singular struggle for its deposits and its wealth. The bank was founded in 1791, at a time when there were but four others in the entire country, was given a capital of $10,000,000, was made the depository of government revenue, had power to issue bank notes which the government received in payment of all dues, and could establish branches, or, as they were called, offices of discount and deposit, in such numbers and in such places as its directors thought proper. Exercising their powers, the directors in time opened nineteen branches in the various States; issued some $5,000,000 of notes, which passed readily from hand to hand in all parts of the country, in much the same manner as the national bank notes of our day; and paid each year dividends of from seven to ten per cent on the capital stock.

An institution with such a charter might easily have done the banking business of the whole country. But the adoption of the Federal Constitution, the establishment of a strong and vigorous government on the ruins of the old Confederation, the stripping from the States of the power to coin money and issue paper, and, above all, the funding of the revolutionary debt had restored credit. The restoration of credit called out from attic floors and old stockings hundreds of thousands of dollars which had long lain hidden and unused; and these, in addition to the millions of new capital created by the government funding at their face value the indents, the final settlements, the loan-office certificates, the commissary certificates, the quartermasters' certificates, the thousand and one forms of the revolutionary indebtedness which till then had not been worth three shillings to the pound, provided an enormous fund, whose owners were eagerly seeking investment. This eagerness to invest was well displayed when, on the 4th of July, 1791, the books of the National Bank were opened at the old State House in Philadelphia, and in half an hour every penny of the $8,000,000 of stock offered the public was taken. The people were astonished, and an era of wild speculation began. Stock-issuing corporations sprang up on every hand. The cities abounded with the projectors of canal companies, turnpike companies, manufacturing companies, and state banks. In the course of a twelvemonth eight banks were chartered, and the state bank as a financial institution may be said to have been introduced.

Thus started, the banking system spread rapidly over the seaboard portion of the commercial States, and along the great routes of emigration westward. By the end of the century twenty-six banks existed, and of these fourteen were in New England, and two south of the Potomac. Five years later, thirty-eight others had been established, almost three fourths of which were again to be found in New England. But the movement of population westward was filling up the region beyond the Alleghanies, and when, in 1811, the charter of the United States Bank expired, state banks were to be found along the Mohawk, in central Pennsylvania, in western Maryland, at Steubenville, at Marietta, at Cincinnati, at Chillicothe, in Kentucky, in Tennessee, and in the Territory of Orleans. Eighty-eight were then doing business.

Just what would happen in the financial world if the United States Bank should not be rechartered, and the state institutions were left to do as they pleased, was clearly foreseen and well stated when the question of recharter

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was under consideration in Congress. "Two things," it was said, "will happen. In the first place, the country will be stripped of the only circulating medium it possesses. This will be a serious blow to merchants and to the government. At present, if a trader in Ohio or Kentucky wishes to pay a debt contracted in Boston or New Orleans, he has but to procure from the nearest branch of the Bank of the United States a draft on the branch at Boston or New Orleans, and the money is paid in either city as soon as the mail can reach it. But when the bank is gone, what will the merchant do? Specie he cannot get; and even if he could, the cost and risk of sending it five hundred miles would be unbearable. The notes of state banks cannot be used; for the notes of Kentucky banks do not pass current in the East. He will therefore be at the mercy of the most grasping of all men, the exchange broker. In the second place, the abolition of the bank will be followed by an enormous increase in paper money. Some of it will come from new institutions that will spring up, eager for a share of the business once done by that we are asked to destroy. Some will be put out by old institutions to take the place of the bills retired by the Bank of the United States."

This was precisely what the enemies of a national bank wanted. Indeed, in a report against granting the bank an extension of time in which to settle its affairs, made to the Senate a few weeks after the bill to recharter was lost, great pleasure was expressed that inflation was well under way, and that the state banks were rapidly filling the vacuum produced by the withdrawal of the paper of the Bank of the United States.

Had the new issue stopped when the vacuum was filled, there would have been small cause for complaint. But it did not. A banking mania which had long been raging in Pennsylvania now swept through the commercial States, and in a few months the number of banks was increased a hundredfold. The great success of the Bank of the United States, the dividend, often as high as ten per cent, paid to the stockholders each year, together with the fine business done by the Bank of Pennsylvania and its branches located in the interior of the State, were so many object lessons to the farmers of the back counties. Every day the belief gained ground that the astonishing prosperity of the seaboard cities was due largely to the existence in them of banks, and that, to share in this prosperity, the people of the inland towns and counties had but to follow the example of their city brothers. The facilities offered by banks to borrowers, the growing need of a circulating medium that would not be drawn away, and, more than all, the desire of the farmers to invest the money made in the brisk times before the embargo did much to make banking popular.

There was one important function, however, which the federal government did not, and the state banks could not, perform, and that function was to supply the people with small change. The Bank of the United States issued no bills under ten dollars in value; the state banks could issue none under five; and, as the specie (composed largely of foreign coin) was drawn to the seaports to meet the needs of importers, the inhabitants of the inland towns and villages were often sorely tried for want of change. To supply this, numbers of individuals and associations of individuals had gone into the banking business without charters, and, procuring plates and paper, had issued notes of all denominations far beyond their ability to redeem. To stop this, the legislature of Pennsylvania, in 1810, forbade unincorporated banking associations to issue notes or bills, or to make loans, or to receive deposits. Knowing what was coming, six such associations promptly sought for charters during the session of 1809–10.

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Five were refused. But the petitioners were not discouraged, and at the next session nine, and at the following session fourteen, applications were made to the legislature.

One of the fourteen deserves especial mention, for those who made it were no other than the Pennsylvania stockholders of the Bank of the United States, whose charter had now expired. Taking the name American Bank, these gentlemen asked for a twenty years' charter, with a capital of $5,000,000, and offered, in return, to give the State $375,000, to be used for building roads and bridges. As the session wore on, and the legislature seemed loath to act, the cash bonus was raised to $500,000, and an offer was made to loan the State another $500,000 for internal improvements. This was indeed tempting. But the feeling was general that if the petitioners could make such a bid the profits of the business must be immense, and ought to be enjoyed, not by one great bank, but by many small ones, and the petition was not granted.

Nevertheless it bore fruit, and aroused such eagerness for local banks as alarmed the governor. In his message at the opening of the session of 1812–13 he cautioned the legislature against what he saw was coming; told it that the banking capital in the State was all sufficient; cited in evidence the fact that within six months the Philadelphia banks had subscribed $2,400,000 to the United States war loan, and had taken in addition $1,000,000 in treasury notes bearing less than bank interest; and reminded the members that in the Harrisburg bank $100,000 had long been lying idle for want of a good investment. The people, however, were determined to have their way, and before the legislature arose applications were received for thirty-one charters, and a bill establishing a general banking system for the whole State, and calling for five and twenty new banks, was laid before the governor. Each of the twenty-three congressional districts was to be a banking district, and contain at least one of the new institutions. They were to be the people's banks; and that the farmers and mechanics might have a chance to subscribe and enjoy some of the riches about to be scattered broadcast, great care was taken to keep the stock out of the hands of capitalists. Nobody, therefore, could subscribe for more than one share on the day the subscription books were opened, nor for more than two shares on the second day, nor for more than three shares on the third day; and so on to the sixth day, when, for the first time, the subscriber could buy all the stock he wanted. One per cent on the stock subscribed was to be paid each year to the State, a sum which, as the capital of the twenty-five banks was to be $9,525,000, was far from trifling.

Unhappily for the scheme, the governor vetoed the bill, and gave nine good reasons. The people now grew more determined than ever; and when the legislature met again, it laid on the table of the governor a bill establishing forty-one new banks in twenty-seven districts. Once more he vetoed the bill; but this time it was passed over his veto, and thirty-seven banks went into business in 1814.

In New York the struggle was still more exciting. There, when it was known that the Bank of the United States was not to be rechartered, some capitalists bought out the foreign holders and such resident holders of the stock as would sell, and in 1812 applied to the legislature for a charter. The name of the new institution was to be the Bank of America, the capital was to be $6,000,000, and no foreign holder was to vote. As it had now become the custom to buy charters, a most liberal and tempting offer was made. For a thirty years' charter the bank would pay $400,000, in four annual and equal payments. If during ten years no other banks were char-

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tered to do business in New York city, another $100,000 would be paid the State at the end of that period; and yet another $100,000 if, at the end of twenty more years, no other bank had been established in the city. One million was offered to the State at five per cent, to be used in building the Erie Canal, and another million at six per cent, to be loaned by the State to the farmers on landed security. In the assembly the measure found many warm and earnest friends, was passed after a vigorous struggle, and was about to be passed by the senate, when the governor, to the amazement of the whole community, prorogued the legislature for fifty-five days. Many reasons for the act were given; but the chief one was that, from the journals of both houses, it appeared that attempts had been made to bribe four assemblymen and one senator to vote for the bill. "Far be it from me," said the governor, "to assert that the charges are true. Yet before the bill passes it would be well to examine and refute them." Thinking that the honor and morals of the State required it, and wishing to give time for reflection, he felt it to be his duty to send the members home for a few weeks.

No good came of the dismissal, for the moment the members were back in their seats the bank bill was passed by both branches, and sent to the council of revision. The council of revision was a body made up of the governor, the chancellor, and the judges of the supreme court of the State, and possessed that veto power which in many other States was given to the governor. To it went every bill passed by the legislature. If, in the opinion of a majority of the council, the bill was an improper one, it was vetoed, and returned to the house in which it originated. If the bill was approved, or for any reason failed to be considered within ten days, it became law.

When the six million bank bill reached the council the chancellor was absent, and the six remaining members were equally divided. What should be its fate rested, therefore, with the chancellor, who, to the joy of the bank men, hastened back to Albany and cast his vote in their favor. The charter thereupon issued.

In Massachusetts, the bank question was brought up by the approach of the October day, 1812, when the charters of sixteen of the existing banks would expire. For a time the idea of replacing them by one great institution, with capital enough and branches enough to transact the banking business of the whole State, was a favorite one. But the closing of the Bank of the United States brought on the mania for local banks, and in 1812 twenty were founded, and located in eighteen towns.

New Jersey established six, and, by way of bonus, reserved the right to subscribe to half the capital stock, and to appoint the president and six of the directors of each. But the law was hardly a year old when the Federalists secured control of the legislature; and, determined that the benefits of the banks should not be enjoyed by the Democrats alone, they passed a law for the sale of the stock owned by the State. In twenty-four hours not a share of five of them was in the hands of the governor. Delaware chartered three banks. Ohio did the same. In Virginia, an attempt to add $1,500,000 to the capital of one of the two banks was defeated.

Thus in the course of two years did the mania spread over the seaboard States, and raise the number of banks from eighty-eight to two hundred and eight. As each possessed the right of issuing bills, and as each issued bills to at least three times the amount of its capital, the country entered once more upon an era of paper money. Had the banks been able to obtain enough specie to redeem even a small proportion of their paper, all would have gone well. But, unfortunately for them, much

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of the specie on which their circulation depended was at that moment in New England. For this the long embargo, the days of non-importation, and the war were chiefly responsible. Under the restrictive system which began in 1807, and had not yet ended, manufactures had at last begun to flourish. Greatly against their will, the people of New England had turned their attention to spinning and weaving, and, favored by the exclusion of English competitors, had begun to supply the domestic market with many articles. As early as 1811, the effect of this was already apparent in the slow and steady flow of specie from the South and West to New England. With the opening of the war and the rigorous blockade of the coast south of Newport, this movement of specie became more rapid. The only outlet for the cotton, rice, tar, pitch, and hemp of the South, and the tobacco and flour of Virginia, was through New England, whose ports were still open to neutrals, and to the enemy disguised as neutrals. Into them came the hardware and the crockery of England, the wines and spices of the West Indies, which, with the boots and shoes, the negro cloth, the woolens, and the cotton cards made in New England, were carried by wagon to Richmond and Augusta, to be distributed over the South and West. So enormous did this trade become that, during 1813, employment was given to more than four thousand four-horse wagons. As the needs of the South forced it to buy of the East more largely than the opportunities of the East enabled it to buy of the South, the bales of cotton the teams brought north did not begin to settle the balance, which had, in consequence, to be paid in specie. Bad as this was, it became much worse when Congress, in December, 1813, laid an embargo, and stopped the trade of New England with the enemy and with neutrals. The South had then no market for its produce, and its banks were quickly stripped of every available dollar of specie.

In effecting this settlement the banks of Boston called on those of New York, which called on those of Philadelphia and Baltimore, which in their turn called on the banks yet farther south. So great was the drain that, in spite of sums used to pay for foreign merchandise, in spite of sums used to pay for British bills of exchange, in spite of sums smuggled out of the country to be sold at a high premium to the enemy, the specie in the Boston banks swelled from less than $800,000 in 1812 to more than $7,000,000 in 1814.

Nothing but a crisis or the first symptom of public discredit was then needed to send every bank from New York to Savannah into bankruptcy. Both these things came to pass toward the close of August, 1814. Landing on the shores of Chesapeake Bay, the British marched to Washington, burned the public buildings, cut off communication with the South, and attacked the city of Baltimore. That depositors, in such a time of excitement, should hasten to withdraw their money, and that people having bank notes should be eager to exchange them for specie, was no more than was to be expected. The banks along the seaboard south of Baltimore, gathering what little specie they still had, packed it in boxes, carried it far into the interior, buried it, and made no attempt to redeem their notes. The banks of Baltimore did the same. Those in Philadelphia held out a few days longer. But the run began, and on the 28th of August the presidents of the six banks ordered specie payment to be suspended, and gave the public the reasons.

"From the moment," said they in their circular, "the rigorous blockade of the ports stopped the exportation of our products, foreign goods had to be paid for with coin. As the importation of foreign goods and wares into New England has been very great, there is a

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heavy drain on the banks, a drain swelled yet more by a trade in British government bills of exchange which has taken great sums out of the country. To meet this demand, the course of trade has enabled us heretofore to draw from the South. But the unhappy state of affairs there cut off this source of supply, and the question arose, Shall we continue to gather all the specie of the country into our vaults merely in order that it may be sent out of the country, or suspend specie and save the coin? Believing that the public interest is best served by taking the latter course, we have unanimously agreed to suspend, and appeal to our fellow-citizens to support us."

The appeal was not in vain. The friends of both political parties pleaded vigorously in its behalf. The merchants, who were deeply indebted to the banks, assembled at the Coffee House, and agreed to take the bills of the institutions suspending payment. The committee of defense publicly indorsed the action as a wise measure of precaution, and the people quietly submitted.

Meanwhile, the banks of New York city had suspended, and assured the people that, till specie was again in circulation, they would not increase the amount of their notes then outstanding, and would take one another's notes in all payments. On hearing this, the merchants and traders met at the Tontine Coffee House, and in their turn resolved to avoid all negotiation requiring specie payment, to take the notes of the banks as freely in the future as they had in the past, and to do their utmost to maintain bank credit. The city, in its corporate capacity, agreed to issue bills of a penny and upwards to replace the small silver and the cents. When these things became known at Albany, the banks of that city suspended, and in a few days not a bank in any of the seaboard States, from New York to Georgia, was making specie payments.

The chief sufferer from this state of things was the government. Millions of its revenue were at that moment deposited with the Southern banks. But the suspension having prevented the movement of a dollar to the frontier, where the troops, the army contractors, the thousand and one creditors, were to be paid, the treasury was practically bankrupt. In a little while numbers of acceptances for large amounts were protested. More than once the paymaster of the army was unable to meet demands for sums so trifling as thirty dollars. The War Department was in such distress that the Secretary of the Treasury was forced to ask a bank at Georgetown to pay a debt of $3500.

At some places along the frontier, when the terms of service of the troops expired, they were paid in certificates. On attempting to sell these bits of paper for one half the face value, the soldiers could not find a man who would take them, and were forced to beg their way home. At Plattsburg, where some New York militia were discharged, not even certificates were to be had, and they, too, went about begging food and money from the citizens. When, on the 1st of December, some treasury notes fell due at Philadelphia and were presented for payment, the loan commissioner offered new stock of the United States or bills of Southern banks. Having no specie of any denomination, the Secretary was now forced to take another step, and order the collectors of revenue not to receive treasury notes in payment of taxes or dues when the amount of the note was greater than the sum due. Thus, if the debt were nineteen dollars and ninety-nine cents, the collector must not accept a twenty-dollar treasury note. This order was construed with great strictness, and when some New Bedford liquor dealers applied to the collector for licenses, and offered a note greater in value than the sum total of all their respective dues, it was refused. Thereupon the dealers declared they would go

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on without licenses, and told the collector to go to law if he dared. At New York, three men, whose combined taxes footed up twenty-one dollars and fifty-one cents, offered a twenty-dollar treasury note and the rest in specie; but this, too, was rejected, because, while less than the amount due from the three, it was greater than the amount due from any one.

Unable to get a dollar in specie or move a cent from one city to another, the Secretary of the Treasury, towards the close of the year, addressed a circular to the public creditors at Boston, in which he openly admitted that the treasury was empty. "The suspension of specie payments," said he, "by the greater part of the banks in the United States, and among them those in which the government's money lies, makes it no longer possible to apply money collected in one part of the country to the payment of debts incurred in another. The public creditors, therefore, must be content to receive treasury notes in place of specie, or wait patiently till such time as the Secretary has specie with which to pay them." Some took treasury notes, but they were few in number; and when the first day of 1815 arrived, the treasury had defaulted in the payment of dividends on the funded debt due in Boston, had defaulted in the payment of $2,800,000 of treasury notes due in many places, and had failed to take up two temporary loans of $250,000 each made by the State Bank of Boston.

Up to this time the Western banks had escaped the financial trouble which beset the Eastern banks. They had, indeed, small dealings with those in the East. But when a Spanish joe brought nine per cent, and an American dollar six per cent, premium in any seaboard city, it may well be supposed that great efforts were made to bring over the mountains what little specie the Mississippi Valley contained. So serious were these efforts that, early in the new year, the Miami Exporting Company, the Farmers and Mechanics' Bank, and the Bank of Cincinnati, all doing business in Ohio, were forced to suspend specie payments. The high price of specie in the East, the presidents stated in their circular, had directed the attention of "moneyed emissaries" to the West, and the refusal of the Ohio banks to pay gold or silver was a measure of self-protection.

Locking up the coin by the banks bore heavily not only on the Treasury Department and the public creditors, but on the great body of the people as well. It stripped the country of small change; not a sixpence, not a shilling, not a pistareen, was anywhere to be seen in the region of the suspending banks. As no financial institution could, at that time, legally issue bills of a lower denomination than two dollars, the place of the silver pieces had to be supplied by illegal issue of small paper bills. The cities, in their corporate capacity, printed thousands of dollars' worth of penny, two-penny, and six-penny notes, which their treasurers sold in sums of five or ten dollars to such as needed change, with the assurance that they could at any moment be redeemed in bank bills, and would be taken in payment of taxes. Thus the city of New York, in a few months, put out in this manner $190,000, of which $150,000 were in constant circulation. The banks did likewise; but, as they could not legally issue in their own name, they generally appointed some honest man to sign the bills for them. Merchants, tradesmen, manufacturers, stage owners, tavern keepers, ferrymen, and unchartered banks followed, and before spring came the whole seaboard south of New England was flooded with paper money of the worst description.

When peace returned, when the ports were opened in March, and a brisk trade began with foreign nations and along the coast, the evils of this kind of currency were felt most severely. Specie rose in value steadily, week by week,

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till, in October, American dollars, which in March brought six per cent premium, sold at sixteen per cent advance, and Spanish coin at twenty-one. Around each city were drawn a series of imaginary rings, representing so many zones of varying discount. At Philadelphia, notes of the Delaware banks were taken at two per cent discount; those of Baltimore at three; those of Richmond, if of chartered banks, at three; those of Pennsylvania and Ohio at seven.

Northward and eastward a better state of affairs existed, and Jersey bills were taken in Philadelphia at par, New York bills at four, and Boston bills at nine per cent premium. At Boston, all the notes issued by New York state banks passed at a discount of twenty per cent, those of Philadelphia at twenty-four, and those of Baltimore at thirty. No Southern bank notes were to be seen. Treasury notes were not worth seventy-five cents on the dollar. A one hundred dollar United States six per cent bond would not bring more than sixty.

Philadelphia merchants and traders who dealt largely with the West and the South were so affected by these rates of exchange that meeting after meeting was held in April, 1815, to discuss the serious inconveniences they suffered. At last a committee was chosen to seek a remedy, and it made a report full of interest. The evil, it told the meeting, was deeply seated, and the remedy was not in the hands of the community at large. Want of a circulating medium was the true source of the difference of exchange between different States. Absence of specie put them in the position of foreign countries, the value of whose money was regulated by the balance of trade. States against which a balance arose would have their paper depreciated in the State to which they were indebted. This was precisely the condition of the South and the West with regard to Philadelphia. They were in debt. The balance of trade was against them, and nothing but the restoration of a national circulating medium could bring relief. How far the national government should attempt to accomplish this was not, the committee said, for it to say.

Had the banks been the only sufferers for the want of a circulating medium, they would have waited long for government aid. But they were not. Every day the Secretary of the Treasury felt the need of such a medium. Goods, wares, and merchandise were coming into the ports from foreign lands, in quantities such as had never before been known. Yet not a cent of the duty paid on them could be moved from the city at whose custom house it was collected without heavy charges for exchange. In hopes of stopping this, and forcing the banks to resume the payment of specie, the Secretary gave notice, in June, 1815, that on and after August 1 the collectors would not receive the notes of banks which did not pay specie, and did not take and pay out treasury notes at par. Some, whose depositors did a large custom-house business, or in whose vaults was government revenue, reluctantly yielded. But so many important banks did not accede that on August 15 a new circular was issued. The purpose of the proposition made to the banks by the treasury in the circular of June was, the Secretary said, to secure a circulating medium, both local and general. The local medium was to be made up of state bank notes, treasury notes, and cents, which the mint was to issue at once. The general medium was to consist of treasury notes, to be taken at par by the banks all over the country, and so afford a ready means of making remittances from place to place. This proposition, he was glad to state, had been generally accepted by the state banks. Two in New York, one in Connecticut, and one in Georgia had flatly refused to comply. Eight in New York, two in New Jersey, two in Pennsylvania, and two in Ohio had made no answer. Notice was therefore given

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that, after the first day of October, 1815, the notes of these banks would no longer be received in payment of duties or taxes due the United States. This was vigorously protested against. No wonder, it was said, that New York banks will not receive and issue treasury notes at par, while banks in the South do. When those in New York city suspended specie payments, they solemnly agreed not to extend their loans above the amount then out. To this they adhered strictly, and by so doing kept the value of their paper steady, while that of Southern banks went down. When the Secretary made his proposition, treasury notes sold at three per cent discount in New York, and at three per cent premium in Baltimore. In New York, therefore, taking treasury notes at par was a tax of three per cent, while in Baltimore it was a bonus of three per cent. But this was not all. Bills of the Baltimore banks which accepted the Secretary's proposition were taken in payment of custom-house bonds, though the bills were seven per cent below treasury notes. In Boston, treasury notes were cheaper than bank bills. The rate of duty being the same, a Massachusetts importer would therefore pay in a currency seven per cent more valuable than the Baltimore merchant. On goods carrying a duty of twenty-five per cent *ad valorem*, this was equal to two per cent, and two per cent was enough to pay the freight and insurance from Baltimore to Boston. If two merchants in these cities had each imported $5,000,000 worth of hardware and crockery, woolens and linens, the merchant of Baltimore would have paid $350,000 less revenue than his fellow in Boston.

Nevertheless the notice was effective, and seven of the banks which had failed to comply in July complied before the first of November. By that time the people were growing weary of the refusal of the banks to resume, and of the flood of paper money poured out on the community by individuals, counterfeiters, and banks having no charters. At a meeting made up of the merchants, tradesmen, and citizens of Albany, resolutions were passed not to accept any small bills other than those issued by the corporation of the city, nor any bank bills which did not pass current at the city banks. At Richmond, a citizen having collected ten one-hundred-dollar notes of the Bank of Virginia, presented them and demanded silver. He was refused; and, on seeking counsel to bring suit, he could not find a member of the Richmond bar who would take the case. Repairing to the office of the clerk of the superior court, he thereupon took out a summons against the president and directors of the bank. When rule day came, as they failed to appear, a distringas was issued. Still the bank would not obey, and on the president refusing to submit peaceably the sheriff summoned a posse, shut the doors of the banking house, and carried him off. In a few days, however, the bank was doing business in a room over its old quarters, and in open contempt of the court.

Shortly after this affair the Virginia legislature took up the matter, and placed on the statute book three laws concerning the currency. One required every bank in the State to resume specie payment by November 15, 1816. The penalty for not doing so was a writ of execution, to issue in ten days, and costs and six per cent interest on the bill from the day specie was refused in exchange for it. In order to comply with this law, the banks began to call in loans, stopped discounting, and so deranged business that tobacco and produce fell off in price from five to twenty per cent. This led a grand jury to present the law as a daring attempt to infringe the constitutional rights of the people, and a violation of that section of the Federal Constitution which limits the powers of the States. "Should the legislature," said the jury, "attempt to

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enforce the law, and pronounce absolute judgment of confiscation, its action may furnish a proper occasion for a popular revolution." The second law provided that in all cases of debt, or of money due on execution, deed of trust, judgment, or mortgage, not an article should be sold unless, ten days before the sale was to take place, the persons to be benefited should write on the execution their willingness to take such notes of the chartered banks of Virginia, of the neighboring States, and of the District of Columbia as were current in the county where the sale was to be held. It was then made the duty of the judges of the courts of the counties and of the corporations to decide each month what bills were current within their jurisdiction, and to fix the rates of depreciation as compared with the notes of the Farmers' Bank and the Bank of Virginia, the only chartered banks in the State. The third law fixed a date whereon the notes, bills, and tickets of unchartered banks and corporations should cease to be currency, and after which to issue or receive such bills or tickets would be a misdemeanor.

In each case the remedy was again worse than the disease. In each case the law failed to accomplish its purpose, was assailed with bitterness, and in time suspended.

At the court of hustings held for the corporation of Staunton, the judges flatly refused to execute the law. At a court for Augusta County, the judges declared that the paper of the chartered banks of Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, and of the State Bank of North Carolina should be taken at par, and that no other bank paper should be current. The court of hustings sitting at Richmond ordered that notes of the Bank of Virginia and of the Farmers' Bank should be rated at par; but that Philadelphia paper should pass at seven and a half per cent discount, Baltimore paper at ten, and that of the District of Columbia at twelve and a half. Rulings such as these put an end to business. Notes which in Augusta County the people were forced to take at par, the people of Richmond were forbidden to take at all. Bills which at Richmond were, by order of the court, received at a discount of ten per cent were, for the same reason, current at Fredericksburg at their face value.

To make matters worse, the associations and companies doing an unchartered banking business began to call in their paper, in order to comply with the law aimed directly at them. These companies were of two classes, were to be found in the valley rather than in the tide-water region of Virginia, and owed their existence to the bad system of state banking. In 1803 and 1812 the legislature had chartered banks, had given to them power to establish branches in certain towns, and, since the establishment of these two, had granted no other charters. Exercising its powers, the Bank of Virginia had opened branches at Norfolk, Fredericksburg, Petersburg, and Lynchburg. The Farmers' Bank had branches at Norfolk, Petersburg, Lynchburg, Fredericksburg, and Winchester. In each case the parent bank was at Richmond.

The great and fertile region lying west of Richmond was thus left without any bank or any money-loaning institution. But it was into this region that immigration had long been pouring, and it was to meet the needs of these immigrants that two classes of companies had grown up. In the one class were the associations known by such names as the Bank of Winchester in Virginia, Bank of Martinsburg, Bank of the South Branch of the Potomac, the Virginia Saline Bank, the Farmers and Mechanics' Bank of Harper's Ferry, and a host of others, which, without charters, did a regular banking business, made loans, discounted notes, received deposits, and issued paper money. In the other

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class were the exporting companies, the companies for the encouragement of agriculture and manufactures, and the farmers' companies, all of them great buyers and shippers of produce, who paid their debts in paper of their own issue, which soon became the circulating medium of the country. The efforts of these two classes to obey the law carried financial distress into regions where bank bills were almost unknown. By the middle of the summer the whole State was clamorous for a special session of the legislature to repeal the banking and currency laws. A special session was accordingly held in November. The law requiring the banks to resume specie payment was suspended, first for one month, and then for seven; and fifteen unchartered banking institutions were given till the last day of August, 1817, to call in their paper and comply with the law. To please the people of the mountain region, two new banks were created. One, called the Northwestern Bank of Virginia, was to be at Wheeling, with branches at Wellsburg, Morgantown, and Clarksburg. The other, named the Bank of the Valley in Virginia, was to be at Winchester, with two branches to be located in the neighboring counties, provided sufficient subscriptions were made.

The experience of Virginia was the experience of every State. In the Pennsylvania house of representatives, an attempt was made to instruct the committee on banks to inquire into the expediency of revoking the charters of every bank within the Commonwealth that refused to pay specie. The friends of the banks rallied, and succeeded in changing the motion to one bidding the committee report on the cause of suspension and the remedy. The causes, the committee declared, were, too many banks and an enormous issue of paper. The forty-one chartered in 1814 had not added one dollar to the specie in the State. Yet each one had put out paper far beyond the limit required for its own safety, or the good of the public, or the ability of the community to redeem in specie. The remedy was, the committee reported, a law providing that if any bank in Pennsylvania should, on demand, refuse to pay its notes in coin after January 1, 1817, interest at eighteen per cent should begin from the time the demand was made, and continue till the demand was fully satisfied. But if any bank, after January 1, 1818, refused to resume specie payment, its corporate rights should instantly become null and void.

Having heard the report, the friends of the banks, under the lead of James Buchanan, moved a substitute which gave very different reasons, and suggested a very different remedy. During the war, they said, the ports of the Southern and Middle States had been strictly blockaded, while those of the East had been open. Foreign merchandise, even when intended for the South and Middle States, came in, therefore, through the Eastern ports. As it could no longer be paid for in produce, it was paid for in specie, which began to flow steadily eastward. But more than this: New England had made small subscriptions to the federal loans, so small that they were far less than the federal expenditures in that region; and to make up this difference more specie was drawn from the Middle States. Just at the time this was going on, the people in the interior of Pennsylvania, seeing that all the profits of banking were monopolized by the citizens of Philadelphia, and becoming displeased at the behavior of the branch banks, which were drawing all the coin in the State into the vaults of the parent banks at Philadelphia, came forward in a body, and demanded that the legislature establish banks in the interior. This was done, and the new institutions, drawing on Philadelphia for their specie capital, steadily lessened the gold and silver in that city, and forced the banks to suspend. With peace many of these disturbing causes ceased. But

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new ones took their places, for the importation of foreign goods so exceeded the exportation of American products that specie still continued to be sent abroad to settle the balance. This was the condition at the present time, and, under such circumstances, it was unwise to adopt measures forcing the banks to resume. As the result of these conflicting views, consideration of the report was postponed.

Like attempts to drive bank paper out of circulation failed in New York and Maryland. In Ohio, in Indiana Territory, in Kentucky, notes of unchartered banks were declared illegal. On the other hand, those of chartered banks were so highly protected in Kentucky that when an execution issued, and the plaintiff wrote across the face of the writ the words "Notes on the Bank of Kentucky, or its branches, or notes on any other incorporated bank of this State, or notes on the treasury of the United States, will be accepted in discharge of the whole of this execution," the defendant had but three months within which to replevy. Should the plaintiff refuse to accept such paper, the defendant might replevy at any time within a year.

To the evils produced by so debased a paper currency, coming from more than four hundred sources of issue, — from banks with charters, from banks without charters, from cities, from towns, from individuals, from importing companies and exporting companies, from factories, and from the treasury of the United States, — must be added yet other evils which sprang from the opportunities such a currency afforded rogues and sharpers. Men without consciences printed their change bills on paper so bad that it fell to pieces in the pockets of the takers. Counterfeiters plied their shameful trade so successfully that hundreds of thousands of dollars of false notes were soon afloat in the country. One gang made its headquarters in Indiana Territory. Another had its presses somewhere on the Hudson. Four members of the Western gang, who were captured at Harrisburg, had in their valises $350,000 of counterfeit notes of the Miami Exporting Company of Ohio. A member of the Eastern gang, when caught, had with him counterfeit notes of every important bank along the seaboard, from Savannah to Albany. The newspapers all over the country were full of notices of false bank notes, and, what was quite as bad, of notes of banks which had no existence. These wildcat institutions were the creation of a class of men who would have thought counterfeiting infamous. Two or three of them would associate, select a name and a city, have plates engraved in the best and most artistic manner, print bills of all denominations, and sell them to the exchange brokers, or pass them off in cities far away from the place where the bank was supposed to be located. New York, as a great commercial centre, was a favorite spot, and in it many such imaginary institutions were located. One, taking the name of the City Exchange Bank, and claiming to have $2,000,000 of capital, scattered tens of thousands of dollars in notes all over the South. Another, called the Merchants and Mechanics' Exchange Company, victimized the people of Augusta, of Fayetteville, and of Charleston. Notes of a third, the Ohio Exporting and Importing Company, appeared at Trenton, at Philadelphia, and in western Virginia. The owners of a fourth, known as the Commercial Bank, did a thriving business from Cooperstown to Buffalo.

But this prosperity was not to endure; for, in spite of state banks, exchange brokers, and sharpers, the day for the resumption of specie was near at hand. Congress had established the second Bank of the United States for the express purpose of regulating the currency, and had, by resolution, instructed the Secretary of the Treasury to see to it that, after February 20, 1817, the revenue was paid in legal currency.

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In obedience to the command thus laid on him the Secretary began to act, and late in July, 1816, addressed a circular and a notice to the state banks. The circular reminded them that a return to specie payments was most desirable; that the banks of New England and of the South and West were ready to coöperate in an attempt to bring about a general resumption; that the reluctance of the Middle State banks was believed by the people to be caused by the profits they were making; and that a resolution had been passed by the late Congress looking toward the forcible resumption of legal currency. The notice was to the effect that, after October 1, debts, taxes, imposts, due the United States, when five dollars or under, must be paid in specie, or bank notes immediately convertible into specie; that no notes greater in value than five dollars would be taken, unless the banks issuing them redeemed notes under five dollars in specie; and that, after the 20th of February, 1817, all taxes and duties must be paid in legal currency.

On the receipt of this notice, the banks of New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore met in convention, and declined to resume for a year. It did not seem likely, they declared, that the Bank of the United States and its branches would be in operation before July, 1817. Until they were in operation a return to specie payments by the state banks would be inexpedient, and the best that could be done was to recommend that the first Monday in July, 1817, be agreed upon as the time for a general resumption throughout the country.

Considering this a refusal to comply with his request, and knowing that if the banks refused to pay out coin the people could get none wherewith to pay their taxes, the Secretary gave notice that no attempt would be made to collect duties in coin till February 20, 1817.

The people, however, were eager for resumption, and, under the pressure of the public demand, the New York city banks made a slight concession, and in September, 1816, began to pay small change in specie. Twenty-two exchange brokers, therefore, agreed not to buy or sell specie change of any denomination under fifty cents. The corporation began to call in its change tickets, the butchers agreed to lend their aid, and by the end of the first week in October the "silver age," as the people called it, was come again.

Meantime, physical causes which no man could foresee changed the balance of trade, stopped the export of specie, and in a few months brought it back to the United States in such quantities that on the 20th of February, 1817, every reputable bank from New York city to Richmond began to pay out specie. By that time, too, the Bank of the United States and its chief branches were in operation, and the business community was once more enjoying cheap exchange.

J. B. McMaster.

A RUSSIAN SUMMER RESORT.

THE spring was late and cold. I wore my fur-lined cloak (*shúba*) and wrapped up my ears, by Russian advice as well as by inclination, until late in May. But we were told that the summer heat would catch us suddenly, and that St. Petersburg would become malodorous and unhealthy. It was necessary, owing to circumstances, to find a healthy residence for the summer, which should not be too far removed from the capital. With a few exceptions, all the environs of St. Petersburg are damp. Unless one goes as far as Gátschina, or into the part of

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Finland adjacent to the city, Tzárskoe Seló presents the only dry locality. In the Finnish summer colonies, one must, perforce, keep house, for lack of hotels. In Tzárskoe, as in Peterhoff, villa life is the only variety recognized by polite society; but there we had — or seemed to have — the choice between that and hotels. We decided in favor of Tzárskoe, as it is called in familiar conversation. As one approaches the Imperial Village, it rises like a green oasis from the plain. It is hedged in, like a true Russian village, but with trees and bushes well trained instead of with a wattled fence.

During the reign of Alexander II. this inland village was the favorite court resort; not Peterhoff, on the Gulf of Finland, as at present. It is situated sixteen miles from St. Petersburg, on the line of the first railway built in Russia, which to this day extends only a couple of miles beyond, — for lack of the necessity of farther extension, it is just to add. It stands on land which is not perceptibly higher than St. Petersburg, and it took a great deal of demonstration before an Empress of the last century could be made to believe that it was, in reality, on a level with the top of the lofty Admiralty spire, and that she must continue her tiresome trips to and fro in her coach, in the impossibility of constructing a canal which should enable her to sail in comfort. Tzárskoe Seló, "Imperial Village:" well as the name fits the place, it is thought to have been corrupted from *saari*, the Finnish word for "farm," as a farm occupied the site when Peter the Great pitched upon it for one of his numerous summer resorts. He first enlarged the farmhouse, then built one of his simple wooden palaces, and a greenhouse for Catherine I. Eventually he erected a small part of the present Old Palace. It was at the dedication of the church here, celebrated in floods of liquor (after a fashion not unfamiliar in the annals of New England in earlier days), that Peter I. contracted the illness which, aggravated by a similar drinking-bout elsewhere immediately afterward, and a cold caused by a wetting while he was engaged in rescuing some people from drowning, carried him to his grave very promptly. His successors enlarged and beautified the place, which first became famous during the reign of Catherine II. At the present day, its broad macadamized streets are lighted by electricity; its *gostínny dvor* (bazaar) is like that of a provincial city; many of its sidewalks, after the same provincial pattern, have made people prefer the middle of the street for their promenades. Naturally, only the lower classes were expected to walk when the court resided there.

Before making acquaintance with the famous palaces and parks, we undertook to settle ourselves for the time being, at least. It appeared that "furnished" villas are so called in Tzárskoe, as elsewhere, because they require to be almost completely furnished by the occupant on a foundation of barebones of furniture, consisting of a few bedsteads and tables. This was not convenient for travelers; neither did we wish to commit ourselves for the whole season to the cares of housekeeping, lest a change of air should be ordered suddenly: so we determined to try to live in another way.

Boarding-houses are as scarce here as in St. Petersburg, the whole town boasting but one, — advertised as a wonderful rarity, — which was very badly situated. There were plenty of *traktíri*, or low-class eating-houses, some of which had "numbers for arrivers" — that is to say, rooms for guests — added to their gaudy signs. These were not to be thought of. But we had been told of an establishment which rejoiced in the proud title of *gostínnitza*, "hotel," in city fashion. It looked fairly good, and there we took up our abode, after due and inevitable chaffering. This hotel was kept, over shops, on the first and part of the sec-

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ond floor of a building which had originally been destined for apartments. Its only recommendation was that it was situated near a very desirable gate into the Imperial Park. Our experience there was sufficient to slake all curiosity as to Russian summer resort hotels, or country hotels in provincial towns, since that was its character; though it had, besides, some hindrances which were peculiar, I hope, to itself. The usual clean, large dining-room, with the polished floor, table decorated with plants, and lace curtains, was irresistibly attractive, especially to wedding parties of shopkeepers, who danced twelve hours at a stretch, and to breakfast parties after funerals, whose guests made rather more uproar on afternoons than did those of the wedding balls in the evening, as they sang the customary doleful chants, and then warmed up to the occasion with bottled consolation. The establishment being short-handed for waiters, these entertainments interfered seriously with our meals, which we took in private; and we were often forced to go hungry until long after the hour, because there was so much to eat in the house!

Our first experience of the place was characteristic. The waiter, who was also "boots," chambermaid, and clerk, on occasion, distributed two sheets, two pillows, one blanket, and one "cold" (cotton) coverlet between the two beds, and considered that ample, as no doubt it was according to some lights and according to the almanac, though the weather resembled November just then, and I saw snow a few days later. Having succeeded in getting this rectified, after some discussion, I asked for towels.

"There is one," answered Mikhéi (Micah), with his most fascinating smile.

The towel was very small, and was intended to serve for two persons! Eventually it did not; and we earned the name of being altogether too fastidious. The washstand had a tank of water attached to the top, which we pumped into the basin with a foot-treadle, after we became skillful, holding our hands under the stream the while. The basin had no stopper. "Running water is cleaner to wash in," was the serious explanation. Some other barbarian who had used that washstand before us must also have differed from that commonly accepted Russian opinion: when we plugged up the hole with a cork, and it disappeared, and we fished it out of the still clogged pipe, we found that six others had preceded it. It took a champagne cork and a cord to conquer the orifice.

Among our vulgar experiences at this place were — fleas. I remonstrated with Mikhéi, our typical waiter from the government of Yaroslávl, which furnishes restaurant *garçons* in hordes as a regular industry. Mikhéi replied airily: —

"*Nitchevó!* It is nothing! You will soon learn to like them so much that you cannot do without them."

I take the liberty of doubting whether even Russians ever reach that last state of mind, in a lifetime of endurance. Two rooms beyond us, in the same corridor, lodged a tall, thin, gray-haired Russian merchant, who was nearly a typical Yankee in appearance. Every morning, at four o'clock, when the fleas were at their worst and roused us regularly (the "close season" for mortals, in Russia, is between five and six A. M.), we heard this man emerge from his room, and shake, separately and violently, the four pieces of his bedclothing into the corridor; not out of the window, as he should have done. So much for the modern native taste. It is recorded that the beauties of the last century, in St. Petersburg, always wore on their bosoms silver "flea-catchers" attached to a ribbon. These traps consisted of small tubes pierced with a great number of tiny holes, closed at the bottom, open at the top, and each containing a slender shaft smeared with honey or some other sticky substance. So much for the ancient native taste.

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Again we had a disagreement with Mikhéi on the subject of the roast beef. More than once it was brought in having a peculiar blackish-crimson hue and stringy grain, with a sweetish flavor, and an odor which was singular but not tainted, and which required imperatively that either we or it should vacate the room instantly. Mikhéi stuck firmly to his assertion that it was a prime cut from a first-class ox. We discovered the truth later on, in Moscow, when we entered a Tatar horse-butcher's shop — ornamented with the picture of a horse, as the law requires — out of curiosity, to inquire prices. We recognized the smell and other characteristics of our Tzárskoe Seló "roast ox" at a glance and a sniff, and remained only long enough to learn that the best cuts cost two and a half cents a pound. Afterward we went a block about to avoid passing that shop. The explanation of the affair was simple enough. In our hotel there was a traktír, run by our landlord, tucked away in a rear corner of the ground floor, and opening on what Thackeray would have called a "tight but elegant" little garden, for summer use. It was thronged from morning till night with Tatar old-clothes men and soldiers from the garrison, for whom it was the rendezvous. The horse beef had been provided for the Tatars, who considered it a special dainty, and had been palmed off upon us because it was cheap.

I may dismiss the subject of the genial Mikhéi here, with the remark that we met him the following summer at the Samson Inn, in Peterhoff, where he served our breakfast with an affectionate solicitude which somewhat alarmed us for his sobriety. He was very much injured in appearance by long hair thrown back in artistic fashion, and a livid gash which scored one side of his face down to his still unbrushed teeth, and nearly to his unwashed shirt, narrowly missing one eye, and suggesting possibilities of fight in him which, luckily for our peace of mind, we had not suspected the previous season.

Our chambermaid at first, at the Tzárskoe hostelry, was a lad fourteen years of age, who dusted in the most wonderfully conscientious way without being asked, like a veteran trained housekeeper. We supposed that male chambermaids were the fashion, judging from the offices which we had seen our St. Petersburg hotel "boots" perform, and we said nothing. A Russian friend who came to call on us, however, was shocked, and, without our knowledge, gave the landlord a lecture on the subject, the first intimation of which was conveyed to us by the appearance of a maid who had been engaged "expressly for the service of our high nobilities;" price, five rubles a month (two dollars and a half; she chanced to live in the attic lodgings), which they did not pay her, and which we gladly gave her. Her conversation alone was worth three times the money. Our "boots" in St. Petersburg got but four rubles a month, out of which he was obliged to clothe himself, and furnish the brushes, wax, and blacking for the boots; and he had not had a single day's holiday in four years, when we made his acquaintance. I won his eternal devotion by "placing a candle" vicariously to the Saviour for him on Christmas Day, and added one for myself, to harmonize with the brotherly spirit of the season.

Andréi, the boy, never wholly recovered from the grief and resentment caused by being thus supplanted, and the imputation cast upon his powers of caring for us. He got even with us on at least two occasions, for the offense of which we were innocent. Once he told a fashionable visitor of ours that we dined daily in the traktír, with the Tatar clothes peddlers and the soldiers of the garrison, with the deliberate intention of shocking her. I suppose it soothed his feelings for having to serve our food in our own room. Again, being ordered

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to "place the *samovár*," he withdrew to his chamber, the former kitchen of the apartment, and went to sleep on the cold range, which was his bed, where he was discovered after we had starved patiently for an hour and a half.

Andréi's supplanter was named Katiúsha, but her angular charms corresponded so precisely with those of the character in the Mikado that we referred to her habitually as "Katisha." She had been a serf, a member of the serf aristocracy, which consisted of the house servants, and had served always as maid or nurse. She was now struggling on as a seamstress. Her sewing was wonderfully bad, and she found great difficulty in bringing up her two children, who demanded fashionable "European" clothing, and in eking out the starvation wages of her husband, a superannuated restaurant waiter, also a former serf, and belonging, like herself, to the class which received personal liberty, but no land, at the emancipation. Her view of the emancipation was not entirely favorable. In fact, all the ex-serfs with whom I talked retained a soft spot in their hearts for the comforts and irresponsibility of the good old days of serfdom.

Katiúsha could neither read nor write, but her naturally acute powers of observation, unconsciously trained by constant contact with her former owners, were of very creditable quality. She possessed a genuine talent for expressing herself neatly. For example, in describing a concert to which she had been taken, she praised the soprano singer's voice with much discrimination, winding up with, "It was — how shall I say it? — round — as round — as round as — a cartwheel!"

Her great delight consisted in being sent by me to purchase eggs and fruit at the market, or in accompanying me to carry them home, when I went myself to enjoy the scene and her methods. In her I was able to study Russian bargaining tactics in their finest flower. She would haggle for half an hour over a quarter of a cent on very small purchases, and then would carry whatever she bought into one of the neighboring shops to be reweighed. To my surprise, the good-natured venders seemed never to take offense at this significant act; and she never discovered any dishonesty. When wearied out by this sort of thing, I took charge of the proceedings, that I might escape from her agonized groans and grimaces at my extravagance. After choking down her emotion in gulps all the way home, she would at last clasp her hands, and moan in a wheedling voice:

"Please, *bárynya*,[1] how much did you pay that robber?"

"Two kopeks[2] apiece for the eggs. They are fine, large, and fresh, as you see. Twenty kopeks a pound for the strawberries, also of the first quality."

Then would follow a scene which never varied, even if my indiscretion had been confined to raspberries at five cents a pound, or currants at a cent less. She would wring her hands, long and fleshless as fan handles, and, her great green eyes phosphorescent with distress above her hollow cheeks and projecting bones, she would cry: —

"Oh, bárynya, they have cheated you, cheated you shamefully! You must let me protect you."

"Come, don't you think it is worth a few kopeks to be called 'a pearl,' 'a diamond,' 'an emerald'?"

"Is *that* all they called you?" she inquired, with a disdainful sniff.

"No; they said that I was 'a real general-ess.' They knew their business, you see. And they said 'madame' instead of 'sudárynya.'[3] Was there any

[1] Mistress. [2] About one cent.

[3] *Sudárynya* is the genuine Russian word for "madam," but, like *spasíbo*, "thank you," it is used only by the lower classes. Many merchants who know no French except *madame* use it as a delicate compliment to the patron's social position.

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other title which they could have bestowed on me for the money?"

She confessed, with a pitying sigh, that there was not, but returned to her plaint over the sinfully wasted kopeks. Once I offered her some "tea money" in the shape of a basket of raspberries, which she wished to preserve and drink in her tea, with the privilege of purchasing them herself. As an experiment to determine whether bargaining is the outcome of thrift and economy alone, or a distinct pleasure in itself, it was a success. I followed her from vender to vender, and waited with exemplary patience while she scrutinized their wares and beat down prices with feverish eagerness, despite the fact that she was not to pay the bill. I put an end to the matter when she tried to persuade a pretty peasant girl, who had walked eight miles, to accept less than four cents a pound for superb berries. I think it really spoiled my gift to her that I insisted on making the girl happy with five cents a pound. After that, I was not surprised to find Russian merchants catering to the taste of their customers by refusing to adopt the one-price system.

It was vulgar to go to market, of course. Even the great mastiff who acted as yard dog at the bazaar made me aware of that fact. He always greeted me politely, like a host, when he met me in the court at market hours. But nothing could induce him even to look at me when he met me outside. I tried to explain to him that my motives were scientific, not economical, and I introduced Katiúsha to him as the family bargainer and scapegoat for his scorn. He declined to relent. After that I understood that there was nothing for it but to shoulder the responsibility myself, and I never attempted to palliate my unpardonable conduct in the eyes of the servants of my friends whom I occasionally encountered there.

The market was held in the inner courtyard of the gostínny dvor, near the chapel, which always occupies a conspicuous position in such places. While the shops under the arcade, facing on the street, sold everything, from "gallantry wares" (dry goods and small wares) to nails, the inner booths were all devoted to edibles. On the rubble pavement of the court squatted peasants from the villages for many versts round about, both Russian and Finnish, hedged in by their wares, vegetables, flowers, fruit, and live poultry. The Russians exhibited no beautiful costumes; their proximity to the capital had done away with all that. At first I was inexperienced, and went unprovided with receptacles for my marketing. The market women looked up in surprise.

"What, have you no kerchief?" they asked, as though I were a peasant or petty merchant's wife, and could remove the typical piece of gayly colored cloth from my head or neck. When I objected to transporting eggs and berries in my only resource, my handkerchief, they reluctantly produced scraps of dirty newspaper, or of ledgers scrawled over with queer accounts. I soon grew wise, and hoarded up the splint strawberry baskets provided by the male venders, which are put to multifarious uses in Russia.

After being asked for a kerchief in the markets, and a sheet when I went to get my fur cloak from its summer storage at a fashionable city shop, and after making divers notes on journeys, I was obliged to conclude that the ancient merchant fashion in Russia had been to seize the nearest fabric at hand, — the sheet from the bed, the cloth from the table, — and use it as a traveling trunk.

The Finns at the market were not to be mistaken for Russians. Their features were wooden; their expression was far less intelligent than that of the Russians. The women were addicted to wonderful patterns in aprons and silver ornaments, and wore, under a white headkerchief, a stiff glazed white circlet which seemed

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to wear away their blond hair. These women arrived regularly every morning, before five o'clock, at the shops of the baker and the grocer opposite our windows. The shops opened at that hour, after having kept open until eleven o'clock at night, or later. After refreshing themselves with a roll and a bunch of young onions, of which the green tops appeared to be the most relished, the women made their town toilet by lowering the very much reefed skirt of their single garment, drawing on footless stockings, and donning shoes. At ten o'clock, or even earlier, they came back to fill the sacks of coarse white linen, borne over their shoulders, with necessaries for their households, purchased with the proceeds of their sales, and to reverse their toilet operations, preparatory to the long tramp homeward. I sometimes caught them buying articles which seemed extravagant luxuries, all things considered, such as raisins. One of their specialties was the sale of lilies of the valley, which grow wild in the Russian forests. Their peculiar little trot-trot, and the indescribable semi-tones and quarter-tones in which they cried, "*Lánd-dy-y-y-shée!*" were unmistakably Finnish at any distance.

The scene at the market was always entertaining. Tzárskoe is surrounded by market gardens, where vegetables and fruits are raised in highly manured and excessively hilled-up beds. It sends tons of its products to the capital as well as to the local market. Everything was cheap and delicious. Eggs were dear when they reached a cent and a half apiece. Strawberries, huge and luscious, were dear at ten cents a pound, since in warm seasons they cost but five. Another berry, sister to the strawberry, but differing from it utterly in taste, was the *klubníka*, of which there were two varieties, the white and the bluish-red, both delicious in their peculiar flavor, but less decorative in size and aspect than the strawberry.

The native cherries, small and sour, make excellent preserves, with a spicy flavor, which are much liked by Russians in their tea. The only objection to this use of them is that both tea and cherries are spoiled. Raspberries, plums, gooseberries, and currants were plentiful and cheap. A vegetable delicacy of high order, according to Katiúsha, who introduced it to my notice, was a sort of radish with an extremely fine, hard grain, and biting qualities much developed, which attains enormous size, and is eaten in thin slices salted and buttered. I presented the solitary specimen which I bought, a ninepin in proportions, to the grateful Katiúsha. It was beyond my appreciation.

Pears do not thrive so far north, but in good years apples of fine sorts are raised, to a certain extent, in the vicinity of St. Petersburg. Really good specimens, however, come from Poland, the lower Volga, Little Russia, and other distant points, which renders them always rather dear. We saw few in our village that were worth buying, as the season was phenomenally cold, and a month or three weeks late, so that we got our strawberries in August, and our linden blossoms in September. Apples, plums, grapes, and honey are not eaten — in theory — until after they have been blessed at the feast of the Transfiguration, on August 18 (N. S.), — a very good scheme for giving them time to ripen fully for health. Before that day, however, hucksters bearing trays of honey on their heads are eagerly welcomed, and the peasant's special dainty — fresh cucumbers thickly coated with honey — is indulged in unblessed. Honey is not so plentiful that one can afford to fling away a premature chance!

When the mushroom season came in, the market assumed an aspect of half-subdued brilliancy with the many sombre and high-colored varieties of that fungus. The poorer people indulge in numerous kinds which the rich do not eat, and

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they furnish precious sustenance during fasts, when so many viands are forbidden by the Russian Church and by poverty. One of the really odd sights, during the fast of SS. Peter and Paul (the first half of July), was that of people walking along the streets with bunches of pea-vines, from which they were plucking the peas, and eating them, pods and all, quite raw. It seemed a very summary and wasteful way of gathering them. This fashion of eating vegetables raw was imported, along with the liturgy, from the hot lands where the Eastern Church first flourished, and where raw food was suitable. These traditions, and probably also the economy of fuel, cause it to be still persisted in, in a climate to which it is wholly unsuitable. Near Tzárskoe I found one variety of pea growing to the altitude of nearly seven feet, and producing pods seven inches long and three wide. The stalks of the double poppies in the same garden were six and seven feet high, and the flowers were the size of peonies, while the pods of the single poppies were nine inches in circumference.

One of the great festivals of the Russian Church is Whitsunday, the seventh Sunday after Easter; but it is called Trinity Sunday, and the next day is "the Day of Spirits," or Pentecost. On this Pentecost day a curious sight was formerly to be seen in St. Petersburg. Mothers belonging to the merchant class arrayed their marriageable daughters in their best attire; hung about their necks not only all the jewels which formed a part of their dowries, but also, it is said, the silver ladles, forks, and spoons; and took them to the Summer Garden, to be inspected and proposed for by the young men.

But the place where this spectacle can be seen in the most charming way is Tzárskoe Seló. We were favored with superb weather on both the festal days. On Sunday morning every one went to church, as usual. The small church behind the Lyceum, where Púshkin was educated, with its un-Russian spire, ranks as a court church; that in the Old Palace across the way being opened only on special occasions, now that the court is not in residence. Outside, the choir sat under the golden rain of acacia blossoms and the hedge of fragrant lilacs until the last moment, the sunshine throwing into relief their gold-laced black cloth vestments and crimson belts. They were singers from one of the regiments stationed in town, and crimson was the regimental color. The church is accessible to all classes, and it was crowded. As at Easter, every one was clad in white or light colors, even those who were in mourning having donned the bluish-gray which serves them for festive garb. In place of the Easter candle, each held a bouquet of flowers. In the corners of the church stood young birch-trees, with their satin bark and feathery foliage, and boughs of the same decked the walls. There is a law now which forbids this annual destruction of young trees at Pentecost, but the practice continues, and the tradition is that one must shed as many tears for his sins as there are dewdrops on the birch bough which he carries, if he has no flowers. Peasant women in clean cotton gowns elbowed members of the court in silks; fat merchants, with well-greased, odorous hair and boots, in hot, long-skirted blue cloth coats, stood side by side with shabby invalid soldiers or smartly uniformed officers. Tiny peasant children seated themselves on the floor when their little legs refused further service, and imitated diligently all the low reverences and signs of the cross made by their parents. Those of larger growth stood with the preternatural repose and dignity of the adult Russian peasant, and followed the liturgy independently. One little girl of seven, self-possessed and serenely unconscious, slipped through the crowd to the large image of the Virgin near the altar, grasped the breast-high

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guard-rail, and kissed the holy picture in the middle of her agile vault. When some members of the imperial family arrived, the crowd pressed together still more closely, to make a narrow passage to the small space reserved for them opposite the choir. After the ever beautiful liturgy, finely expressed special prayers were offered, during which the priest also carried flowers.

Another church service on the following day — a day when public offices are closed and business ceases — completed the religious duties of the festival. In the afternoon the whole town began to flock to the Imperial Park surrounding the Old Palace, people of the upper circles included, — the latter from motives of curiosity, of course. Three bands of the guards furnished music. On the great terrace, shaded by oak-trees hardly beyond the bronze-pink stage of their leafage, played the hussars. Near the breakfast gallery, with its bronze statues of Hercules and Flora, which the common people call "Adam and Eve" (the Ariadne on Naxos, in a neighboring grotto, is popularly believed to be "a girl of seven years, who was bitten by a snake while roaming the Russian primeval forest, and died"), were the cuirassiers. The *stryélki* (sharpshooters) were stationed near the lake, the central point for meetings and promenades during the lovely "white nights;" where boats of every sort, from a sail-boat or a Chinese sampan to an Astrakhan fishing-boat or a snowshoe skiff, are furnished gratis all summer, with a sailor of the guard to row them, if desired. Round and round and round, unwearied, paced the girls. They were bareheaded and in slippered feet, as usual, but had abandoned the favorite ulster, which too often accompanies extremities thus unclad, to display their gayest gowns. The young men gazed with intense interest. Here and there a young fellow in "European clothes" was to be seen conversing with the more conservative young merchants, who retained the wrinkled boots confining full trousers, the shirt worn outside the trousers, the cloth vest, and the blue cloth long coat of traditional cut.

It was like a scene from the theatre. Across the lake, dotted with boating parties, stretched lawns planted with trees chosen for their variety of foliage, from the silver willow to the darkest evergreens, while the banks were diversified with a boat-house, a terraced grotto, a Turkish kiosk with a bath, bridges, and so on. Of the immense palace which stood so near at hand the graceful breakfast gallery alone was visible, while high above the waving crests of the trees the five cupolas of the palace church, in the shape of imperial crowns, seemed to float in the clear blue sky like golden bubbles. The lawns within the acacia-hedged compartments were dazzling with campanulas, harebells, rose campions, and crimson and yellow columbine, or gleamed with the pale turquoise of forget-me-nots. We had only to enter the adjoining park surrounding the Alexander Palace, built for Alexander I. by his grandmother, Catherine II., to find the Field of the Cloth of Gold realized by acres of tall double Siberian buttercups, as large and as fragrant as yellow roses.

Soldiers of the garrison strolled about quietly, as usual. The pet of the hussars was in great form, and his escort of admiring comrades was larger than ever. They thrust upon him half of their tidbits and sunflower seeds, — what masses of sunflower seeds and handbill cigarettes were consumed that day, not to mention squash seeds, by the more opulent! — and waited eagerly for his dimpled smile as their reward. When the bands were weary, the regimental singers ranged themselves in a circle, and struck up songs of love, of battle, and of mirth, amid the applause and laughter of the crowd. Now and then a soldier would step into the middle of the circle and dance. The slight, agile, square-capped stryélki spun round until their full-plaited

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black tunics stood out from their tightly belted waists like the skirts of ballet dancers. The slender, graceful hussars, with their yellow-laced scarlet jackets and tight blue trousers, flitted to and fro like gay birds. The best performer of all was a cuirassier, a big blond fellow, with ruddy cheeks and dazzling teeth. Planting his peakless white cloth cap with its yellow band firmly on his head, he stepped forward, grasping in each hand a serried pyramid of brass bells, which chimed merrily as he squatted, leaped, and executed eccentric steps with his feet, while his arms beat time and his fine voice rolled out the solo of a rollicking ballad, to which the rest of the company furnished the chorus as well as their laughter and delighted applause of his efforts permitted. His tightly fitting dark green trousers, tall boots, and jacket of white cloth trimmed with yellow set off his muscular form to great advantage. A comrade stood by shaking the *buntchúk*, an ornamental combination of brass half-moons, gay horsetails, and bells, — the Turkish staff of command, which is carried as a special privilege by several Russian cavalry regiments. There is nothing that a company of Russians likes better than a spirited performance of their national dances, whether it be high-class Russians at a Russian opera in the Imperial Theatre, or the masses on informal occasions like the present. This soldier, who danced with joy in every fibre, was quite willing to oblige them indefinitely, and seemed to be made of steel springs. He stopped with great reluctance, and that only when his company was ordered peremptorily to march off to barracks at the appointed hour.

How many weddings resulted from that day's dress parade I know not. But I presume the traditional "match-makers" did their duty, if the young men were sufficiently impressed by the girls' outfits to commission these professional proposers to lay their hearts and hands at the feet of the parents on the following day. They certainly could not have been hopelessly bewitched by any beauty which was on show. The presence of the soldiers, the singing, music, and dancing framed in that exquisite park, combined to create a scene the impression of which is far beyond comparison with that of the same parade in the Summer Garden at St. Petersburg.

This grand terrace of the Old Palace is a favorite resort for mothers and children, especially when the different bands of the guards' regiments stationed in the town furnish music. But not far away, in the less stately, more natural park surrounding the Alexander Palace, the property of the Crown Prince, lies the real paradise of the children of all classes. There is the playground, provided with gymnastic apparatus, laid out at the foot of a picturesque tower, one of the line of signal towers, now mostly demolished, which, before the introduction of the telegraph, flashed news from Warsaw to St. Petersburg in the then phenomenally short space of twenty-four hours. The children's favorite amusement is the "net." Sailors of the guard set up a full-rigged ship's mast, surrounded, about two feet from the ground, by a wide sweep of close-meshed rope netting well tarred. Boys and girls of ambition climb the rigging, swing, and drop into the net. The little ones never weary of dancing about on its yielding surface. A stalwart, gentle giant of a sailor watches over the safety of the merrymakers, and warns, teaches, or helps them, if they wish it.

Their nurses, with pendent bosoms and fat shoulders peeping through the transparent muslin of their chemises, make a bouquet of colors, with their gay *sarafáni*, their many-hued cashmere caps attached to pearl-embroidered, coronet-shaped *kokóshniki*, and terminating in ribbons which descend to their heels, and are outshone in color only by the motley assemblage of beads on their throats.

Here, round the gymnastic apparatus

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and the net, one is able for the first time to believe solidly in the existence of Russian children. In town, in the winter, one has doubted it, despite occasional coveys of boys in military greatcoats, book-knapsacks of sealskin strapped to their shoulders to keep their backs straight, and officer-like caps. The summer garb of the lads from the gymnasia and other institutes consists of thin, dark woolen material or of coarse gray linen, made in the blouse or Russian shirt form, which portraits of Count Lyeff Nikolaevitch Tolstóy, the author, have rendered familiar to foreigners. It must not be argued from this fact that Count Tolstóy set the fashion; far from it. It is the ordinary and sensible garment in common use, which he has adopted from others, not they from him. It can be seen on older students any day, even in winter, in the reading-room of the Imperial Public Library in St. Petersburg, on the imperial choir in the Winter Palace as undress uniform for week-day services, and elsewhere.

Some indulgent mothers make silk blouses for their sons, and embroider them with cross-stitch patterns in colored floss, as was the fashion a number of years ago, when a patriotic outburst of sentiment was expressed by the adoption of the "national costume," for house wear, by adults of both sexes. From this period dates also, no doubt, that style of "peasant dress" which can be seen occasionally, in unfashionable summer resorts, on girls not of the highest class by any means, and which the city shops furnish in abundance as genuine to misguided foreigners. Every one is familiar with these fantastic combinations of colored lace insertion with bands of blue cotton worked in high colors, and fashioned into blouses and aprons such as no peasant maid ever wore or beheld.

What strikes one very forcibly about Russian children, when one sees them at play in the parks, is their quiet, self-possessed manners and their lack of boisterousness. If they were inclined to scream, to fling themselves about wildly and be rude, they would assuredly be checked promptly and effectually, since the rights of grown people to peace, respect, and the pursuit of happiness are still recognized in that land. But, from my observation of the same qualities in untutored peasant children, I am inclined to think that Russian children are born more agreeable than Western children; yet they seem to be as cheerful and lively as is necessary, and in no way restricted. Whistling, howling, stamping, and kindred muscular exercises begin just over the Western frontier, and increase in violence as one proceeds westward, until Japan is reached, or possibly the Sandwich Islands, by which time, I am told, one enters the Orient and the realm of peace once more.

What noise we heard in Tzárskoe came from quite another quarter. As we were strolling in the park, one afternoon, we heard sounds of uproarious mirth proceeding from the little island in the private imperial garden, where the Duchess of Edinburgh, in her girlhood, had a pretty Russian cottage, cow-stall, and so forth, with flower and potato beds. She and her brothers were in the habit of planting their pussy willows, received on Palm Sunday, on the bank of the stream, and these, duly labeled, have now grown into a hedge of trees. The screen is not perfect, however, and glimpses of the playground are open to the public across the narrow stream. On this summer afternoon there was a party of royalties on the island, swinging on the giant steps. The giant steps, I must explain, consist of a tall, stout mast firmly planted in the earth, bound with iron at the top, and upholding a thick iron ring to which are attached heavy cables which touch the ground. The game consists of a number of persons seizing hold of these cables, running round the mast until sufficient impetus is acquired, and then swinging

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through the air in a circle. The Tzaré-vitch, who had driven over from the great camp at Krásnoe Seló, and whom I had seen in the church of the Old Palace that morning at a special mass, with the angelic imperial choir and the priests from the Winter Palace sent down from Petersburg for the occasion, was now sailing through the air high up toward the apex of the mast. One of his imperial aunts, clad in a fleecy white gown, occupied a similar position on another cable. It was plain that they could not have done their own running to gain impetus, and that the gardeners must have towed them by the ends of the ropes. The other grand dukes and duchesses were managing their own cables in the usual manner. The party included the king and queen of Greece and other royal spectators. What interested me most was to hear them all shrieking and conversing in Russian, with only occasional lapses into French, instead of the reverse.

Although Tzárskoe Seló is not now the royal summer residence, it must not be supposed that there were not plenty of palaces, emperors, queens, courtiers, and the rest presented to our view during the summer, with festivities to match on occasion. But everything is not royal in the vicinity of these summer parks and palaces. For example, just outside of Tzárskoe Seló, on the Petersburg highway, lies a Russian village called Kúzmino, whose inhabitants are as genuine, unmodified peasants as though they lived a hundred miles from any provincial town. Here in the north, where timber is plentiful, cottages are raised from the ground by a half-story, without windows, which serves as a storeroom for carts, sledges, and farming implements. The entrance is through a door beside the large courtyard gate, which rears its heavy frame on the street line, adjoining the house, in Russian fashion. A rough staircase leads to the dwelling-rooms over the shed storeroom. Three tiny windows on the street front, with solid wooden shutters, are the ordinary allowance for light. In Kúzmino, many of the windows had delicate, clean white curtains, and all were filled with blooming plants. A single window, for symmetry, and a carved balcony fill in the sharp gable end of such houses, but open into nothing, and the window is not even glazed. Carved horses' heads, rude but recognizable, tuft the peak, and lacelike wood carving droops from the eaves. The roofs also are of wood.

This was the style of the cottages in Kúzmino. The name of the owner was inscribed on the corner of each house; and there appeared to be but two surnames, at most three, in the whole village. One new but unfinished house seemed to have been built from the ridge-pole downward, instead of in the usual order. There were no doorways or stairs or apertures for communication between the stories, which were two in number. It was an architectural riddle.

As a stroll to the village had consumed an unexpected amount of time, we found ourselves, at the breakfast hour, miles away from our hotel. We instituted a search for milk, and were directed at random, it seemed, until a withered little old peasant, who was evidently given to tippling, enlisted himself as our guide. He took us to the house of a woman who carried milk and cream to town twice a week, and introduced us with a comical flourish.

The family consisted of an old woman, as dried and colorless as a Russian codfish from Archangel, but very clean and active; her son, a big, fresh-colored fellow, with a mop of dark brown curls, well set off by his scarlet cotton blouse; his wife, a slender, red-cheeked brunette, with delicate, pretty features; and their baby girl. They treated us like friends come to make a call; refused to accept money for their cream; begged us to allow them to prepare the samovár, as a favor to them, and send for white rolls,

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as they were sure we could not eat their sour black bread; and expressed deep regret that their berries were all gone, as the season was past. They showed us over their house in the prettiest, simplest way, and introduced us to the dark storeroom where their spare clothing and stores of food for the winter, such as salted cucumbers in casks, and other property were packed away; to a narrow slip of a room on the front, where the meals for the family were prepared with remarkably few pots and no pans; to the living-room, with its whitewashed stone-and-mud oven in one corner, for both cooking and heating, a bench running round the walls on three sides, and a clean pine table in the corner of honor, where hung the holy images. They had a fine collection of these images, which were a sign of prosperity as well as of devotion. The existence of another tiny room also bore witness to easy circumstances. In this room they slept; and the baby, who was taking her noonday nap, was exhibited to us by the proud papa. Her cradle consisted of a splint market basket suspended from the ceiling by a stout wire spring, like the spring of a bird-cage, and rocked gently. The baby gazed at us with bright, birdlike eyes and smiled quietly when she woke, as though she had inherited her parents' gentle ways. We believed them when they said that she never cried; we had already discovered that this was the rule with Russian children of all classes.

They were much interested to learn from what country we came. I was prepared to find them unacquainted with the situation of America, after having been asked by an old soldier in the park, "In what district of Russia is America?" and after having been told by an *izvóstchik* that the late Empress had come from my country, since "Germany" meant for him all the world which was not Russia, just as the adjective "German" signifies anything foreign and not wholly approved.

"Is America near Berlin?" asked our peasant hosts.

"Farther than that," I replied.

They laughed, and gave up the riddle after a few more equally wild guesses.

"It is on the other side of the world," I said.

"Then you must be nearer God than we are!" they exclaimed, with a sort of reverence for people who came from the suburbs of heaven.

"Surely," I said, "you do not think that the earth is flat, and that we live on the upper side, and you on the lower?"

But that was precisely what they did think, in their modesty, and, as it seemed a hopeless task to demonstrate to them the sphericity of the globe, I left them in that flattering delusion.

I asked the old woman to explain her holy pictures to me, as I always enjoyed the quaint expressions and elucidations of the peasants, and inquired whether she thought the *ikóna* of the Virgin was the Virgin herself. I had heard it asserted very often by overwise foreigners that this was the idea entertained by all Russians, without regard to class, and especially by the peasants.

"No," she replied: "but it shows the Virgin Mother to me, just as your picture would show you to me when you were on the other side of the world, and remind me of you. Only — how shall I say it? — there is more power in a wonder-working ikóna like this."

She handed me one which depicted the Virgin completely surrounded by a halo of starlike points shaded in red and yellow flames. It is called "the Virgin-of-the-Bush-that-burned-but-was-not-consumed," evidently a reminiscence of Moses. She attached particular value to it because of the aid rendered on the occasion which had demonstrated its "wonder-working" (miraculous) powers. It appeared that a dangerous fire had broken out in the neighborhood, and was rapidly consuming the close-set

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wooden village, as such fires generally do without remedy. As the fire had been started by the lightning, on St. Ilyá's Day (St. Elijah's), no earthly power could quench it but the milk from a jet-black cow, which no one chanced to have on hand. Seeing the flames approach, my old woman, Dómna Nikolaevna T., seized the holy image, ran out, and held it facing the conflagration, uttering the proper prayer the while. Immediately a strong wind arose and drove the flames off in a safe direction, and the village was rescued. She had a thanksgiving service celebrated in the church, and placed I know not how many candles to the Virgin's honor, as did the other villagers. Thus they had learned that there was divine power in this ikóna, although it was not, strictly speaking, "wonder-working," since it had not been officially recognized as such by the ecclesiastical authorities.

These people seemed happy and contented with their lot. Not one of them could read or write much, the old woman not at all. They cultivated berries for market as well as carried on the milk business; and when we rose to go, they entreated us to come out on their plot of land and see whether some could not be found. To their grief, only a few small cherries were to be discovered, — it was September, — and these they forced upon us. As we had hurt their feelings by leaving money on the table to pay for the cream, we accepted the cherries by way of compromise. The old woman chatted freely in her garden. She had been a serf, and, in her opinion, things were not much changed for the better, except in one respect. All the people in this village had been crown serfs, it seemed. The lot of the crown serfs was easier in every way than that of the ordinary private serfs, so that the emancipation only put a definite name to the practical freedom which they already enjoyed, and added a few minor privileges, with the ownership of a somewhat larger allotment of land than the serfs of the nobility received. I knew this: she was hardly capable of giving me so complete a summary of their condition. But — it was the usual *but*, I found — they had to work much harder now than before, in order to live. The only real improvement which she could think of, on the inspiration of the moment, was, that a certain irascible crown official, who had had charge of them in the olden days, and whose name she mentioned, who had been in the habit of distributing beatings with a lavish hand whenever the serfs displeased him or obeyed reluctantly, had been obliged to restrain his temper after the emancipation.

"Nowadays, there is no one to order us about like that, or to thrash us," she remarked.

We found our fuddled old peasant guide hanging about for "tea money," when we bade farewell to my friend Dómna, who, with her family, offered us her hand at parting. He was not too thoroughly soaked with "tea" already not to be able to draw the inference that our long stay with the milkwoman indicated pleasure, and he intimated that the introduction fee ought to be in proportion to our enjoyment. We responded so cheerfully to this demand that he immediately discovered the existence of a dozen historical monuments and points of interest in the tiny village, all invented on the spot; and when we dismissed him peremptorily, he took great care to impress his name and the position of his hut on our memories, for future use.

We had already seen the only object of any interest, the large church far away down the mile-long street. We had found a festival mass in progress, as it happened to be one of the noted holidays of the year. As we stood a little to one side, listening to the sweet but unsophisticated chanting of the village lads, who had had no training beyond that given in the village school, a woman approached us with a tiny cof-

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fin tucked under one arm. Trestles were brought; she set it down on them, beside us. It was very plain in form, made of the commonest wood, and stained a bright yellow with a kind of thin wash, instead of the vivid pink which seems to be the favorite hue for children's coffins in town. The baby's father removed the lid, which comprised exactly half the depth, the mother smoothed out the draperies, and they took their stand near by. Several strips of the coarsest pink tarlatan were draped across the little waxen brow and along the edges of the coffin. On these lay such poor flowers as the lateness of the season and the poverty of the parents could afford, — small, half-withered or frost-bitten dahlias, poppies, and one stray cornflower. The parents looked gently resigned, patient, sorrowful but tearless, as is the Russian manner. After the liturgy and special prayers for the day, the funeral service was begun; but we went out into the graveyard surrounding the church, and ran the gauntlet of the beggars at the door, — beggars in the midst of poverty, to whom the poor gave their mites with gentle sympathy.

Russian graveyards are not, as a rule, like the sunny, cheerful homes of the dead to which we are accustomed. This one was especially melancholy, with its narrow, tortuous paths, uncared-for plots, and crosses of unpainted wood blackened by the weather. The most elaborate monuments did not rise above tin crosses painted to simulate birch boughs. It was strictly a peasant cemetery, utterly lacking in graves of the higher classes, or even of the well to do.

On its outskirts, where the flat, treeless plain began again, we found a peasant sexton engaged in digging a grave. His conversation was depressing, not because he dwelt unduly upon death and kindred subjects, but because his views of life were so pessimistic. Why, for example, did it enter his brain to warn me that the Finnish women of the neighboring villages, — all the country round about is the old Finnish Ingermannland, — in company with the women of his own village, were in the habit of buying stale eggs at the Tzárskoe Seló shops to mix with their fresh eggs, which they sold in the market, the same with intent to deceive? A stale egg explains itself as promptly and as thoroughly as anything I am acquainted with, not excepting Limburger cheese, and Katiúsha and I had had no severe experiences with the women whom he thus unflatteringly described. He seemed a thoroughly disillusioned man, and we left him at last, with an involuntary burden of misanthropic ideas, though he addressed me persistently as *galúbtchik*, — "dear little dove," literally translated.

If I were to undertake to chronicle the inner life of Tzárskoe, the characteristics of the inhabitants from whom I received favors and kind deeds without number, information, and whatever else they could think of to bestow or I could ask, I should never have done. But there is much that is instructive in all ranks of life to be gathered from a prolonged sojourn in this "Imperial Village," where world-famed palaces have their echoes aroused at seven in the morning by a gentle shepherd like the shepherd of the remotest provincial hamlets, a strapping peasant in a scarlet cotton blouse and blue homespun linen trousers tucked into tall wrinkled boots, and armed with a fish-horn, which he toots at the intersection of the macadamized streets to assemble the village cattle; where the strawberry peddler, recognizable by the red cloth spread over the tray borne upon his head, and the herring vender, and rival ice-cream dealers deafen one with their cries, in true city fashion; where the fire department alarms one by setting fire to the baker's chimneys opposite, and then playing upon them, by way of cleaning them; where Tatars, soldiers, goats, cows, pet herons, rude peasant carts, policemen,

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and inhabitants share the middle of the road with the liveried equipages of royalty and courtiers; where the crows and pigeons assert rights equal to those of man, except that they go to roost at eight o'clock on the nightless "white nights;" and where one never knows whether one will encounter the Emperor of all the Russias or a barefooted Finn when one turns a corner.

Isabel F. Hapgood.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

THE sun was shining brightly and the church bells were pealing merrily, as we all walked back through the village from a wedding. The bride had been the playfellow, and then the maid, of the squire's youngest daughter; her father and mother lived in the village; and she had that morning been married to a young carpenter, with whom she was now to share a new home, not many miles away. I imagine that the squire had given the young couple some substantial aid in setting up there; while his daughters had helped to make the new home bright for the future, as well as the old one gay for the wedding day. The squire's youngest daughter and eldest granddaughter had shared the office of bridesmaid with the bride's sister; but I learned with some surprise that there was to be no special merry-making at the Court, as the people in this part of the country call the manor house, while dropping the prefix of "Knighton," "Sutton," or whatever may be the name of the village in which the particular manor court was formerly held. After church we went with the wedding party to the cottage of the father and mother. There we all drank the health of the bride and bridegroom; the squire spoke a few words of hope and of blessing, the ladies kissed the bride, and we walked homeward along the church path and up the avenue. I ventured to break the silence by asking the squire's daughter how it was that her father, who had so many likings for the fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time, did not make the wedding of the daughter of people attached to his family by long services an occasion for old-fashioned festivities of some kind.

"I am sure he is quite right," she replied. "At a wedding at which I was bridesmaid, not very long ago, the bride's father and mother insisted upon having what they called old-fashioned customs. So first we had a long, dreary wedding breakfast, where the wretched bride sat opposite a huge cake, looking the picture of I don't know what, while the clergyman and her father and a number of other people made stupid speeches. Mr. Oldham, the bride's father, lamented that the good old wedding breakfasts, such as that at which we were, were going out of fashion, and that people were now expected, on such occasions, to swallow a biscuit and a cup of coffee, as if they were at a railway station, with only five minutes allowed. I thought the great tedious breakfast horrid, and the new fashion much better."

"But I dare say you had dancing in the evening: and I am sure you liked that."

"I do always delight in dancing," she returned. "Yet even that seemed out of place on that evening; it was so plain that the mother and sisters were thinking of something else than the company, and would have been only too glad to have the house to themselves in quiet. And I could not help feeling for them,

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and losing all pleasure in the dancing. But ask my father what he thinks about it all."

Here the young lady walked on "in maiden meditation, fancy free," the rest of the party dispersed, and I found myself alone with the squire at the top of the terrace steps. I said: —

"Your daughter has just been giving me your reasons — or perhaps I should say her own — for not having any merry-making up here after the wedding."

Squire. That is a kind of paternal government or paternal patronage for which I have no liking. The children are grown up and have homes of their own; and we must respect those homes, however humble. There are happy as well as sad times for thoughts and feelings which can be shared only by the two or three nearest to us. Such sympathy as it was possible for us to show to-day we have shown by going to church, and there taking our place in the one great family: to attempt more seems to me a sort of intrusion, and even profanation. We know little, and share less, of the deeper thoughts and feelings of those nearest to us: how can we know or share those of these poor people, divided from us by lines of impassable reserve and reticence? This morning, while I thought of other marriages, past and to come, and of Tennyson's pictures of the bride when first she wears the orange flower and when she returns to her old home again, I considered, too, how certainly these good people were happy in the like thoughts and feelings, though they had never read Tennyson, nor put these thoughts and feelings into words like his. Depend upon it, there is as much and as true romance in the young hearts, and in the old ones, too, in that cottage as in those in this house.

Foster. You say the romance of old hearts, too: then may I believe that you do not think love a mere fading flower, which must soon perish? If you had long ago written such a poem as Coleridge's Love, you would not have prefixed to it, any number of years afterwards, those verses of Petrarch?

Squire. I know the poem well. It is full of that soft beauty of images, emotion, and expression with which Coleridge so often reminds us of Shakespeare and Spenser. But what of Petrarch's verses?

Foster. After the customary classical phrases about the wounds inflicted by Cupid's arrows, he says that age has changed all this; and that when he reads his youthful verses again *mens horret*, he shrinks from the voice and words which sound like those of another, and not his own. I am glad you do not agree with Coleridge on this cynical mocking at his own belief.

Squire. There is another poem of Coleridge's, a charming piece of prose and verse, called The Improvisatore, in which he himself replies to and puts aside that cynical doctrine which you regret. Coleridge's ideals of love, and of life generally, are always high and noble, — no man's higher; but in their realization he fell far short. He had the intellect of a wise man and the conscience of a good man, but a will weak and unstable in the extreme; and great teacher as he was to his generation, and will be to generations yet to come, there was but too much reason for the remorse with which he mourned, but could not in this life redeem, his own shortcomings. He was no doubt sincere when he said,

> "To be beloved is all I need,
> And whom I love, I love indeed;"

but side by side with this is the fact that he could not live with his wife and the mother of his children. We have all more or less reason to know with remorse what it is to be possessed of the evil spirit of contradiction; but the worst form of this possession is that which separates husband and wife from heart and hearth. You cannot wonder that

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poor Coleridge one day made the cynical lines of Petrarch his own, and another the words of belief in an undying love in which Beaumont and Fletcher, Burns and Moore, have embodied that faith. In one sense it is true that love is a fading flower; but it is still more true that just as the promises of childhood and youth find their fulfillment in mature age, so the aspirations and hopes of youthful lovers find their fulfillment in the after years of marriage. It is only in a continually expanding and maturing union of husband and wife that the realization is possible of such a love as Charles pictures to Angelina when he says: —

"We 'll live together, like two neighbor vines,
Circling our souls and loves in one another!
We 'll spring together, and we 'll bear one fruit;
One joy shall make us smile, and one grief mourn;
One age go with us, and one hour of death
Shall close our eyes, and one grave make us happy."

Foster. I am glad to hear you say so. But how long the world has taken to accept this faith; how imperfectly does it now practice it, or even believe it! Christ told his disciples that it would be found in the story of the creation of man; it glimmers in the love of Jacob for Rachel; the favorite allegory of the Hebrew prophets of their nation as the bride of Jehovah seeming to show that the ideal had some counterpart in actual life. Homer shows us the love of husband and wife in Hector and Andromache; but in the days of Plato all recognition of a relation between love and marriage seems utterly to have vanished.

Squire. Yes; and how slowly and with what struggles has it been emerging through the ages of the new Christian civilization! Socrates, or Plato for him, dreamed, as you say, of a purely ideal love, with no relation to actual life. The Christian Church tried long and earnestly to purify and carry into a spiritual channel the passion of love, by making Christ or the Virgin Mary, St. Joseph or St. Catherine, or some other of the holy men and women who had been raised to sainthood, the objects of the passionate devotions of monks and nuns. I respect and admire the self-sacrifice and the devotion with which these monks and nuns gave themselves up to this spiritual love; and I cannot doubt that they were helping to lay the foundations for a life more really spiritual, because more in accordance with God's laws of human nature than their own. To some, indeed, it was given to realize their ideals of spiritual love. But they were, and still are, the exceptions.

Foster. Do you think, then, that the poetic ideal of love, such as we have it in the lines you have just quoted from Beaumont and Fletcher, or as it stands in John Anderson, my Jo, is, in truth, identical with the ideal of the Christian Church?

Squire. I often think that in the marriage service which we have heard this morning, and especially in the marriage vows, our English Church reformers have embodied the very ideals of love, in itself and in the married life. The words are homely enough, but there is a pathos, a depth of feeling in them, which cannot be greater. "I, Richard, take thee, Mary, to my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I plight thee my troth." If love be the giving one's self without reserve to another, and receiving the like gift from that other, what words could express such love better than these?

Foster. Not even those of Sir Philip Sidney: —

"My true-love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange for one another given:

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I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven:
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

"His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his because in me it bides:
My true love hath my heart, and I have his."

Squire. It is of the essence of love, that longing desire to share the joys and the troubles of life with the loved one, and the confident belief that we can so bear the burdens and double the enjoyments of him or her whom we love; and what words can say this better than "for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health"? "To love and to cherish" in all those chances and changes, — the most ardent, most romantic lover cannot promise more; and happy is that man or woman who, at the end of a long married life, can say, though with many tender and even sad regrets, "I have kept my vows"!

Foster. Is it not said that in the old York Manual, in use before the Reformation, along with the vows as they now stand were the words "for fairer for fouler"?

Squire. So Wheatley says. It is just what Moore says in the song beginning,

"Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day."

The meaning is good in the quaint old phrase; but it is not every one who can hear grave thoughts expressed in words of humorous oddity without an incongruous sense of the ridiculous, and therefore our reformers were right to omit them.

Foster. There are two vows or promises which you have not noticed: the woman's vow to obey, and the man's declaration "with my body I thee worship."

Squire. They are the counterparts of one sentiment, that which we call the sentiment of chivalry. You always recognize that sentiment with prompt alacrity. The spontaneous and heartfelt reverence for woman which we call chivalry is not given to all men, not even to all good men; nor do all women seem to feel the need for it strongly, though no doubt all are pleased when such worship is shown them. I suppose it can never be wholly wanting in the love of the young; but with some men it seems transient, and sometimes it degenerates into a foolish gallantry, or, still worse, into that detestable combination of outward respect and inward contempt which Lord Chesterfield held to be the proper attitude of a gentleman. But I know that you are, and will be till death, a true knight among ladies. Then as to the counterpart in the woman's vow of obedience. There are many forms and many degrees of that obedience; and every woman must judge, and every good woman will judge rightly, what these must be in her own case. You may study them all in Shakespeare, in every variety; no two alike, but all very beautiful. I will give you one, that of Portia, in The Merchant of Venice, — Portia, the rich heiress, mistress of herself and her wealth, self-possessed and self-asserting, whom we may suspect of being half conscious of her own intellectual superiority to the worthy and amiable man whom she has chosen to take for her husband, and of whom she makes fun with saucy boldness, while she is getting him and his friend out of a difficulty beyond their wit to cope with. This is how Portia gives herself to Bassanio: —

"You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am; though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better, yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself,
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich,
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum of me

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Is sum of nothing: which to term in gross,
Is an unlessoned girl, unschool'd, unpractised,
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier then in this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself: and even now, but now,
This house, these servants and this same myself
Are yours, my lord, I give them with this ring,
Which when you part from, lose or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love
And be my vantage to exclaim on you."

The whole scene is, indeed, a perfect picture of true love, — love at once passionate and pure, as modest and as chaste as it is without reserve.

Foster. Portia's words which you have repeated remind me of the words with which the young Roman matron crossed the threshold of her husband's house and her future home, — "Ubi tu Caius, ego Caia."

Squire. Which Wheatley well translates, "Where you are master, I am mistress." There is a proud humility in the words which well becomes the dignity of the Roman matron. And no words could better sum up and describe that most charming among the things of daily life, the wife's unconscious faith and assertion that the home which she shares with her husband is as much and as really her own by right of marriage as it is his by inheritance or by the work of his own hands. It is this twofold life, two beings and two lives in one, which makes a marriage and a home.

Foster. You remind me of the description of the Dauphin and the Lady Blanch in King John: —

"If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete of, say he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him."

I should be glad enough to believe heartily in the lastingness of all true love, whether on the authority of Shakespeare or any other. But does not Shakespeare mean Prospero to confess that even the holy love of Ferdinand and Miranda is but such stuff as dreams are made of?

Squire. He charges himself with the petulance of old age while he so speaks. If he had really believed this, could he have said, when he saw how love was awaking in those young hearts,

"So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal: but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more"?

He could not have rejoiced to lose his daughter, that most dear companion of his old age, for the sake of a dream. I do not pretend that all love, even when it has the signs of being true, is always lasting. It is too often choked, and perishes under the pleasures or the cares of the world. Yet, depend upon it, as you grow older you will see more and more instances and proofs of the reality and the depth of the love of husbands and wives for each other in the most ordinary, commonplace couples. I have heard of marriages where love has died out from some canker of selfishness or worldliness at its heart; but I have oftener seen unexpected proofs of a love stronger than death in all sorts of people in whom I had never before discovered any signs of sentiment or romance. Nor must we forget the many loving couples in whose case love has come after a

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marriage which seemed to have had no higher than prudential motives of one kind or another. Love, indeed, must be kept alive by love, — love deep in the heart, yet coursing through the minutest veins, and giving to every power of life a new and double power. Love must show itself living in the great occasions of life, in some supreme moment calling for mutual sympathy in a great joy or grief; it must show itself in all the thousand little daily and hourly thoughtfulnesses, courtesies, and forbearances of common life. These things, the reflection of which we call good manners, the manners of the lady and the gentleman, should have with husband and wife a reality as of sunlight compared with moonlight. They alone can know and share these things in their fullness, and they should be to them as the atmosphere they breathe. I think the author of Obiter Dicta says that husband and wife should take care to have and to keep up a common interest in some subject of reading or action which they can always share together. It is good practical advice. To many it may be unnecessary, and especially to those who have children as the objects of their common love and care. I once heard a noble-minded lady say sadly, "We were very much in love with each other," speaking of the old days of courtship; and she added, "and it might all come back again if only he would show me some love." They were not selfish nor ungenerous, but their life was cold and dreary because they had not learned rightly the arts of wedded love. A wise and prudent reserve in all other affairs of life is so right and needful that there is always danger of its growing up in the one relation in which there should be no reserve; and so it may grow and harden till it becomes an impassable barrier between the hearts that should be one. When Maurice was asked whether we shall know one another in the life to come, he answered, in his favorite Socratic fashion, with the further question, "Do we know one another here?" There is a strange perverseness of our nature by which we recoil from sympathy with ourselves at the very moment at which we are craving for that sympathy, and when to love and to be loved is the very thing we are longing for. I am thinking not of the great occasions and duties of married life, but of its little daily and hourly courtesies and endearments. They tell us that the great oak draws its nourishment and life not more through its main roots than through its countless minute fibres and threads which feed those main roots below and its countless leaves above. "To love and to cherish," — it is this sympathy in giving and receiving of souls that we cherish as well as love the object of our vows. When you marry, as I hope you will, do not forget the advice of an old man.

Foster. You ought to know what you say; and I, as I said just now, am only too willing to believe it. Yet those awful words which we heard this morning haunt me, — "Till death us do part!"

Squire. They are indeed awful; as he knows best who has heard them at the graveside echoed back in the words of another church service, — "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." Cicero's Cato declares that he would not think life worth living if he did not believe that he should meet his lost son again among all the company of heaven, as his words might almost literally be translated. And if this was the faith of a heathen philosopher, much more may it be ours. If one grave is to make the lovers happy, — and Beaumont and Fletcher express a deeply rooted thought and sentiment in many hearts, — it must be because they look beyond that grave. The ballad of John Anderson is perfect in its kind, but I always like to think of it along with its supplement in Lady Nairne's Land o' the Leal. To sleep together at the foot of the hill which the old loving hearts had climbed together

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long years before is a pleasant thought, yet surely pleasant only to those who look to share the fast-coming joy of a waking from that sleep to be shared together in that better land.

" For if this earth be ruled by Perfect Love,
Then, after his brief range of blameless days,
The toll of funeral in an Angel ear
Sounds happier than the merriest marriage-bell.
The face of Death is toward the Sun of Life,
His shadow darkens earth: his truer name
Is 'Onward,' no discordance in the roll
And march of that Eternal Harmony
Whereto the worlds beat time, tho' faintly heard
Until the great Hereafter. Mourn in hope!"

We had come into the house as the squire repeated these lines half to himself. Then, going into his own room, he took from a drawer a book, which he opened, and pointed to the following words: —

" When I think how these hands cared for me in sickness and in health, I feel that I shall press them to my heart again; when I see, in memory, those lips which ever spoke in words of wisdom and comfort and tenderest love and trust, and those bright joyous eyes which to the last bended their light on me, I know that I shall most certainly behold that face and hear that voice again, — in the resurrection. It cannot be otherwise. The expression of such spirits, which is indeed their lifelong character stamping itself upon the outward form, can never die. 'There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body,' says St. Paul."

Edward Strachey.

TWO QUATRAINS.

Appealed.

"I HELD thee angel stooped to love of mine:
God pardon thee thou equalest not my thought!"
"Nay, pardon crave thyself, that, where God wrought
Mere human worth, thou dost exact divine!"

Edith M. Thomas.

Whisper.

CLOSE cleaving unto Silence, into sound
She ventures as a timorous child, from land;
Still glancing, at each wary step, around,
Lest suddenly she lose her sister's hand.

John B. Tabb.

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ON THE ST. AUGUSTINE ROAD.

ONE of my first inquiries at Tallahassee was for the easiest way to the woods. The city is built on a hill, with other hills about it. These are mostly under cultivation, and such woods as lay within sight seemed to be pretty far off; and with the mercury at ninety in the shade, long tramps were almost out of the question. "Take the St. Augustine road," said the man to whom I had spoken; and he pointed out its beginning nearly opposite the state Capitol. After breakfast I followed his advice, with results so pleasing that I found myself turning that corner again and again as long as I remained in Tallahassee.

The road goes abruptly downhill to the railway track, first between deep red gulches, and then between rows of negro cabins, each with its garden of rose-bushes, now (early April) in full bloom. The steep sides of the gulches were draped with pendent lantana branches full of purple flowers, or, more beautiful still, with a profusion of fragrant white honeysuckle. On the roadside, between the wheel-track and the gulch, grew brilliant Mexican poppies, with Venus's looking-glass, yellow oxalis, and beds of blackberry vines. The woods of which my informant had spoken lay a little beyond the railway, on the right hand of the road, just as it began another ascent. I entered them at once, and after a semicircular turn through the pleasant paths, amid live oaks, water oaks, red oaks, chestnut oaks, magnolias, beeches, hickories, hornbeams, sweet gums, sweet bays, and long-leaved and short-leaved pines, came out into the road again a quarter of a mile farther up the hill. They were the fairest of woods to stroll in, it seemed to me, with paths enough, and not too many, and good enough, but not too good; that is to say, they were foot-paths, not roads, though afterwards, on a Sunday afternoon, I saw two young fellows riding through them on bicycles. The wood was delightful, also, after my two months in eastern Florida, for lying on a slope, and for having an undergrowth of loose shrubbery instead of a jungle of scrub oak and saw palmetto. Blue jays and crested flycatchers were doing their best to outscream one another, — with the odds in favor of the flycatchers, — and a few smaller birds were singing, especially two or three summer tanagers, as many yellow-throated warblers, and a ruby-crowned kinglet. In one part of the wood, near what I took to be an old city reservoir, I came upon a single white-throated sparrow and a humming-bird, — the latter a strangely uncommon sight in Tallahassee, where, of all the places I have ever seen, it ought to find itself in clover. Here, too, were a pair of Carolina wrens, just now in search of a building-site, and conducting themselves exactly in the manner of bluebirds intent on such business; peeping into every hole that offered itself, and then, after the briefest interchange of opinion, — unfavorable on the female's part, if we may guess, — concluding to look a little farther.

As I struck the road again, a man came along on horseback, and we fell into conversation about the country. "A lovely country," he called it, and I agreed with him. He inquired where I was from, and I mentioned that I had lately been in southern Florida, and found this region a strong contrast. "Yes," he returned; and, pointing to the grass, he remarked upon the richness of the soil. "This yere land would fertilize that," he said, speaking of southern Florida. "I should n't wonder," said I. I meant to be understood as concurring in his opinion, but such a qualified, Yankeefied assent seemed to him no assent at all.

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"Oh, it will, it will!" he responded, with all seriousness, as if the point were one about which I must on no account be left unconvinced. He told me that the fine house at which I had looked, a little distance back, through a long vista of trees, was the residence of Captain H., who owned all the land along the road for a good distance. I inquired how far the road was pretty, like this. "For forty miles," he said. That was farther than I was ready to walk, and coming soon to the top of the hill, or, more exactly, of the plateau, I stopped in the shade of a china-tree, and looked at the pleasing prospect. Behind me was a plantation of young pear-trees, and before me, among the hills northward, lay broad, cultivated slopes, dotted here and there with cabins and tall, solitary trees. On the nearer slope, perhaps a sixteenth of a mile away, a negro was ploughing, with a single ox harnessed in some primitive manner, — with pieces of wood, for the most part, as well as I could make out through an opera-glass. The soil offered the least possible hindrance, and both he and the ox seemed to be having a literal "walk-over." Beyond him — a full half-mile away, perhaps — another man was ploughing with a mule; and in another direction a third was doing likewise, with a woman following in his wake. A colored boy of seventeen — I guessed his age at twenty-three — came up the road in a cart, and I stopped him to inquire about the crops and other matters. The land in front of me was planted with cotton, he said; and the men ploughing in the distance were getting ready to plant the same. They hired the land and the cabins of Captain H., paying him so much cotton (not so much an acre, but so much a mule, if I understood him rightly) by way of rent. We talked a long time about one thing and another. He had been south as far as the Indian River country, but was glad to be back again in Tallahassee, where he was born. I asked him about the road, how far it went. "They tell me it goes smack to St. Augustine," he replied; "I ain't tried it." It was an unlikely story, it seemed to me, but I was assured afterward that he was right; that the road actually runs across the country from Tallahassee to St. Augustine, a distance of about two hundred miles. With company of my own choosing, and in cooler weather, I thought I should like to walk its whole length. My young man was in no haste. With the reins (made of rope, after a fashion much followed in Florida) lying on the forward axle of his cart, he seemed to have put himself entirely at my service. He had to the full that peculiar urbanity which I began after a while to look upon as characteristic of Tallahassee negroes, — a gentleness of speech, and a kindly, deferential air, neither forward nor servile, such as sits well on any man, whatever the color of his skin.

In that respect he was like another boy of about his own age, who lived in the cabin directly before us, but whom I did not see till I had been several times over the road. Then he happened to be at work near the edge of the field, and I beckoned him to me. He, too, was serious and manly in his bearing, and showed no disposition to go back to his hoe till I broke off the interview, — as if it were a point of good manners with him to await my pleasure. Yes, the plantation was a good one and easily cultivated, he said, in response to some remark of my own. There were five in the family, and they all worked. "We are all big enough to eat," he added, quite simply. He had never been North, but had lately declined the offer of a gentleman who wished to take him there, — him and "another fellow." He once went to Jacksonville, but could n't stay. "You can get along without your father pretty well, but it 's another thing to do without your mother." He never meant to leave home again as long as his mother lived; which was likely to be for some years, I

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thought, if she were still able to do her part in the cotton field. As a general thing, the colored tenants of the cabins made out pretty well, he believed, unless something happened to the crops. As for the old servants of the H. family, they did n't have to work, — they were provided for: Captain H.'s father "left it so in his testimonial." I spoke of the purple martins which were flying back and forth over the field with many cheerful noises, and of the calabashes that hung from a tall pole in one corner of the cabin yard, for their accommodation. On my way South, I told him, I had noticed these dangling long-necked squashes everywhere, and had wondered what they were for. I had found out since that they were the colored man's martin-boxes, and was glad to see the people so fond of the birds. "Yes," he said, "there 's no danger of hawks carrying off the chickens as long as the martins are round."

Twice afterward, as I went up the road, I found him ploughing between the cotton rows; but he was too far away to be accosted without shouting, and I did not feel justified in interrupting him at his work. Back and forth he went through the long furrow after the patient ox, the hens and chickens following. No doubt they thought the work was all for their benefit. Farther away, a man and two women were hoeing. The family deserved to prosper, I said to myself, as I lay under a big magnolia-tree (just beginning to open its large white flowers) and idly enjoyed the scene. And it was just here, by the bye, that I solved an interesting etymological puzzle, to wit, the origin and precise meaning of the word "baygall," — a word which the visitor often hears upon the lips of Florida people. An old hunter in Smyrna, when I questioned him about it, told me that it meant a swampy piece of wood, and took its origin, he had always supposed, from the fact that bay-trees and gall-bushes commonly grew in such places. A Tallahassee gentleman agreed with this explanation, and promised to bring home some gall-berries the next time he came across any, that I might see what they were; but the berries were never forthcoming, and I was none the wiser, till, on one of my last trips up the St. Augustine road, as I stood under the large magnolia just mentioned, a colored man came along, hat in hand, and a bag of grain balanced on his head. "That 's a large magnolia," said I. He assented. "That 's about as large as magnolias ever grow, is n't it?" "No, sir; down in the gall there 's magnolias a heap bigger 'n that." "A gall? What 's that?" "A baygall, sir." "And what 's a baygall?" "A big wood." "And why do you call it a baygall?" He was stumped, it was plain to see. No doubt he would have scratched his head, if that useful organ had been accessible. He hesitated; but it is n't like an uneducated man to confess ignorance. "Cause it 's a desert," he said, "a thick *place*." "Yes, yes," I answered, and he resumed his march.

The road was traveled mostly by negroes. On Sunday afternoons it looked quite like a flower garden, it was so full of bright dresses coming home from church. "Now'days folks git religion so easy!" one young woman said to another, as they passed me. She was a conservative. I did not join the procession, but on other days I talked, first and last, with a good many of the people; from the preacher, who carried a handsome cane and made me a still handsomer bow, down to a serious little fellow of six or seven years, whom I found standing at the foot of the hill, beside a bundle of dead wood. He was carrying it home for the family stove, and had set it down for a minute's rest. I said something about his burden, and as I went on he called after me: "What kind of birds are you hunting for? Ricebirds?" I answered that I

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was looking for birds of all sorts. Had he seen any ricebirds lately? Yes, he said; he started a flock the other day up on[1] the hill. "How did they look?" said I. "They is red blackbirds," he returned. This was not the first time I had heard the redwing called the ricebird. But how did the boy know me for a bird-gazer? That was a mystery. It came over me all at once that possibly I had become better known in the community than I had in the least suspected; and then I remembered my field-glass. That, as I could not help being aware, was an object of continual attention. Every day I saw people, old and young, black and white, looking at it with undisguised curiosity. Often they passed audible comments upon it among themselves. "How far can you see through the spyglass?" a bolder spirit would now and then venture to ask; and once, on the railway track out in the pine lands, a barefooted, happy-faced urchin made a guess that was really admirable for its ingenuity. "Looks like you 're goin' over inspectin' the wire," he remarked. On rare occasions, as an act of special grace, I offered such an inquirer a peep through the magic lenses, — an experiment that never failed to elicit exclamations of wonder. Things were so near! And the observer looked comically incredulous, on putting down the glass, to find how suddenly the landscape had slipped away again. More than one colored man wanted to know its price, and expressed a fervent desire to possess one like it; and probably, if I had ever been assaulted and robbed in all my solitary wanderings through the flat-woods and other lonesome places, my "spyglass" rather than my purse — the "lust of the eye" rather than the "pride of life" — would have been to thank.

Here, however, there could be no thought of such a contingency. Here were no vagabonds (one inoffensive Yankee specimen excepted), but hard-working people going into the city or out again, each on his own lawful business. Scarcely one of them, man or woman, but greeted me kindly. One, a white man on horseback, invited, and even urged me, to mount his horse, and let him walk a piece. I must be fatigued, he was sure, — how could I help it? — and he would as soon walk as not. Finding me obstinate, he walked his horse at my side, chatting about the country, the trees, and the crops. He it was who called my particular attention to the abundance of blackberry vines. "Are the berries sweet?" I asked. He smacked his lips. "Sweet as honey, and big as that," measuring off a liberal portion of his thumb. I spoke of them half an hour later to a middle-aged colored man. Yes, he said, the blackberries were plenty enough and sweet enough; but, for his part, he did n't trouble them a great deal. The vines (and he pointed at them, fringing the roadside indefinitely) were great places for rattlesnakes. He liked the berries, but he liked somebody else to pick them. He was awfully afraid of snakes; they were so dangerous. "Yes, sir" (this in answer to an inquiry), "there are plenty of rattlesnakes here clean up to Christmas." I liked him for his frank avowal of cowardice, and still more for his quiet bearing. He remembered the days of slavery, — "before the surrender," as the current Southern phrase is, — and his face beamed when I spoke of my joy in thinking that his people were free, no matter what might befall them. He, too, raised cotton on hired land, and was bringing up his children — there were eight of them, he said — to habits of industry.

My second stroll toward St. Augustine carried me perhaps three miles, — say one sixty-sixth of the entire distance, — and none of my subsequent excursions took me any farther; and having just now commended a negro for

[1] He did not say "upon" any more than Northern white boys do.

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his candor, I am moved to acknowledge that, between the sand underfoot and the sun overhead, I found the six miles, which I spent at least four hours in accomplishing, more fatiguing than twice that distance would have been over New Hampshire hills. If I were to settle in that country, I should probably fall into the way of riding more, and walking less. I remember thinking how comfortable a certain ponderous black mammy looked, whom I met on one of these same sunny and sandy tramps. She sat in the very middle of a tipcart, with an old and truly picturesque man's hat on her head (quite in the fashion, feminine readers will notice), driving a one-horned ox with a pair of clothes-line reins. She was traveling slowly, just as I like to travel; and, as I say, I was impressed by her comfortable appearance. Why would not an equipage like that be just the thing for a naturalistic idler?

Not far beyond my halting-place of two days before I came to a Cherokee rosebush, one of the most beautiful of plants, — white, fragrant single roses (*real* roses) set in the midst of the handsomest of glossy green leaves. I was delighted to find it still in flower. A hundred miles farther south I had seen it finishing its season a full month earlier. I stopped, of course, to pluck a blossom. At that moment a female redbird flew out of the bush. Her mate was beside her instantly, and a nameless something in their manner told me they were trying to keep a secret. The nest, built mainly of pine needles and other leaves, was in the middle of the bush, a foot or two from the grass, and contained two bluish or greenish eggs thickly spattered with dark brown. I meant to look into it again (the owners seemed to have no great objection), but somehow missed it every time I passed. From that point, as far as I went, the road was lined with Cherokee roses, — not continuously, but with short intermissions; and from the number of redbirds seen, almost invariably in pairs, I feel safe in saying that the nest I had found was probably one of fifteen or twenty scattered along the wayside. How gloriously the birds sang! It was their day for singing. I was ready to christen the road anew, — Redbird Road.

But the redbirds, many and conspicuous as they were, had no monopoly of the road or of the day. House wrens were equally numerous and equally at home, though they sang more out of sight. Red-eyed chewinks, still far from their native berry pastures, hopped into a bush to cry, "Who 's he?" at the passing of a stranger, in whom, for aught I know, they may have half recognized an old acquaintance. A bunch of quails ran across the road a little in front of me, and in another place fifteen or twenty red-winged blackbirds (not a redwing among them) sat gossiping in a treetop. Elsewhere, even later than this (it was now April 7), I saw flocks, every bird of which wore shoulder-straps, — like the traditional militia company, all officers. *They* did not gossip, of course (it is the male that sports the red), but they made a lively noise.

As for the mocking-birds, they were at the front here, as they were everywhere. During my fortnight in Tallahassee there were never many consecutive five minutes of daylight in which, if I stopped to listen, I could not hear at least one mocker. Oftener two or three were singing at once in as many different directions. And, speaking of them, I must speak also of their more northern cousin. From the day I entered Florida I had been saying that the mocking-bird, save for his occasional mimicking of other birds, sang so exactly like the thrasher that I did not believe I could tell one from the other. Now, however, on this St. Augustine road, I suddenly became aware of a bird singing somewhere in advance, and as I listened again I said aloud, with full persuasion, "There! that 's a thrasher!" There was a something of

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difference: a shade of coarseness in the voice, perhaps; a tendency to force the tone, as we say of human singers, — a *something*, at all events; and the longer I hearkened, the more confident I felt that the bird was a thrasher. And so it was, — the first one I had heard in Florida, although I had seen many. Probably the two birds have peculiarities of voice and method that, with longer familiarity on the listener's part, would render them easily distinguishable. On general principles, I must believe that to be true of all birds. But the experience just described is not to be taken as proving that I have any such familiarity. Within a week afterward, while walking along the railway, I came upon a thrasher and a mocking-bird singing side by side; the mocker perched upon a telegraph pole, and the thrasher on the wire, halfway between the mocker and the next pole. They sang and sang, while I stood between them in the cut below and listened; and if my life had depended on my seeing how one song differed from the other, I could not have done it. With my eyes shut, the birds might have changed places, — if they could have done it quickly enough, — and I should have been none the wiser.

As I have said, I followed the road over the nearly level plateau for what I guessed to be about three miles. Then I found myself in a bit of hollow that seemed made for a stopping-place, with a plantation road running off to the right, and a hillside cornfield of many acres on the left. In the field were a few tall dead trees. At the tip of one sat a sparrow hawk, and to the trunk of another clung a red-bellied woodpecker, who, with characteristic foolishness, sat beside his hole calling persistently, and then, as if determined to publish what other birds so carefully conceal, went inside, thrust out his head, and resumed his clatter. Here, too, were a pair of bluebirds, noticeable for their rarity, and for the wonderful color — a shade deeper than is ever seen at the North, I think — of the male's blue coat. In a small thicket in the hollow beside the road were noisy white-eyed vireos, a ruby-crowned kinglet, — a tiny thing that within a month would be singing in Canada, or beyond, — an unseen wood pewee, and (also unseen) a hermit thrush, one of perhaps twenty solitary individuals that I found scattered about the woods in the course of my journeyings. Not one of them sang a note. Probably they did not know that there was a Yankee in Florida who — in some moods, at least — would have given more for a dozen bars of hermit-thrush music than for a day and a night of the mocking-bird's medley. Not that I mean to disparage the great Southern performer; as a vocalist he is so far beyond the hermit thrush as to render a comparison absurd; but what I love is a *singer*, a voice to reach the soul. An old Tallahassee negro hit off the mocking-bird pretty well. I had called his attention to one singing near us. "Yes," he said, "I love to hear 'em. They 's very amusin', very amusin'." My own feeling can hardly be a prejudice, conscious or unconscious, in favor of what has grown dear to me through early and long-continued association. The difference between the music of birds like the mocker, the thrasher, and the catbird and that of birds like the hermit, the veery, and the wood thrush is one of kind, not of degree; and I have heard music of the mocking-bird's kind (the thrasher's, that is to say) as long as I have heard music at all. The question is one of taste, it is true; but it is not a question of familiarity or favoritism. All praise to the mocker and the thrasher! May their tribe increase! But if we are to indulge in comparisons, give me the wood thrush, the hermit, and the veery; with tones that the mocking-bird can never imitate, and a simplicity which the Fates — the wise Fates, who will have variety —

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have put forever beyond his appreciation and his reach.

Florida as I saw it (let the qualification be noted) is no more a land of flowers than New England. In some respects, indeed, it is less so. Flowering shrubs and climbers there are in abundance. I rode in the cars through miles on miles of flowering dogwood and pink azalea. Here, on this Tallahassee road, were miles of Cherokee roses, with plenty of the climbing scarlet honeysuckle (beloved of humming-birds, although I saw none here), and nearer the city, as already described, masses of lantana and white honeysuckle. In more than one place pink double roses (vagrants from cultivated grounds, no doubt) offered buds and blooms to all who would have them. The cross-vine (*Bignonia*), less freehanded, hung its showy bells out of reach in the treetops. Thorn bushes of several kinds were in flower (a puzzling lot), and the treelike blueberry (*Vaccinium arboreum*), loaded with its large, flaring white corollas, was a real spectacle of beauty. Here, likewise, I found one tiny crab-apple shrub, with a few blossoms, exquisitely tinted with rose-color, and most exquisitely fragrant. But the New Englander, when he talks of wild flowers, has in his eye something different from these. He is not thinking of any bush, no matter how beautiful, but of trailing arbutus, hepaticas, bloodroot, anemones, saxifrage, violets, dogtooth violets, spring beauties, "cowslips," buttercups, corydalis, columbine, Dutchman's breeches, clintonia, five-finger, and all the rest of that bright and fragrant host which, ever since he can remember, he has seen covering his native hills and valleys with the return of May.

It is not meant, of course, that plants like these are wholly wanting in Florida. I remember an abundance of violets, blue and white, especially in the flatwoods, where also I often found pretty butterworts of two or three sorts. The smaller blue ones took very acceptably the place of hepaticas, and indeed I heard them called by that name. But, as compared with what one sees in New England, such "ground flowers," flowers which it seems perfectly natural to pluck for a nosegay, were very little in evidence. I heard Northern visitors remark the fact again and again. On this pretty road out of Tallahassee — itself a city of flower gardens — I can recall nothing of the kind except half a dozen strawberry blossoms, and the oxalis and specularia before mentioned. Probably the round-leaved houstonia grew here, as it did everywhere, in small scattered patches. If there were violets as well, I can only say I have forgotten them.

Be it added, however, that at the time I did not miss them. In a garden of roses one does not begin by sighing for mignonette and lilies of the valley. Violets or no violets, there was no lack of beauty. The Southern highway surveyor, if such a personage exists, is evidently not consumed by that distressing puritanical passion for "slicking up things" which too often makes of his Northern brother something scarcely better than a public nuisance. At the South you will not find a woman cultivating with pain a few exotics beside the front door, while her husband is mowing and burning the far more attractive wild garden that nature has planted just outside his fence. The St. Augustine road, at any rate, after climbing the hill and getting beyond the wood, runs between natural hedges, — trees, vines, and shrubs carelessly intermingled, — not dense enough to conceal the prospect or shut out the breeze ("straight from the Gulf," as the Tallahassean is careful to inform you), but sufficient to afford much welcome protection from the sun. Here it was good to find the sassafras growing side by side with the persimmon, although when, for old acquaintance' sake, I put a leaf into my mouth I was half glad to fancy it a

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thought less savory than some I had tasted in Yankeeland. I took a kind of foolish satisfaction, too, in the obvious fact that certain plants — the sumach and the Virginia creeper, to mention no others — were less at home here than a thousand miles farther north. With the wild-cherry trees, I was obliged to confess, the case was reversed. I had seen larger ones in Massachusetts, perhaps, but none that looked half so clean and thrifty. In truth, their appearance was a puzzle, rum-cherry trees as by all tokens they undoubtedly were, till of a sudden it flashed upon me that there were no caterpillars' nests in them! Then I ceased to wonder at their odd look. It spoke well for my botanical acumen that I had recognized them at all!

Before I had been a week in Tallahassee I found that, without forethought or plan, I had dropped into the habit (and how pleasant it is to think that some good habits *can* be dropped into!) of making the St. Augustine road my after-dinner sauntering-place. The morning was for a walk: to Lake Bradford, perhaps, in search of a mythical ivory-billed woodpecker, or westward on the railway for a few miles, with a view to rare migratory warblers. But in the afternoon I did not walk, — I loitered; and though I still minded the birds and flowers, I for the most part forgot my botany and ornithology. In the cool of the day, then (the phrase is an innocent euphemism), I climbed the hill, and after an hour or two on the plateau strolled back again, facing the sunset through a vista of moss-covered live oaks and sweet gums. Those quiet, incurious hours are among the pleasantest of all my Florida memories. A cuckoo would be cooing, perhaps; or a quail, with cheerful ambiguity, — such as belongs to weather predictions in general, — would be prophesying "more wet" and "no more wet" in alternate breaths; or two or three night hawks would be sweeping back and forth high above the valley; or a marsh hawk would be quartering over the big oatfield. The martins would be cackling in any event, and the kingbirds practicing their aerial mock somersaults; and the mocking-bird would be singing, and the redbird whistling. On the western slope, just below the oatfield, the Northern woman who owned the pretty cottage there (the only one on the road) was sure to be at work among her flowers. A laughing colored boy who did chores for her (without injury to his health, I could warrant) told me that she was a Northerner. But I knew it already; I needed no witness but her beds of petunias. In the valley, as I crossed the railroad track, a loggerhead shrike sat, almost of course, on the telegraph wire in dignified silence; and just beyond, among the cabins, I had my choice of mocking-birds and orchard orioles.

And so, admiring the roses and the pomegranates, the lantanas and the honeysuckles, or chatting with some dusky fellow-pilgrim, I mounted the hill to the city, and likely as not saw before me a red-headed woodpecker sitting on the roof of the State House, calling attention to his patriotic self — in his tri-colored dress — by occasional vigorous tattoos on the tinned ridgepole. I never saw him there without gladness. The legislature had begun its session in an economical mood, — as is more or less the habit of legislatures, I believe, — and was even considering a proposition to reduce the salary and mileage of its members. Under such circumstances, it ought not to have been a matter of surprise, perhaps, that no flag floated from the cupola of the Capitol. The people's money should not be wasted. And possibly I should never have remarked the omission but for a certain curiosity, natural, if not inevitable, on the part of a Northern visitor, as to the real feeling of the South toward the national government. Day after day I had seen a portly gentleman — with an air, or with airs, as the spectator might choose to express it —

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going in and out of the State House gate, dressed ostentatiously in a suit of Confederate gray. He had worn nothing else since the war, I was told. But of course the State of Florida was not to be judged by the freak of one man, and he only a member of the "third house." And even when I went into the governor's office, and saw the original "ordinance of secession" hanging in a conspicuous place on the wall, as if it were an heirloom to be proud of, I felt no stirring of sectional animosity, thoroughbred Massachusetts Yankee and old-fashioned abolitionist as I am. A brave people can hardly be expected or desired to forget its history, especially when that history has to do with sacrifices and heroic deeds. But these things, taken together, did no doubt prepare me to look upon it as a happy coincidence when, one morning, I heard the familiar cry of the red-headed woodpecker, for the first time in Florida, and looked up to see him flying the national colors from the ridgepole of the State House. I did not break out with "Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!" I am naturally undemonstrative; but I thought that *Melanerpes erythrocephalus* was a very handsome bird.

Bradford Torrey.

NIBBLINGS AND BROWSINGS.

In a neighboring botanic garden, the other day, I saw a spicebush, with its early gold buds, opening into tiny blossoms, clustered in bunches along the fragrant brown twigs. The mere sight of the bush left a pleasant taste in my mouth. Its smell and flavor both suggest the Orient. Then, too, the appearance of the entire shrub or of a single flowery branch is like a Japanese flower picture. I remember that my grandfather, himself an old pioneer, told me, at the time when he first made me acquainted with the shrub, that in his childhood the pioneers in West Virginia and eastern Ohio said that when the spicewood began to put forth leaves a sharp lookout must be kept for the Indians, or, as he called them, "the redskins," whose approach could from that time on be partly hidden by the increasing foliage, and therefore made more sudden and more dangerous to the white settlers. To my childish mind there seemed something conscious in the silent signal of the woodland sentinels, and the impression then received always revives when I meet this old favorite. I longed to break off a twig from the bush in the well-kept garden, and to nibble at its spice-flavored bark, both for its own sake and for old times' sake; but I doubt if, after all, the delicious flavor which memory recalls would have come back.

Every one whose early life was spent in the country can remember many flavors and tangs with which, in childhood, he became familiar by nibbling at scores of edibles of the woods and pastures that never found their way to any table. We can hardly call them edibles, either, for we did not seek them for real food, but rather as something to be tried, to be tested, and to be enjoyed. Children do not philosophize much, I suppose, but they are quick to see, and, with a sort of savage practicality, like to invent some uses for their finds. For children, as for other animals, one of the most obvious uses to make of growing things is to eat them. If, however, one could revisit the very spot where this or that wild tidbit grew, and could find the very same clusters, branches, roots, or what not, I fear the old relish would not be found; for one could not bring back

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youth with its divine glamour, and the external environment is not all. Nevertheless, one still likes these piquant, wilding flavors because one used to like them.

The sassafras, a tree so beautiful at every season, whether with the greenish-yellow little blossoms that in April put forth on the leafless branches, or when clad with the wonderful scarlet and yellow leaves and brilliant fruits of autumn, that I wonder it is not planted more in parks and cultivated grounds, offers twigs clothed in tender bark with a very aromatic flavor. Not only is this delicious green bark chewed both by children and adults, but the young leaves are eaten by children, and the white pith is often removed from the stems, now to bite, sometimes again to play with. Above all, there is the pleasure of getting out unbroken, clean, pliable little pith cylinders of as many inches in length as possible. The use of the bark of sassafras roots for making tea, which farm and village housewives in various parts of the country advise as a healthful drink in early spring, is well known. This ruddy bark of the roots is also a valued ingredient of home-made "bitters," the villainous concoctions still widely used as spring tonics. A good old man, half self-made doctor, half lay preacher, whom I met in western Massachusetts some years ago, and who had doubtless wrought a deal of harm by his well-intentioned dabbling in herb-doctoring, told me that half a lifetime of observation and practice had made him certain that in the spring of the year the human system required "the bitter principle." It apparently mattered little what root, twig, leaf, or fruit supplied it, so long as this quality of bitterness was obtained. The sassafras root is probably added to the proverbial "bitters" for its aromatic quality, and it may be for the pungent astringency that gives an ameliorating tang to these remedial mixtures.

In regions where the black birch grows, its young branchlets and their bark are chewed just as is the sassafras. Then, again, children obtain a more delicate morsel by scraping off the sweet, moist cambium layer found between the inner bark and the wood. By what subtle alchemy of nature have both this species of birch and the bright little checkerberry, plants in no way related, managed to produce from earth, air, and water the essential oil that gives to them a flavor and scent so like each other as to be almost indistinguishable? We find, too, a trace of the same flavor in the dainty white fruit of the exquisitely beautiful creeping snowberry (*Chiogenes hispidula*), a plant of less geographical range than its scarlet-fruited relative, the checkerberry. We have few indigenous plants with more popular names than this last-mentioned member of the heath family, whose shining green leaves and red berries gleam out in early spring, in woods and pastures, from underneath late-melting snows, and are gathered and eaten in various places all the way from Canada to Kentucky. Familiar as the checkerberry or wintergreen of New England, farther north, in New Brunswick and even in parts of Maine, it is popularly known as ivory, and it is the mountain tea of the beautiful hills of southeastern Ohio. The young plants, whose brown-green leaves are especially liked by children, are called in different parts of New England by the various names of youngsters, jinks, pippins, and drunkards.

Alongside of the familiar small fruits, berries for the most part, that are regularly gathered to be served, either raw or cooked, at table, there is a whole world of fruits known to country children, for which they forage and in which they revel. They have, happily, not yet become either too civilized or too busy to have outgrown simple tastes and instincts which take them close to nature, and would seem a universal heritage of mankind, but which, alas, both races and individuals too often barter for a mess

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of the huskiest pottage; though, sad enough to tell, even our children in the older settled parts of the country are losing much of the primitive knowledge of woodcraft, and of the natural child's delighted love of gathering and garnering the hundred nameless delicacies of every pasture, woodland, or fence-row. Teaching natural science in our schools can never restore this priceless gift, if once lost, any more than a scientific study of the poetry, the mythology, and the every-day arts of the ancient Greeks, or of the legends of our American Indians, can give the student their intimacy with nature, or change him into a genuine worshiper at the shrine of Pan. The teaching of science can do much, for it can help to open the eyes and hearts of the children whom an unhappy artificial civilization has robbed and blinded; but such teaching, though of the best, can never quite make up for the loss of the traditionary lore that is part of the inheritance of the country-bred child, though he cannot tell you how and when he obtained his initiation into sweet secrets concerning all manner of growing things.

Often neighboring with the checkerberry is the partridge berry, with equal grace creeping about the aromatic pine pastures of New England, or spreading a bit of green carpet in chosen spots in Western woods. Insipid and flavorless as are its pretty scarlet berries, the children seek them, and pronounce them "good to eat." Far less flavor than is demanded by the adult palate satisfies the unexacting requirements of children; at least so it would seem from the comparative tastelessness of various fruits that they universally appear to enjoy. The ground cherries (*Physalis*), queer little globes showing myriads of seeds through their translucent amber coats, are plucked and devoured by the boy, as he straggles through the orchard to fill his basket with apples, or darts here and there as he cuts through some cornfield on his way to the cow pasture. Then the great May apples, which follow the waxen blossoms on the stems of the "parasols" that little girls carry over their dolls, are eagerly watched in their growth, and, despite their sickish odor and taste, gathered with great care at the right time, and hidden in the haymow to ripen. "Eaten by pigs and boys," says Dr. Gray, with quaint cynicism, in the older editions of the Manual of Botany, in his description of the May apple. The hard, acid, wild crab apples, too, are often hidden in the hay to mellow, though it must be that their exquisite fragrance has something to do with their favor among children. This fragrance of the fruit suggests that of the lovely pink blossoms, and he who has never, in a gentle, warm May shower, crouched beneath the low-growing branches of the scraggy wild crab apple trees when they are abloom, and been deluged with the ineffable perfume, has not yet been all the way through Arcady.

Children perhaps, as a rule, take little cognizance of odors, but must unconsciously be more or less influenced by them; for in later years a whiff of some wild perfume recalls more vividly than can aught else happy scenes and experiences of one's early years. As you walk or drive to-day between the tangled thickets that line some picturesque by-road which dreamily winds in and out, up and down, and pause to breathe the subtlest, most evanescent of all sweet odors, that of the wild-grape bloom, are you not at once back on the outskirts of your own old woods, clambering after tendrils and crisp young shoots from the wild vine that draped the fence or made a natural arbor over some little oak, before you entered the mysterious shadows of the great trees to call together the straying cows and drive them home for milking? The dewy fragrance, the soft afterglow in the west, the gathering twilight, the sweet sounds from all the unheeded busy little people of grass and

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trees, — what fullness of life did they not all promise to youth and health!

Such hips and haws as deck every English hedgerow, if less abundant in our own country, still are scattered here and there. The wild-rose hips in Nebraska are chewed by the children under the name of rose-balls. Wherever in this incredulous land the fairy's own tree, the whitethorn, dares to grow, it calls the children round about to come and nibble at the high-flavored yellow meat of its scarlet fruit. Nor do they scorn the puckery choke-cherry, or the almost flavorless drupes of the prim little dwarf cornel, known in some of its habitats as bunch-plums, elsewhere as bunch-berries or cracker-berries.

Then there is the multitude of nuts and seeds, and of fruits commonly known as seeds, from the insignificant little morsel attached to its gauzy encircling wing, thousands of which are shaken to earth every spring from the swaying elm branches, to the great kernel within the beautiful brown sculptured peach-stone, which children watch for and gather, each in its season.

Children have a happy facility in naming their flowers and fruits, — sometimes with visible reason, often without. In eastern Massachusetts they call the spikes of fruit of the sweet flag (*Acorus calamus*) critch-crotches, probably from the zigzag lines which mark the division between each member of the spike and its neighbors. But why Boston school children should call the round fruits of the linden monkey-nuts I cannot guess.

With us, the bitter meat of the pignut, the insipid achenia of the sunflower, the mildly sickening pumpkin and squash seeds, retain their hold only on the untamed appetite of the child; but in less civilized regions, as among the Cossacks of the Don, the grown-up young people while away the solitude of their long evenings by eating sunflower and melon seeds, as they sit around or on their great oven-like stoves.

But daintiest of all the multitudes of dainties of pasture, woods, or meadow is the nectar of flowers. The curved spur of the columbine, the delicate trumpet of the honeysuckle, and the slender tubular flowers of the red clover and thistle all yield their treasured drops to young red lips that part for the lilliputian draught. The oppressively sweet locust flowers and the smaller blossoms of the redbud also tempt children as well as the winged creatures to seek their nectar; but the shape of these blossoms makes them less popular than tubular flowers. I remember how, when a child, if I wished an Olympian feast, I sought the purplish flowers of the queer, ungraceful old "matrimony vine," which for some unknown reason obtained so much favor with housewives, who carefully trained it over porch or trellis, or against the side of the house, and yet were always complaining at the litter of the leaves so constantly shed, which they diligently swept away. By squeezing the short tube of a freshly opened flower — the faded buff ones were passed by — a generous sweet drop was secured.

Numberless are the relishes offered by vine and shrub, plant and tree, to the boy or girl foraging afield. Among them are the tender stems of the much-loved sweet-brier, stripped of their bark, or similar shoots of the wild blackberry or raspberry; the refreshing acid leaves of the oxalis and of the little rumex, both generally known to children as sorrel, — though in Pennsylvania I hear they call the oxalis sour grass; beech-buds and young sprouting beech-trees; while they still consist mostly of the thick seed-leaves, the buds both of spruce and of linden trees.

On Cape Ann and in other parts of eastern New England, children eat both the leaves and the young shoots of *Smilax rotundifolia*, which they call biscuit leaf or biscuit plant. Men reared in quiet old Concord tell me how, in boy-

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hood, they regaled themselves, in early springtime, with the immature fronds of the great cinnamon fern, which they now remember as delicious. The cambium layer of the white pine affords a delectable mouthful to the children of evergreen woodlands. Where the spice-odored pink azalea, or rhododendron, as the botanists would now have us call it, sweetens pasture or swamp, children eagerly gather and eat the fungoid growths abundant on its foliage. Sometimes these pseudo-fruits are called swamp apples, again sweet-galls.

The dainty pouches or chalices, poised upon their beautifully colored hairlike stalks, which hold the spores of certain mosses, such as the bryums and polytrichums, are harvested under a dozen pretty names by browsing children here and there. No brookside bed of mint, no wayfaring plant of ragged hedge mustard, no glossy-leaved pipsissewa growing in however deep woodland shadows, will be passed unnoticed; and even the keenly biting smartweed is often nipped, half in daring, half to tickle the palate. With the cooling draught of slippery-elm water a fevered patient often quaffs refreshment which the physician wots not of, for every sip recalls glimpses of glad noontimes when, with lithe-limbed school-fellows, he rambled off to the woods to collect strips of the clean, pliant bark with its indescribable fresh odor, which, readily yielding to the jack-knife, could be cut into bits and stored away in pockets for sly chewing in school hours. The "cheeses" of various mallows and the creamy column of united pistil and stamens of the dooryard hollyhocks are other mucilaginous delicacies.

Children show their remote kinship with the ruminants by their fondness for chewing all manner of things, apparently often for the mere sake of chewing, for one cud is dropped when a new one presents itself. Simple-mannered or old-fashioned ladies sometimes keep up a trace of this earlier taste for chewing. In some little white country church one may still catch a breath from the spray of coriander seed or sprig of southernwood or sweet fennel or bergamot in the hand of a pew neighbor. Besides the familiar resins of the spruce and larch, the beautiful translucent gum that frequently exudes from an injury on the trunk of cherry and plum trees is gathered by farmers' children. Country children in the Western States greatly enjoy chewing into a pulp the purple bloom of the thistle. They also chew wheat kernels until a sticky dough is formed. The wheat is generally winnowed out in the palm of the hand, from heads plucked directly from the unreaped grain field; and this without doubt has a sweet flavor not possessed by the riper grain on the barn floor which a boy may grab in threshing-time from the great heap that he is helping to measure and store away.

As numerous as the hidden hoards of the old fairy tales, buried at the foot of some forest tree by beast or elf or troll, and kept for the enchanted prince, are the underground treasures known to the real country boy or girl. From the first turning of the sod by the ploughshare in early spring till the ground is frozen in late autumn, young foragers are stirring the mould with fingers, knife, or improvised wooden trowel, to unearth some treasure trove. There are the sweet cicely roots in the garden, the tiny bulbs of the timothy in the surrounding fields, the wild potatoes, — as children, in some places, call the deeply buried tubers of the spring beauty, — the hot pepper root, *Dentaria*, the little tubers of the nut-grass, *Cyperus*, and even the ill smelling and worse tasting little wild onions, and, in coast regions, the roots of the beloved marsh rosemary. Will any East India preserve ever make your mouth water in older years as did the wild-ginger root-stocks that you dug with your own hands from the black woods loam in early days? Expeditions are planned to go for gin-

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seng, sweet flag, goldthread, or Indian turnip. To be sure, all these, and more beside, are somewhat valued as medicines by mother or grandmother, and, when washed and dried, are often added to the store of roots and herbs kept in the attic; but I suspect the real reasons for the enthusiastic searching for them and their like are the love of strolling and the natural passion for digging. Thoreau remarks that agriculture, in its most primitive state, belongs alongside of the venerable arts of hunting and fishing, which, he says, "are as ancient and honorable trades as the sun and moon and winds pursue, coeval with the faculties of man, and invented when these were invented." The very smell of newly upturned soil arouses instincts and impulses that doubtless are heritages from our most primitive ancestors. Is it not the unconscious delight of sniffing in the nameless, revivifying odor of the fresh brown earth that leads children to the fields, to follow the furrows as happily as their companions, the cheerfully talking blackbirds, which come to seize the food providentially thrown up for them by the gliding plough?

Children fortunately often keep enough sweet savagery, so that if turned out of doors they go straight to their own. With little knowledge of names save those of their own coining or the popular ones of their neighborhood, many a time they could lead the scientist to the chosen retreats of rare local plants, and point out nest or lair of shy wild creatures. If anything could justify the common assumption that in childhood we relive the golden age of the race, it is the possibility of this unconscious but profound childish sympathy with Nature's heart.

Fanny D. Bergen.

THE ISOLATION OF LIFE ON PRAIRIE FARMS.

In no civilized country have the cultivators of the soil adapted their home life so badly to the conditions of nature as have the people of our great Northwestern prairies. This is a strong statement, but I am led to the conclusion by ten years of observation in our plains region. The European farmer lives in a village, where considerable social enjoyment is possible. The women gossip at the village well, and visit frequently at one another's houses; the children find playmates close at hand; there is a school, and, if the village be not a very small one, a church. The post wagon, with its uniformed postilion merrily blowing his horn, rattles through the street every day, and makes an event that draws people to the doors and windows. The old men gather of summer evenings to smoke their pipes and talk of the crops; the young men pitch quoits and play ball on the village green. Now and then a detachment of soldiers from some garrison town halts to rest. A peddler makes his rounds. A black-frocked priest tarries to join in the chat of the elder people, and to ask after the health of the children. In a word, something takes place to break the monotony of daily life. The dwellings, if small and meagrely furnished, have thick walls of brick or stone that keep out the summer's heat and the winter's chill.

Now contrast this life of the European peasant, to which there is a joyous side that lightens labor and privation, with the life of a poor settler on a homestead claim in one of the Dakotas or Nebraska. Every homesteader must live upon his claim for five years to perfect his title and get his patent; so that if there were

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not the universal American custom of isolated farm life to stand in the way, no farm villages would be possible in the first occupancy of a new region in the West without a change in our land laws. If the country were so thickly settled that every quarter-section of land (160 acres) had a family upon it, each family would be half a mile from any neighbor, supposing the houses to stand in the centre of the farms; and in any case the average distance between them could not be less. But many settlers own 320 acres, and a few have a square mile of land, 640 acres. Then there are school sections, belonging to the State, and not occupied at all, and everywhere you find vacant tracts owned by Eastern speculators or by mortgage companies, to which former settlers have abandoned their claims, going to newer regions, and leaving their debts and their land behind. Thus the average space separating the farmsteads is, in fact, always more than half a mile, and many settlers must go a mile or two to reach a neighbor's house. This condition obtains not on the frontiers alone, but in fairly well peopled agricultural districts.

If there be any region in the world where the natural gregarious instinct of mankind should assert itself, that region is our Northwestern prairies, where a short hot summer is followed by a long cold winter, and where there is little in the aspect of nature to furnish food for thought. On every hand the treeless plain stretches away to the horizon line. In summer, it is checkered with grain fields or carpeted with grass and flowers, and it is inspiring in its color and vastness; but one mile of it is almost exactly like another, save where some watercourse nurtures a fringe of willows and cottonwoods. When the snow covers the ground the prospect is bleak and dispiriting. No brooks babble under icy armor. There is no bird life after the wild geese and ducks have passed on their way south. The silence of death rests on the vast landscape, save when it is swept by cruel winds that search out every chink and cranny of the buildings, and drive through each unguarded aperture the dry, powdery snow. In such a region, you would expect the dwellings to be of substantial construction, but they are not. The new settler is too poor to build of brick or stone. He hauls a few loads of lumber from the nearest railway station, and puts up a frail little house of two, three, or four rooms that looks as though the prairie winds would blow it away. Were it not for the invention of tarred building-paper, the flimsy walls would not keep out the wind and snow. With this paper the walls are sheathed under the weather-boards. The barn is often a nondescript affair of sod walls and straw roof. Lumber is much too dear to be used for dooryard fences, and there is no inclosure about the house. A barbed-wire fence surrounds the barnyard. Rarely are there any trees, for on the prairies trees grow very slowly, and must be nursed with care to get a start. There is a saying that you must first get the Indian out of the soil before a tree will grow at all; which means that some savage quality must be taken from the ground by cultivation.

In this cramped abode, from the windows of which there is nothing more cheerful in sight than the distant houses of other settlers, just as ugly and lonely, and stacks of straw and unthreshed grain, the farmer's family must live. In the summer there is a school for the children, one, two, or three miles away; but in winter the distances across the snow-covered plains are too great for them to travel in severe weather; the schoolhouse is closed, and there is nothing for them to do but to house themselves and long for spring. Each family must live mainly to itself, and life, shut up in the little wooden farmhouses, cannot well be very cheerful. A drive to the nearest town is almost the only diver-

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sion. There the farmers and their wives gather in the stores and manage to enjoy a little sociability. The big coal stove gives out a grateful warmth, and there is a pleasant odor of dried codfish, groceries, and ready-made clothing. The women look at the display of thick cloths and garments, and wish the crop had been better, so that they could buy some of the things of which they are badly in need. The men smoke corncob pipes and talk politics. It is a cold drive home across the wind-swept prairies, but at least they have had a glimpse of a little broader and more comfortable life than that of the isolated farm.

There are few social events in the life of these prairie farmers to enliven the monotony of the long winter evenings; no singing-schools, spelling-schools, debating clubs, or church gatherings. Neighborly calls are infrequent, because of the long distances which separate the farmhouses, and because, too, of the lack of homogeneity of the people. They have no common past to talk about. They were strangers to one another when they arrived in this new land, and their work and ways have not thrown them much together. Often the strangeness is intensified by differences of national origin. There are Swedes, Norwegians, Germans, French Canadians, and perhaps even such peculiar people as Finns and Icelanders, among the settlers, and the Americans come from many different States. It is hard to establish any social bond in such a mixed population, yet one and all need social intercourse, as the thing most essential to pleasant living, after food, fuel, shelter, and clothing. An alarming amount of insanity occurs in the new prairie States among farmers and their wives. In proportion to their numbers, the Scandinavian settlers furnish the largest contingent to the asylums. The reason is not far to seek. These people came from cheery little farm villages. Life in the fatherland was hard and toilsome, but it was not lonesome. Think for a moment how great the change must be from the white-walled, red-roofed village on a Norway fiord, with its church and schoolhouse, its fishing-boats on the blue inlet, and its green mountain walls towering aloft to snow fields, to an isolated cabin on a Dakota prairie, and say if it is any wonder that so many Scandinavians lose their mental balance.

There is but one remedy for the dreariness of farm life on the prairies: the isolated farmhouse must be abandoned, and the people must draw together in villages. The peasants of the Russian steppes did this centuries ago, and so did the dwellers on the great Danubian plain. In the older parts of our prairie States, in western Minnesota, eastern Nebraska and Kansas, and the eastern parts of North and South Dakota, titles to homestead claims are now nearly all perfected by the required five years' occupancy of the land. Thus, there is no longer a necessity that the farmers should live upon the particular tracts which they cultivate. They might go out with their teams to till the fields, and return at evening to village homes. It would be entirely feasible to redivide the land in regions where it is all of nearly uniform fertility and value. Let us suppose that the owners of sixteen quarter-section farms, lying in a body and forming four full sections, should agree to remove their homes to the centre of the tract, and run new dividing lines radiating to the outer boundaries. Each settler would still have 160 acres, and no one would live more than a mile from the remotest limit of his farm. The nearer fields could be used for stock, and the distant ones for grain. The homes of the sixteen families would surround a village green, where the schoolhouse would stand. This could be used for church services on Sunday, and for various social purposes on week-day evenings. Such a nucleus of population would, however, soon possess a church in common with other farmers in the neighbor-

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hood who might still cling to the old mode of isolated living, and there would probably be a store and a post office. An active social life would soon be developed in such a community. The school would go on winters as well as summers. Friendly attachments would be formed, and mutual helpfulness in farm and household work would soon develop into a habit. There would be nursing in illness, and consolation for those mourning for their dead. If the plains people were thus brought together into hamlets, some home industries might be established that would add to family incomes, or at least save outlay. The economic weakness of farming in the North is the enforced idleness of the farmer and his work animals during the long winter. After threshing and fall ploughing are finished there is nothing to do but to feed the stock. Four or five months are unproductive, and all this time the people and the animals are consuming the fruits of the working season. Even the women are not fully occupied in the care of their little houses and the cooking of the simple meals: for the stockings are no longer knit at home, there is no hum of the spinning-wheel, and the clothing is bought ready-made at the stores. If it were possible to restore to the farm some of the minor handicrafts that were carried on in the country thirty or forty years ago, there would be great gain in comfort, intelligence, and contentment. Now and then, while traveling over the Dakota prairies, I hear of a family that sends to market some kind of delicate cheese, or makes sausages of superior quality that find ready sale in the neighboring towns, or preserves small fruits. These little industries might be much extended if the farmers lived in communities, where extra labor could be had when needed, and where there would be mental attrition to wear off the rust of the winter's indolence and stimulate effort on new lines.

The early French colonists who settled along the shores of the Red River of the North, in Manitoba, divided the land into long, narrow strips running back from the river banks, and thus formed a continuous village many miles long. In this they followed the example of their ancestors who first occupied the shores of the St. Lawrence. It was adherence to this custom, and resistance to the division of the land into checkerboard squares, that brought on the rebellion of Riel and his half-breeds on the Saskatchewan. The Mennonites, who occupy the western side of the Red River just north of the American boundary, live in villages. With the exception of a few peculiar religious communities in Iowa and Kansas, I know of no other instances where farmers have established their homes in compact settlements. In all our prairie towns, however, one finds in winter many farmers' families who have left their houses and stock to the care of hired men, and are living in rooms over stores, or in parts of dwellings rented for temporary occupancy, in order to give their children opportunity for education and to escape the dreary monotony of isolation. The gregarious instinct thus asserts itself, in spite of habit, and of the inherited American idea that a farmer must live upon the land he tills, and must have no near neighbors. This habit will be hard to break, but I believe it must yield some time to the evident advantages of closer association. I have known instances, however, where efforts at more neighborly ways of living have been made on a small scale, and have failed. In the early settlement of Dakota, it sometimes happened that four families, taking each a quarter-section homestead, built their temporary dwellings on the adjacent corners, so as to be near together; but a few years later, when they were able to put up better buildings, they removed to the opposite sides of their claims, giving as a reason that their chickens got mixed up with their neighbors' fowls. In

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these instances, I should add, the people were Americans. There is a crusty individuality about the average American farmer, the inheritance of generations of isolated living, that does not take kindly to the familiarities of close association.

I am aware that nothing changes so slowly as the customs of a people. It will take a long time to modify the settled American habit of isolated farmsteads. If it is ever changed, the new system will have to be introduced near the top of the rural social scale, and work down gradually to the masses. A group of farmers of superior intelligence and of rather more than average means must set an example and establish a model farm village; or perhaps this could be done by the owner of one of the so-called bonanza farms, who might subdivide four sections of his land, as I have described, and invite purchasers to build their homes around a central village green; or, still better, he might himself put up the farmhouses and barns, and then offer the farms for sale. The experiment would be widely discussed by the newspapers, and this extensive free advertising could hardly fail to attract as purchasers a class of people with faith in the idea, and possessed of such a sociable, neighborly disposition as would open the way to harmonious living and to considerable practical coöperation in field work and the care of animals. One successful community would soon lead to the formation of others, and the new system would steadily spread.

The plains of the West extend from the Gulf of Mexico to the valley of the Saskatchewan in the British territory. A belt about three hundred miles wide on the eastern side of this vast region receives sufficient rainfall for farming. This belt is the granary of the continent, and even with its present sparse settlement it produces an enormous yearly surplus of wheat and corn. Its cultivators have thus far been engaged in a hard struggle to establish themselves on the soil, procure the necessaries of existence, and pay off their mortgages. They are getting ahead year by year, and in the older settled districts good houses are taking the places of the pioneer shanties, and the towns show thrift and progress. Before long these prairie people will begin to grapple with the problems of a higher civilization. Then it will be found, I believe, that the first great step in advance in the direction of more comfortable living, and of intellectual development and rational social enjoyment, is the abandonment of the lonesome farmhouse, and the establishment of the farm village.

E. V. Smalley.

THE MORAL REVIVAL IN FRANCE.

France has ever been in the dramatic situation of carrying the general ideas which become, at different times, common human property to their extreme conclusions. The intellectual crises through which it passes are thrown into such objective shape, every manifestation of the French spirit is so lucidly projected against the background of things, that the home of classicism, of the Revolution, of Auguste Comte, of Saint-Simonism, is, as it were, a looking-glass, in which other nations, of a genius more relative and less impelled to generalization, may see and study the history of the ideas that mould them.

We of the western world are passing, at this moment, through a phase

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of religious reaction. Even while, after thirty years of science, the bonds of orthodox beliefs are being loosened more and more, a stream from the higher intellectual places is setting the other way. Not skepticism, but faith, is the watchword now sounded from those higher places. A certain rigidity in our Anglo-Saxon nature — what Matthew Arnold would call our Hebraism — has prevented us, in America and England, from feeling the full force both of the first movement and of its present countercheck. The continent of Europe has been more sensitive to each influence. A religious, a moral revival is strong in Russia; it inspires certain youthful and still unknown poets of new Germany; it can be traced in the best writers of Italy and Spain. But even as no people have gone further than the French in the application of the conception of life that sprang from the emancipation of reason, and the belief in science as the only revelation, so, with them, the rebound has brought into being conditions more defined, results more practical.

There have been special and national as well as general causes for this. The birth of the so-called Neo-Christian movement in France is commonly dated from 1886, when M. Melchior de Vogüé published his Roman Russe. These studies in the "religion of human suffering" as it had been expounded by the Russian novelists, from Gogol to Tolstóy, and as it was now expounded to his own countrymen, with an ardent sympathy, by M. de Vogüé, are held among French men of letters to have marked a turning-point in the skepticism which had permeated literary France during the Second Empire, and in the fifteen years after 1870. Of course they know, however, that the true turning-point was reached in that same fatal year, 1870. Says M. de Vogüé, speaking of the night of September 1, when the French prisoners were being led down the hills that descend from Bazeilles to Douzy: "Below, the bivouacs of the victors starred with their fires all the valley of the Moselle. From the fields where those hundred thousand men were encamped, and where we thought them heavy with sleep, exhausted by their victory, a mighty voice arose, — one single voice issuing from those hundred thousand throats. It was Luther's choral. The majestic prayer seemed to fill the heavens; it spread over the horizon so far as there were German camp-fires and German men. We heard it far into the night. It thrilled us with its grandeur and beauty. . . . Many of us were young then, and little matured in reflection, yet we recognized at that moment the power which had vanquished us: it was not the superior force of regiments, but that one soul, made up of so many souls, tempered in faith, national and divine, and firmly persuaded that its God marched by its side to victory." After fifteen years of terrible national fatigue and disheartenment, the germ then sown began to bear outward and visible fruit. The men who saw in 1870 that a nation can have no solidarity, no concerted action, no greatness or effectiveness, without faith and patience and submission in its units, are the men who now, in the maturity of their powers, are urging upon the rising generation the acquisition of moral qualities, latterly too much neglected by their compatriots. And the rising generation — all those young men who are completing their higher studies in the schools that cluster about the old Sorbonne — are said to be lending a very docile ear to these teachings. If we are to believe their leaders, — of whom the chief are, perhaps, M. de Vogüé and M. Ernest Lavisse, the historian, — neither the ethical reveries of Renan, nor the positivism of Taine, nor the naturalism of Zola hold or satisfy any longer these youths who will form the France of fifteen or twenty years

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hence. They are manifesting a new desire for vital and tangible principle, for character testified in action; an indifference to some of the allurements of pleasure, which, if genuine, must strike one as novel in the French student; and finally, the presence of that socialistic inclination that is the sign of the times.

The soil thus prepared, M. de Vogüé's studies of the Russians, with the passion for humanity, the long endurance, the mute faith, that breathe from their literature, made, very easily, an epoch. People were not accustomed to points of view of this sort in Paris. But they took to them kindly. They have taken to them so kindly, indeed, that, as month after month brings to one's hand some new proof, in historical or literary criticism, and even in novel-writing, of the ideas which the little group of Neo-Christian writers are striving to impress upon their fellow-countrymen; as one realizes that these ideas appeal with a surety of response to a large number of eager young minds at the formative period, one is prompted to ask one's self whether France be not truly on the verge of taking, in the moral and intellectual life, a direction hitherto not generally associated with it in the minds of other nations.

It is possible, to be sure, to exaggerate the importance of this movement; or, rather, its chance of lasting effects. It is possible to find some chauvinism in the patriotic note sounded by some of the writers of the moral revival, too. But this would be an unsympathetic task. It is a fine thing to see a people, still bleeding from the humiliation of defeat, incited by noble words to the cultivation of the difficult virtues that lead to national regeneration. It is a fine thing, for instance, to see those young men of the French colleges told that the new African colonies of France are not only a great source of national hope, but a great opportunity for national sacrifice; that the mother country owes its progeny the duty of a high example in heroism, — the "royal virtue" of "energy cultivated for itself," — in unselfishness, in endurance, in the faith that walks on in spite of not seeing the goal, and the faith that does the right in spite of no formal assurance that there be such a thing. In all the utterances of this little band of choicer contemporary French minds there is something very inspiriting; and the more that the patriotic preoccupation, while it gives impetus and intensity to the higher moral feeling, is, after all, secondary to it. "The best minds of this day perceive that now, as always, and more than always, in the West as in the East, under the tangle of interests in which men of infirm sight detect nothing but questions of politics, there is but one fundamental question, the religious." These words of M. de Vogüé apply directly to his own country now.

This interest in the moral problem shows itself variously in these French literary men. With MM. Jules Lemaître, Paul Bourget, Maurice Barrès, Charles Morice, and at times even with M. Huysmans, it declares itself by an attitude of meditative respect toward religion, dilettante and divorced from all belief in dogma, but admiring and regretfully sympathetic. With MM. de Vogüé, Paul Desjardins, Edouard Rod, Pierre Lasserre, not to mention others, what there may be of literary affectation in their first-mentioned companions is laid aside. These are the true leaders of the moralist movement, the real Neo-Christians; and whatever may be thought of the eventual efficaciousness of their crusade, it would be impossible to mistake the sincerity, the loyalty, the earnestness, with which it is conducted. These writers not only admire, but would desire to revive, the morality of the Christian religion, rigidly to enforce it, to make it the ever-present rule of every-day life, but all this while repudiating its orthodox, dogmatic founda-

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tions. There are, finally, a number — a very small number — of writers entirely within the Roman Catholic tradition and faith, who have contributed some invigorating pages to the work of moral regeneration in France. And here one may also speak of M. Ferdinand Brunetière, that austere critic of every aspect of modern life; that strenuous student and supporter of the serious century of Pascal, Bossuet, Massillon, Racine; the man who explicitly, in the name of objective "universal" morality, in the name of the traditional French spirit of clarity, sanity, and taste, protested recently against the erection of a statue to Charles Baudelaire. M. Brunetière probably would not care to be counted among the Neo-Christians and the Neo-Idealists of his time. He seeks no affiliation with his contemporaries. Yet, in spite of himself, he testifies, by the strength and the inflexibleness of his moral convictions, in behalf of the beliefs now informing the mental life of his country.

Whence, then, comes this unanimity of perception and impulse to be detected at almost every centre of intellectual activity at the present hour? We see a revulsion against science; a return to the standard which orders life by things felt, not seen. In part, this is without doubt due to one of the periodic recrudescences of the mystic instinct in human nature. In part, also, — however unreasonably, for science has barely had time for a diagnosis of the social evils, and that diagnosis, in itself, has been of advantage through the more altruistic conception of human nature which it has awakened in us, — in part, also, it may be due to disappointment that the high scientific promises of two or three decades ago should not be reaching a fulfillment as rapid as was claimed for them. But this is not a sufficient explanation of the drift of thought around us. We shall find the explanation in democracy. If spirits sensitive to the currents of the higher atmosphere seem now to wish, with one accord, to lean back against the real, the right Christianity, the Christianity of Christ, is it not that there exists at this moment a lucid perception that modern democracy is the other half of that gospel of humility and neighborly love preached in Galilee nineteen hundred years ago; that the two halves must be united; that the one can but prove to be a seed of disintegration without the close joint action of the other? Jesus, wandering through the land with his little following, said that all men should be equal; but they should be equal loving one another, and each with meekness in his soul. "For eighteen centuries this leaven, the gospel, has been working in the world; and the last revolution which has issued from it is its triumph, the definite sign of its advent." Modern democracy, the last revolution, can only mean confusion, hatred, sordid ugliness, if that which called it into being, lowliness to self, love to others, be withdrawn, shrivel at its source. "In all things," writes M. Leroy-Beaulieu, "we are brought back to this conclusion: there can be nothing efficacious, nothing solid or durable, for our democratic societies, outside of the Christian spirit, outside of the Christian fraternity." A Christian church of some sort — modified, modernized, what you will, but always a Christian church — is alone capable, writes M. Henry Bérenger, "of giving any safe direction to our contemporary democracy."

"When right and power are one," M. Charles Secrétan had said before, "who shall set limits to them? And if it please the omnipotence of the masses to overthrow the barriers which they themselves have prescribed, who shall raise those barriers again? . . . The morality of the greater number is the sole recourse of liberty in a democracy. . . . Political salvation in democracy depends solely on private efforts, on an inward mission."

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Here, then, we find that we have left any purely local ground of a moral revival, and are in a stream that belongs to the whole of contemporary life and thought. Everywhere the world wants a new Christianity. But it wants it, and will have it, differently, according to race and need. A Tolstóy attains his by a comparatively simple effort. With him, — with all those obscurer men throughout the various classes of Russian life who think and feel as he does,[1] — the fusion of the modern democratic spirit with the spirit of primitive Christianity is an operation full of *naïveté*, one that goes of itself. This is possible with a people that is very young and very old at the same time. Russia is very young as a nation, and at that imaginative stage when ideas are realized immediately, — seen, as it were, pictorially, as mental images. It is very old in the sense that it still draws its life more directly from the old Aryan stock than almost any other Indo-European branch. Its tongue is closely allied to the Sanskrit elder-sister tongue; its soul is the near kinsman of the vast, vague, dreaming Hindu soul, forever intent upon the problem of life and death. The development of the many Russian sects that, leaving the orthodox Greek Church, are still tormented with the desire *de croire à côté* need be traced to no other origin. A man of what is known as good birth, a man of commanding talents, a man of the world, abandoning the hardly earned fruits of civilization to return to a semi-vegetative existence, in which all curiosity of the sensation and the intellect shall be quelled, and shall give place to a species of spiritual trance, no longer appears a unique manifestation, without affiliation or connection, when we think of him as cousin-german to the Hindu fakir. Tolstóy's life is a phenomenon from the standpoint of Occidental civilization; it is the most natural of manifestations from the standpoint of millions of our brothers in that far Eastern branch of our race. It has not been difficult for him to take one great step backward — beyond the orthodoxy of a Byzantine church which has long been lifeless, beyond rote and practices and dogmas vivified by no later intellectual infusions — straight to that simple religion of the fishermen of Palestine, which, being full of pity and mercy, has "insensibly softened our blood, and made the man of modern times, with his moral and social conceptions, his æsthetics, his politics, the inclination of his mind and heart toward humble things and humble creatures." In taking this step the Russian is only entering into his own. The things which he best loves in Christianity are those in which its Founder more closely approximated to the spiritual divinations of one who was amongst the great fathers of his own race; one who brought the revelation of charity and of moral and social liberty to the Aryan world of the East. It is because of his racial affinity to Buddhism, which likewise was an upheaval of the democratic sentiment displayed against the narrow Brahmanical theocracy, that Count Tolstóy so well penetrates the innermost heart of Christianity.

With the French Neo-Christians matters are more complicated. Between them and primitive Christianity there stands a great church which is not dead, which has for centuries been served by the power and subtlety of philosophers, poets, dialecticians; a church which has Hellenized, Latinized, the early Semitic Christianity, made it what it had to become when it was adopted as the Roman state religion; a marvelous organization, built up with all the Latin sense of form, highly differentiated, yet cohesive,

[1] I have in mind a rich landowner of the province of Orel, Count Paul J., who in 1868 had already divided his estates amongst his peasants; who lived in the fields with them, helped them gather their harvest, etc.

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compactly erected on a basis of Greek dogmatization. This Helleno-Latin construction, this organ of a thousand stops, is admirably fitted to satisfy the imaginative reason of a people like the French. The basis of the French nature is Celtic, and the unction of the Roman Catholic Church will always appeal to the Celtic emotions. The superstructure is Græco-Latin, the civilization is Græco-Latin; and the Græco-Latin cannot abidingly adhere to a religion purely spiritual, without definite symbols, without form, without centralization, without visibility. This is why the modern Frenchman, whose soul yearns for the Neo-Christianity, succeeds most often in finding Neo-Catholicism. This is why, when M. de Vogüé meditates upon the democratic direction of modern societies, a natural bent, a Latin bent, leading him to admiration of all mighty organizations, causes him to thrill at the spectacle of the Catholic organization striving to strike new roots in the new soil, to extend its conquests in the new direction; writing encyclicals on the condition of workmen, opening wide the long-closed doors of St. Peter's to bands of pilgrims from "the country where Democracy is queen." This is why he feels that, if it choose to stretch its orthodoxy in certain quarters, to adapt itself to meet the exigencies of modern societies, the chair of St. Peter must maintain itself as the greatest moral leader of the future. This is why that charming writer, M. Edouard Rod, weary with his search for the answer to the enigma of life, finds a profound melancholy allurement in the mere mental picture of a church which remains absolute where everything is relative, which affirms and reaffirms where everything denies, which is as "a calm centre of rest in a vortex of storms." M. Rod is a Swiss, like Amiel, and, though more faintly than Amiel, has likewise an infusion of Calvinism in his blood; but he succumbs to the Catholic fascination, — a fascination of his literary, his æsthetic sense. He too believes, as does Tolstóy, that the only good, the only meaning of life, lie in humility, in meekness, in serviceableness, in the renouncement of intellectual pride; but he will ask, "What more than the Catholic Church insists on these things?" Even M. Paul Desjardins, who announced himself, in the much-discussed pamphlet, Le Devoir Présent (published January, 1892), as taking rather the Protestant view of the Neo-Christianity, dreaming, as its basis, of lay associations, a simple unanimity of spirit, disengaged from dogma and doctrine, — even M. Paul Desjardins does not leave his task without also recommending to his disciples the cultivation of certain spiritual conditions which have always been regarded as the fruit of plenary belief in Roman Catholic dogmas, and not very easily attainable by those outside of the Catholic tradition. When M. Desjardins speaks to us of the "spiritual phenomena" consequent upon the "beatitude of renunciation," the "primacy of humility," the "effects of asceticism," we must feel that he is, as has been declared, not far from Leo XIII. M. Desjardins himself would say, however, "Why not?" Since his dream is of a universal church, to which any and every one can belong, and does belong, who believes in two things, duty and a human destiny, why should not, he would say, all those aids be welcomed which earnest, seeking souls in any quarter have found of service in their religious life? No one could object to the fairness of this. But there is the obstinate fact to oppose to it, that illuminated states of the soul, of the sort precisely which M. Desjardins has in mind, are never possible (to the mass) except where some beautiful spiritual theories, submissively accepted as facts, have long moulded and saturated the religious consciousness. "Religion is a pious exaltation, a *state of the mind*, and therefore subjective," said Schleiermacher. This was

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the sentiment that throughout characterized the Catholic revival of the German Romanticists. It is identically the sentiment of M. Desjardins, who feels the religious flame in himself as a "divine gayety," an "*état sublime;*" and who would like all his Compagnons de la Vie Nouvelle to feel it in the same way. But this religious glow must have a beauty, a mellowness, of manifestation; it must not be, let us say, the raw Methodist emotionality. What M. Desjardins wants, without saying so, is precisely the Roman Catholic unction. It is the *nuance* that M. Renan never ceased to love. But when M. Desjardins desires it without desiring its theological foundations, he is, for the multitude, involving himself in a contradiction. M. Rod, without pronouncing himself for or against these theological bases, sees things more philosophically. "A morality," he says, "which is not rooted in declared dogmas is always vacillating." And then those dogmas themselves, — what a force of intellectual attraction they possess for many of these French thinkers, who in the end, as one of them has said, are literary men chiefly, by a hundred fibres of their nature, and, beside, inheritors of a genius logical, analytical, rhetorical, prone always to involuntary admiration for that subtle soldering of morality upon dogma, and dogma upon metaphysics, to which the great minds of the Latin Church have devoted themselves through the centuries!

This Catholic line of French thought, manifesting itself just as the Republic had succeeded in banishing it from public instruction, is very curious. One can trace it, in its successive degradations, from the fine, earnest utterances of these representative writers, through the sensuous spirituality of the poet Paul Verlaine (to our loss so little known in America) and the perverted studies in dæmonism of Huysmans, down to its final vulgarization and debauch in the spirit which has led to the covering of the walls of the last two or three Salons at the Champ de Mars with such representations as that of a modernized Jesus of Nazareth sitting at meat in the house of a fashionable nineteenth-century publican, with a Magdalene in the ball dress of the period prostrate at his feet.

I return to M. Desjardins's Le Devoir Présent, because it is the most definite attempt that has been made to formulate, in France, a general spiritual power which shall be in accord with the metaphysical demands of our time. Two leading ideas detach themselves from M. Desjardins's catechism: the one is a belief in an intellectual priesthood; the other, a belief that all mental gifts and attainments are to be regarded as usufructs, to which the mentally unendowed and physically disinherited have a right. These concepts lay, in their entirety, in the saner notions of Saint-Simon. And indeed, every endeavor made, in the second half of this century, to establish on a practical basis a beginning of the scientific idealism which awaits the race in the future is to be met in the germ in Saint-Simon's philosophical generalizations.

It is true in this case, although M. Desjardins has distinctly asserted that he has no desire to form a spiritual sect after the Saint-Simonian or other manner. He outlines no cult; but he wishes to found in France a lay religious association, a Society of Moral Succor, — somewhat after the fashion of our own Societies of Ethical Culture in America, — which shall have its journals, its lecturers, its writers, and even its seminary; a School of Liberty, in which the youth of the country shall be prepared, "by studying Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, the gospel, St. Augustine, St. Paul, and St. Vincent de Paul," to enter life with the highest moral, and yet the purest practical aims. This is the intellectual priesthood. It must seek to form character in itself and others. If it speculate on the universe, it must only be in so far

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as, from the fruits of such speculation, immediate incentives may be forthcoming for the furtherance of right actions.

As to the socialistic side, M. Desjardins would like to see parents subject their sons, when they have left the universities, to a few months' contact with the poorest classes of the population, that they may serve an apprenticeship in the trade of life. He would like this knowledge of hardship and ignorance, thus acquired by participation in the lot of the poor, to be retained by frequent subsequent intercourse with the working classes. He repudiates every form of traditional philanthropy. Intellectual almsgiving -- free lectures, free reading-rooms — he discountenances as much as physical almsgiving. Procure work, he says, for the needy; and to a few workmen, more intelligent than their fellows, suggest that they establish a reading-club among themselves, that they hire, at their own expense, a lecturer who will treat before them subjects which it is to their interest to know; for the things of the mind can never have any meaning to these people until they are bought at the cost of personal sacrifice.

Upon those who are morally ill, infirm and perverted of soul, M. Desjardins would impose, through the medium of his Society of Moral Succor, this same saving grace and cure of sacrifice; some direct, immediate task for the aid or the redemption of others. "Right action," he observes, "can alone throw light on mental doubts." And now mark these further words, which connect themselves with the last, and are those that one most respectfully bears away from a perusal of M. Desjardins's little pamphlet: "For faith is, purely and simply, the consciousness in us of our moral progress, gradual as that progress itself, and its recompense. . . . The fact that we cannot formulate our faith, far from weakening our position, is, on the contrary, our principal force. For it would be unmoral that faith should be capable of being formulated and contained in words, so that whoso could read might possess it, and whoso could not read must be deprived of it. Faith is incommunicable, and should be, even as is moral merit, from which it springs." Thus we reach the conviction that the religious sentiment is the result of the moral life, and not the moral life the result of the religious sentiment. This is very pure Tolstóyism; and it is the ground on which all of M. Desjardins's friends in France and Switzerland and Belgium are at one with him, I think, though they may not go the entire distance by his side in other respects.

M. Desjardins's ideal association is to include Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Neo-Kantians, men of all shades of belief; for the basis of accord will be a common one, and there will be no disturbing dogmas to bring about division. It would be interesting to observe how far such an association of lay priests could prosper in France. One cannot be free from the feeling that the friends of M. Desjardins, who with him lead the moral movement, are not in full intellectual sympathy with it. If France escaped the Reformation, it was for reasons inherent in her mental structure. The broadest, most philosophical French minds will always slip through the sectarian net and the driest forms of rationalism, for these presuppose a constant personal preoccupation with problems of right and wrong that leaves time for nothing else. They will always hold that the tradition of nations will have solved these matters better than any individual effort can; and that, the ultimate substance, not the form, being of import, an accepted creed to which one fully subscribes really leaves the philosophic temper more true liberty and leisure to act than would be possible where every hair was split and every detail endlessly discussed.

The place given to Jews and to Jewish thought in the councils of the Neo-

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Christians is an interesting and a significant feature of the movement. Perhaps M. Renan's long studies in the history of the Jewish People, the clearness with which he shows the Christian law of love and charity and humility forming, for seven hundred years before the advent of Christianity, in that people, have had an influence on the intellectual perceptions of France. But there are many swift currents of human thought, hitherto divergent, that now flow toward one confluent. It is not always easy to trace their sources or their future. If we were to seek the character common to them all, we should find it again in M. Paul Desjardins's creed, — action; in that strong spiritual divination of the time, that faith is of the same nature as action, not of the same nature as thought; and that, finally, as says M. Pierre Lasserre, "on the day when reason can clothe it in an exact formula it is very near extinction."

Aline Gorren.

THE TECHNICAL SCHOOL AND THE UNIVERSITY.

In the August number of The Atlantic Professor Shaler has discussed the relations of academic and technical instruction in a way which brings the reader to some startling conclusions. So great are the advantages which a technical school is shown to derive from association with a university, so heavy the liabilities to narrowness and smallness of aim and purpose in the case of an independent school, that those of us who are connected with technical schools not attached to universities find ourselves put upon our defense; and this, too, under very serious charges. If any large part of Professor Shaler's position can be maintained, we are offenders against the cause of sound education. It is our duty at once to seek the sheltering arms of the nearest university; or, if there be none near enough to take charge of us, then we ought to disband, and send our students to those who can do better by them. Professor Shaler does, indeed, admit that in a favorable environment a separate school may achieve a partial success; but he holds that this success is likely to be temporary, and at the best is attained through the sacrifice of important educational interests. In view of such a declaration by the dean of a technical school enjoying the protection and patronage of a great university, it is imperative that those who have to do with detached schools shall speak in their own behalf. The controversy is not of our seeking; and we must be pardoned if we speak with frankness on all the points at issue.

In the first place, it may not unfairly be said that, if the advantages of a connection with a university are so great, it is inexplicable that the effect of this should not more clearly appear in the history of that school which Professor Shaler mentions as the first of its class to be established, and which, through the whole extent of his article, he refers to in illustration of his principle. Harvard, as he says, has exercised an admirable hospitality towards many true and useful forms of learning. Its scientific department was founded under peculiarly fortunate conditions: a handsome endowment, a noble name, a cultivated community, association with the oldest college in the country, proximity to the richest manufacturing district. All these things seemed to assure success; yet the Lawrence School graduated twice as many pupils in the first half as it has in the last half of its history. Meanwhile, scores

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of technical schools have come into existence, often under circumstances most adverse, and with means painfully limited; have grown in numbers and increased in reputation throughout the general community; and have even come, in spite of prejudice, to command a high degree of respect and esteem from representatives of the old education. Does not this contrast fairly awaken incredulity as to Professor Shaler's argument, if indeed it does not create a strong presumption that he has overlooked some element, or elements, vital to the case?

The strongest instance in apparent corroboration of Professor Shaler's views is that afforded by the Sheffield School of New Haven. Here is a scientific school, giving a large amount of technical instruction, which was founded in connection with a university, and has achieved eminent success. Yet to any one who knows the history of the Sheffield School its experiences are directly in contravention of Professor Shaler's views, and indeed furnish the most important instance which could be cited against his position. Every Yale man knows that the Sheffield School grew up under the total neglect of the corporation of the college, which had nothing to do with the curriculum, and did absolutely nothing as to the selection of the teachers. In the eight and a half years while I was connected with the Sheffield School I but once saw the president of Yale in a meeting of its faculty, and that was by special appointment, with reference to the question whether the students should be required to attend morning prayers. So little had the school, in its early days, been considered by the corporation that when the Battell Chapel was erected, about 1873, no provision was made for giving the Sheffield undergraduates seats in it. Down to the accession of President Dwight the actual governing body was the faculty, under the admirable chairmanship of Professor George J. Brush. The faculty made out the budget, cut down their own salaries whenever that was necessary, apportioned the funds for laboratory and general expenses, and selected the men who were to be appointed to positions which had become vacant or which it was deemed desirable to create. Not a single instance occurred where the choice of a professor was not solely and exclusively the work of the existing faculty. The appointment, in the legal sense, had of course to come from the corporation; but in no case did that body or the president take any initiative in the matter.

It was under conditions like these that the Sheffield Scientific School passed through the years during which its character was being moulded and its scholarly traditions formed. I understand that Dr. Dwight, since his inauguration, has entered deeply into the questions relating to the Sheffield School, and takes an active part in its councils. No more generous and comprehensive mind could be brought to the problems of any institution; and I am far from thinking that, with the traditions of the school already formed, the new régime will not be consistent with continued growth and prosperity; but I am fully convinced that Sheffield owes no small part of its brilliant success to the Cinderella-like abasement and neglect in which its work was begun and continued until the institution had passed from the gristle of youth into the solid bone of manhood.

So much for the Lawrence and Sheffield schools as bearing on the issue which Professor Shaler has raised. Other technical schools have been founded in connection with universities, and some of them have done good work. But I know no reason for attributing to the School of Mines, in Columbia College, a higher character than that borne by the Stevens Institute, a detached school upon the opposite bank of the Hudson; while, against the success attained by Sibley College, of Cornell University, may fairly be set the rolls of the alumni of the

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Rensselaer Polytechnic of Troy, the Rose Polytechnic of Terre Haute, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

But let us leave the comparison of technical schools under the two systems, in order to examine the reasons, in the nature of the case, which are adduced as showing that connection with a university is not merely a favorable and fortunate condition, but a condition essential to the proper development and perfecting of every technical school. Professor Shaler's first plea has relation to the administration. He argues that a competent governing body is of the first importance in the career of any institution of learning; that it is very difficult to obtain a competent body; and that, therefore, when an able and successful administration has been secured for a university, it must needs be of great service to a technical school to come under that rule, and thus be saved from the many possible and even probable disadvantages attendant upon an organization of its own board of trust. What Professor Shaler says regarding the vital importance of a strong but liberal and comprehensive government is true. Yet, when we are considering the question of the government of a technical school, it must be said that there is one element of even more importance than the business ability or intellectual power of its administrators. This is that they shall be deeply interested in the work; that they shall thoroughly believe in technical education; that they shall unaffectedly and profoundly respect the kind of man who is to teach in such a school, and the kind of pupil who is to receive the teaching. Possibly this is one of the elements which Professor Shaler has overlooked. Possibly in this respect there has been some failure among corporations or boards of trust composed of men bred in the old education, and having their standards and ideals of character and of conduct shaped by the influence of classical culture. Possibly this explains the comparative failure of some technical schools connected with universities. Professor Shaler admits that "still, to this day, the tendency has been to regard this department of instruction as something much below the university grade." Until that tendency shall have been completely arrested, and even reversed, may it not be better that this department of instruction shall be under the control and direction of its own devoted friends? For myself, I believe that scientific and technical education always encounters a grave risk when put out to nurse with representatives of classical culture.

Moreover, conceding, as has been done, the difficulty of securing an adequate governing body for any institution of learning, it may yet be said that this difficulty is not insuperable. The Institute of Technology has had among its trustees, to mention none of the living, men like Jacob Bigelow, Erastus B. Bigelow, John D. Philbrick, James B. Francis, George B. Emerson, J. Ingersoll Bowditch, Charles L. Flint, — men fit to take part in the deliberations of senates or of universities, able in business, large of view, and faithful to every trust. If other technical schools, less fortunately situated, have suffered somewhat from the lack of liberal and comprehensive administration, it must be remembered that the same is true of all the smaller colleges of the land. If detached technical schools are to be given up on this account, so must these. Yet who does not believe that, in spite of limited opportunities and means, our smaller colleges have done a truly glorious work for mind and manhood?

The second advantage, or group of advantages, which Professor Shaler attributes to a technical school under the patronage of a university may be said to relate to the students as distinguished from the governing body. The subject is necessarily somewhat vague. I am not sure that I rightly apprehend Professor

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Shaler's meaning at all points; but, so far as I can gather his views, he thinks the pupils derive a benefit in each of the following ways: —

First, the student in such a school finds himself, in classes pursuing certain subjects essential to his course, in company with students not intending to adopt technical professions. These subjects may be, for example, chemistry, geology, physics, or mathematics, — subjects which form the groundwork of technical courses, and which may also be pursued by college students as a part of their general training. Professor Shaler regards this association as a source of much advantage, applying to it the term "educative companionship." I confess that, unless it is to be presumed that the non-technical students are the better men or the better scholars, this idea appears to me very far-fetched. The notion that because a young man is going, two or three years hence, to enter a law school, a medical school, or a divinity school, he therefore contributes some special flavor or savor to his class in chemistry or physics or geology or mathematics to-day is carrying the doctrine of final cause to an extreme.

There is only one assumption upon which this plea, conceding the equal merit of the students engaged, can have any validity. That assumption is often made by advocates of the old culture; but I am reluctant to believe that Professor Shaler could possibly adopt it, although he seems to do so when he speaks of "a truly academic atmosphere" as "one in which knowledge and a capacity for inquiry are valued for their own sake, and not measured by their uses in economic employment." The fling at technical studies as less "disinterested" than studies which are pursued without a direct object is one which has often been made in recent educational controversy; but those who use it have not seemed to me to show thereby their own superior liberality of mind. A young man who is faithfully seeking to qualify himself for an honorable and useful career in life may be disinterested in every sense in which that word can be used with approbation. Disinterestedness, in its true meaning, depends, not upon the studies pursued, not upon their immediate usefulness or uselessness, but upon the spirit in which the student enters upon and pursues his work. If there be intellectual honesty, if there be zeal in investigation, if there be delight in discovery, if there be fidelity to the truth as it is discerned, nothing more can be asked by the educator of highest aims. With such a student the useful applications of science distinctly add to the educational value of scientific study, inasmuch as they give a more direct object to his efforts and exertions, and heighten the pleasure he feels at each step of his scholarly progress.

The next advantage under this head which Professor Shaler finds in technical schools under the patronage of universities is in the opportunity afforded to the pupils to mingle some philosophical studies with those which are essential to their professional courses. In this connection it must be confessed that the faculties of many, perhaps of most, technical schools have made a mistake in not providing more so-called liberal studies. I agree fully with Professor Shaler in the opinion that such a union would conduce to ultimate professional success, as well as to the greater happiness of the man and the greater usefulness of the citizen. But the mistake referred to may be fairly attributed to the youth, and also, in some measure, to the poverty, of the technical schools. That it is not in the nature of the case is shown by the curriculum of the Institute of Technology, where literary and philosophical studies extending over three years are required of all candidates for a degree. Of the Sheffield Scientific School, in this respect, it is enough to say that its students have for twenty-five years enjoyed the teaching

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of William D. Whitney and Thomas R. Lounsbury.

Another advantage which Professor Shaler discerns as attaching to professional schools under the patronage of universities is not easy of description or definition. It may, perhaps, be expressed by the single word "atmosphere." That there is something in it no one will deny; but the utmost benefit which the students of a technical school can derive from this source may easily be offset, many times over, by disadvantages arising from other sources. The history of Amherst, Dartmouth, and Williams, and of many other American colleges abundantly shows that the best atmosphere for a student is that which he himself brings to college with him in his own energy, fidelity, and scholarly zeal; that the next best atmosphere is that created by learned, laborious, and high-minded teachers; the next best, that created by a body of devoted fellow-students, all intent upon the work of preparation for life. Loafing in academic groves, or browsing around among the varied foliage and herbage of a great university, pleasant as it may be, and well enough in its way, will have little effect upon the making of the man, in comparison with influences more serious, more pervasive, more penetrating.

That the students of technology throughout our country do, as a body, apply themselves to their tasks with wonderful energy and enthusiasm is a fact so familiar that it hardly needs to be adverted to here. The accession of such students to a great university would doubtless do much good to the university; but that the technical school would be better for the association may be questioned, in view of the multitude of distractions which beset ordinary student life, and the frivolity of many of the interests which are there deemed of prime importance. On their part, young men do not greatly care to go to schools where they are not respected equally with the best; where all the praise and all the prizes go to others; where the stained fingers and rough clothes of the laboratory mark them as belonging to a class less distinguished than students of classics or philosophy. Professor Shaler remarks upon "ancient prejudices concerning the humble position of all mechanical employments." Is it quite certain that those prejudices are even yet so far worn out of the public mind that the students and teachers of technology may not feel more at ease by themselves, in schools devoted to their own purposes, than in schools where snobbishness makes odious comparisons, and where fashions are set in respect to student life, conduct, and dress which they have neither the means nor the inclination to imitate?

With much of what Professor Shaler says regarding the desirability of preparing young men for the technical professions more by inculcating principles and inspiring a zeal for investigation and a love of learning, and less by imparting mere information and teaching useful knacks and devices, I heartily concur. Too much cannot be said upon this theme. But the question does not necessarily concern the issue raised by Professor Shaler. More than one detached school has shown the liberality of sentiment, the comprehensiveness of view, and the high moral courage necessary to place and maintain technical education upon a lofty plane.

Francis A. Walker.

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STUDIES IN THE CORRESPONDENCE OF PETRARCH.

III.

We often speak as though there were something peculiarly honorable and sacred in a firm friendship between two authors of repute; and yet we surely know that no code of the unwritten law of life is more general in its application than that which ordains that while we may welcome a man's acquaintance on account of what he has done, we make him our friend only for what he is. If Petrarch and Boccaccio had not both been writers in an age when writers were few, they very probably might never have met; and yet it was neither the Rime nor the Decameron which bound them fast together, but the curious compatibility of two very unlike natures, — sympathetic qualities, not similar achievements.

Petrarch himself comprehended perfectly the true theory of human attachments, and states it with force in one of his letters to that friend of many years, the Prior of the SS. Apostoli in Florence: "Virtue is the basis of friendship, and mutual charity all that is needed to preserve it. It is a simple thing; caring nothing for externals, wanting no rouge. And although many unsought pleasures attend it (who indeed can number the comforts and delights that spring from friendship?), yet charity has no need of any such stimulus; it is self-contained, — its own motive and its own reward."

Concerning the life of Petrarch up to the time of his first meeting with Boccaccio, in 1350, we have ample information; that of the younger man seems to elude us at every turn. We know that Boccaccio's family hailed from the little hill town of Certaldo, some thirty miles southwest of Florence; and we know that he was born in 1314, — that is, ten years later than Petrarch, — but whether in Paris, Florence, or Certaldo itself has been much disputed. His father was in straitened circumstances, and had other children to provide for; but he gave his son Giovanni some sound instruction in the principles of grammar and arithmetic, and then bound him out to a merchant, in whose office he spent six idle years. As many more were passed under a distinguished professor of ecclesiastical law, "the result of which was," to borrow Boccaccio's own half-wistful, half-humorous account, "that I neither became a merchant nor did I turn out a canonist. I simply failed to become an eminent poet."

The critical years between twenty and twenty-eight were passed by Giovanni at the learned and merry court of King Robert of Naples, and there, on the 7th of April, 1341, he followed Petrarch's example, and fell in love in church. The object of his adoration, she whom he fancifully named Fiammetta, "dear little flame," was Maria d'Aquino, a natural daughter of the king, and in her honor were composed his earliest works, the Filicopo and Teseide.

It was in February of this same year, 1341, as the reader will remember, that Petrarch had visited Naples in order to undergo an examination by King Robert in person on his qualifications for the laureateship; but if Boccaccio was among the spectators during those three days of searching inquisition, Petrarch knew nothing of it, and he went off to receive his prize at Rome without having made the personal acquaintance of the younger poet.

Boccaccio was in Florence in 1342 and 1343, and there composed his Ameto and Amorosa Visione. Afterwards he seems to have returned to Naples, and to have resumed for a time his old life

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there; but the death of his father in 1349 brought him back once more to his native Tuscany. The year 1348 had been the plague year, which first suggested to light-hearted Boccaccio the plan of his Decameron, while it inflicted upon Petrarch such terrible losses; and in the Latin hexameters which the elder poet sent to the younger at about this time, and which were, so far as we know, the first written communication which passed between them, Petrarch showed that he was yet staggering under the onset of manifold calamity: —

"E'en as I write
Crash on my ear, like deafening thunder-peals,
Woes upon woes. How many forms of grief
And dread hath Fate devised! I find it hard
Bravely to bear such losses and such fears.
All that I hear is woeful: now, that one
I love was borne away by black-robed death,
And one fell by the sword; a third is bound
In fetters, and a fourth lies very low;
This one the wild beasts slew, and that one feeds
The greedy fishes in the glassy sea.
I have nor heart of stone nor will of steel,
And I am very sad."

Ten years later we find a reminiscence of the first meeting between Petrarch and Boccaccio, near the end of the laureate's elaborate apology for his neglect and seeming contempt of Dante, — a letter to which we shall have occasion to refer again: —

"Not to speak of a host of delicate attentions and friendly offices with which you have overwhelmed me, there is one in particular which I can never forget. I refer to that time when I was hurrying across mid-Italy during a sharp frost, and you intercepted me, — not by loving thoughts alone, which are, as one may say, the footprints of the soul, but by a rapid journey in your own proper person, so marvelously eager were you for a glimpse of the man whom as yet you had never met. You had sent me in advance a noble poem; and thus it was that you revealed to me, whom you were resolved to love, first the aspect of your soul, and then the expression of your countenance. It was late, and darkness already shutting in, when, after my long exile, I once more set foot in the city of my fathers; and you, by the form of your salutation, so much more tender and reverential than I deserved, seemed to recall the poetic meeting with Anchises of the king of Arcady: —

'Whose heart with youthful zeal was all alight
To hail the man, and clasp right hand in right.'" [1]

When this memorable meeting took place, Petrarch was on his way to Rome to celebrate the jubilee of 1350; and a strange and melancholy visit, apart from the mystic benefit of the religious anniversary, it must have been to him. The Colonna, who had been used hospitably to receive him, were, so to speak, all gone. Battle and pestilence had combined almost to obliterate the name since last the laureate had been the guest of Giovanni di San Vito, seven years before. Since then, too, Cola di Rienzo, whose cause Petrarch had espoused so ardently, had risen and flourished and fallen, and was now a fugitive in Bohemia; while the last stage of the poet's autumnal journey was rendered painful by an accident which he describes in a letter to Boccaccio, written probably while he was still confined to his bed, and picturesquely dated, "Rome, November 2. In the silence of a windless night."

"I had left Bolsena, now a small and insignificant town, but formerly one of the chief places of Etruria, and I was beginning to be impatient for my fifth sight of the holy city." A crowd of sorrowful memories assailed the traveler as he proceeded, and he was trying to draw what comfort he could from the reflection that the motive, at least, of this fifth and perhaps last pilgrimage was more serious and noble than that

[1] Æn. viii. 163, 164.

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of his previous visits, since now he was seeking his soul's safety, and then mere earthly pleasure and pride, "when the horse of that holy old abbot whom I mentioned before, and who was riding on my left (a sinister circumstance, indeed, it had like to have been for me!), gave a kick, and struck me upon the knee, where the popples joins the tibia, with such violence that a loud crack as of breaking bones was audible, and all our stragglers hurried up to see what had happened. I was in such agony that it seemed to me at first as if I must stop there; but the aspect of the place was very uninviting, and so, making a virtue of necessity, I kept on, arriving late at night at Viterbo, and on the third day thereafter at Rome."

The Roman doctors thought ill of the injury, and Petrarch thought so ill of the doctors and their treatment that he vowed he would never again permit one to approach him in his professional capacity. Yet the case must, one would think, have been tolerably well managed, since before the end of the year he was back in Florence, having been splendidly received *en route* at his native town of Arezzo. On this occasion he spent several days in Florence, probably in Boccaccio's house, and then left for Padua, where he was to pass the winter.

There, in April, 1351, Boccaccio came to him, bearing a formal invitation from the city of Petrarch's ancestors that he should return and dwell among his own people, together with a promise of the restoration of his father's confiscated estates. The amiable ambassador seems never to have conceived a doubt about the success of his mission; but Petrarch, though he did not decline outright the tardy proposals of "ungrateful Florence," replied ambiguously, and in a strain of chilling irony, that he felt himself "quite unworthy such a signal mark of liberality and piety." So Boccaccio returned crestfallen, and soon got tidings that Petrarch was intending to pass the summer at Vaucluse. "No doubt," he observes, "one misses many of those luxuries in which the city abounds, but one finds certain things of which the city is destitute, and which are specially to my taste, such as ease, freedom, silence, and solitude." He goes on to say that the two chief drawbacks to his Provençal residence he finds to be that it is a long way from Italy, the country of his soul, and much too near that "hell upon earth, the Occidental Babylon." However, he does not intend to stay long, but hopes to be back in the autumn, — "both he and his books," which he now proposes to add to his Italian library. But the kalends of April, 1352, found him still on the banks of the Rhone, whence he wrote as follows to Boccaccio: —

"For fear you should fancy yourself quite forgotten, I have done my best to send you something by this messenger; but whether it be due to the brevity of time, or the paucity of events, or the multitude of cares by which I am more than usually harassed, or to my hope and purpose of soon seeing you again and holding sweet converse with you face to face, I have found, after much beating of my brains (not to attempt any further excuses) nothing worth writing, unless it be the fact that there is nothing to write. I am terribly mixed up with the affairs of 'Babylon,' but it is of no use expatiating upon these. I have already said much concerning them in my letters to other friends, and were I to attempt to go into the matter fully words would fail me. Of my private affairs there is nothing to tell. The one thing certain is that I must die. Seneca may flout me as he once flouted Cicero; all I can say is that I find myself only one unit in a great mass of so-called free men. I am neither well nor ill, alive nor dead, nor shall I ever begin either to live or to thrive until I have found some way out of this labyrinth. This is my one thought and purpose. Farewell, and whatever annoyances you may

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be enduring, believe that they are light beside this exile of mine."

Not until 1353 did Petrarch at last return to Italy, where, to the astonishment and somewhat to the scandal of the world, he took up his residence at the court of Giovanni Visconti, archbishop and tyrant of Milan. A good many of his friends reproached him, more or less bitterly, with what looked so like treachery to the cause of Italian independence, and even Boccaccio took leave to remind him, as delicately as might be, how inconsistent this action was with the sentiments Petrarch had expressed in 1351, when he, Boccaccio, had been the bearer of the overtures of Florence, and when, after days spent by Petrarch in sacred studies, and by Boccaccio in copying his friend's works, the two had held high converse together till far into the night.

It must be confessed that Petrarch's defense, when shorn of rhetoric and sifted of evasion, amounts to little more than that he liked the life he led in Milan very much indeed. He found the formidable Visconti clever, considerate, and above all complimentary, and he had, as he tells a friend in Florence, a most delightful installation "at the extreme west end of the city, very near the basilica of Sant' Ambrogio. The situation of the house is as healthful as possible; it stands on the left hand side of the church, commanding in front a view of the lead-covered dome and the two towers of the façade, while the rear windows look over the city walls, across miles of wooded country, to the Alps, which whiten with snow as soon as summer is past."

Petrarch retained this pleasant residence in Milan till 1361, during which time there was certainly a slight coolness between him and Boccaccio, which we cannot help regarding as honorable to the younger poet. Three letters only can be assigned to the years between 1353 and 1359, and these are all from Petrarch, and short. Two are simply to thank Boccaccio for gifts of some of his exquisite manuscript copies of Latin authors, — the one a magnificent volume containing Augustine's complete works, the other consisting of selections from Cicero and Varro. Boccaccio's skill as a copyist was remarkable, and he was always employing his talent in the service of his friends; and in fact, when the regular correspondence between him and Petrarch was resumed, it was apropos of another and very memorable gift of the same kind.

Early in the spring of 1359, Boccaccio had been induced to pay a visit of a few days to his friend in Milan. Generous almost to a fault in his judgment of other poets, and prone, if anything, to exaggerate their achievements while unduly depreciating his own, we may imagine the consternation and perplexity of Boccaccio when he found Petrarch almost entirely ignorant of the Divine Comedy; and, his visit ended, it became a labor of love with him to produce a beautiful copy of the great masterpiece,[1] which he sent to his late host, accompanied by some graceful verses earnestly recommending Dante Alighieri to his notice. Whatever we may think of the prolix communication which he received from Petrarch in reply, the document is too important and instructive not to be quoted at some length.

"Many things in your letter," it rather stiffly begins, "require no answer, seeing that we have so recently discussed them in person; but there are one or two matters which I have noted as demanding my special attention, and which I will proceed briefly to speak of.

[1] Or rather, probably, to complete and embellish one which he had already made, since there would seem hardly to have been time enough between Boccaccio's visit and Petrarch's acknowledgment of his gift for making an entire copy of so long a work. This unique memorial of the three chief writers of the Italian revival is now in the Vatican library.

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"In the first place, you excuse yourself with much earnestness for having possibly said too much in praise of our fellow-countryman, that poet who employs the language of the people, though his subject matter is unquestionably noble. And your manner of doing so would seem to imply that I might look upon his renown, or upon that of any other man, as detracting from my own. Thus, you say that all your praise of him would, if rightly considered, only redound to my glory; and you add, by way of further apology for the tribute you have paid him, that it was he who inspired and directed your earliest studies. Your grateful recognition of what you owe him is, of course, a mere matter of justice and gratitude; or, more strictly speaking, of filial piety. For if we owe all [*sic*] to the progenitors of our bodies, and much to the makers of our fortunes, what do we not owe to those who have fathered and fostered our talents? . . .

"The thing which disturbs me most, in your apologetic epistle, is that I should after all be so little known to one who, I thought, understood me thoroughly. Am I not then one to rejoice — nay, to glory — in the praise of illustrious men? Believe me, nothing is further from my nature, no baseness more foreign, than the sentiment of envy. On the contrary, I call God, the Searcher of hearts, to witness that nothing in life has ever been more painful to me than to see deserving men deprived of their due honor and reward. . . . It is those who hate me who have charged me with hating and despising that poet, in order to discredit me with the common herd, to whom he is especially acceptable. . . . For why, in the first place, should I hate a man whom I never saw but once in my life, and that when I was a mere boy? He lived on terms of intimacy with my father and my grandfather, — a younger man than the latter,[1] but older than the former, in company with whom he was banished from Florence, on the occasion of the same civil tumult. A very warm friendship then sprang up between these two victims of a common calamity, as is wont to be the case when there is a similarity of tastes and pursuits as well as of destiny. He, however, endured that exile, to which my father, harassed by many cares, domestic and other, succumbed; and he followed with ever-increasing zeal his original purpose, careless of everything but his fame. Now, this I consider marvelous and beyond all praise, that a man should keep to his chosen path, and never be moved either by poverty or exile, or the taunts and slanders of his compatriots, or his own natural affection for wife and children. . . . You see how odious and even ridiculous is this charge, trumped up by I know not whom, of enmity on my part against one whom I have no motive to hate, but, on the contrary, many to love: such as my father's regard and their common patriotism, and the genius of the man himself, and his style, which is the best possible of its kind, and one which must always and everywhere preserve him from contempt.

"Another count of the indictment against me, and one upon which great stress has been laid, is that I, who have been from my youth up so enthusiastic a collector of books, should never have possessed a copy of *his* works. . . . Well, it is true, but the reason which has been alleged for the omission is not true. I was then trying my powers in his own line; that is to say, I was devoted to the vulgar tongue. I had not yet dreamed of anything more elegant, nor learned to aspire to higher things; but I was very much afraid, youth being so pliable and prone to indiscriminate admiration, that if I became imbued with his or any other man's phraseology I should, consciously or unconsciously, turn out to be a mere imitator. Being somewhat overbold for my years, I resented this notion, and

[1] Dante was, in fact, in his fortieth year when Petrarch was born.

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had the confidence or the vanity to think that I had talent enough to form, even in that line, a characteristic style of my own without the help of any mortal. How far I was right others must judge. . . .

"I have perhaps dwelt too long on an affair of minor importance, which ought never to have moved me so much, and I might indeed have found a better employment for this fleeting hour, if your very apologies had not seemed to repeat the common accusation. For it has become, as I said before, the custom of many men to accuse me of hating or despising him whom I have purposely refrained from naming to-day, lest the vulgar crowd, which hears everything and understands nothing, should take up the accusation against me. . . . For what show of plausibility is there in the notion that I could be jealous of one who gave his whole life to a kind of composition which I practiced only in my earliest youth; so that that which was to me a mere first attempt, a pastime, a form of relaxation, became, I will not say his only, but his chief form of expression? How could there possibly, I ask you, be envy, or room even for a suspicion of envy, here? You say, in your enthusiasm, that he could have employed another style had he so pleased. I dare swear he could. I have so high an opinion of his talents that I think he would have excelled in any style he might have chosen, but everybody knows what style he did choose."

There is much more in the same strain, but it becomes painful reading, and perhaps we have had enough of it. There is a subtle danger to our own integrity of judgment, as well as a certain immodesty, in permitting ourselves to dwell too long upon the weaknesses of the great. Petrarch would have been the greatest writer of his century, if that other, whom he here permits himself to patronize, had not been so immeasurably greater than he. Let us not be betrayed into his fault, and flippantly criticise where we are perhaps unable to comprehend. Boccaccio is usually reckoned as much less than Petrarch as Petrarch was certainly less than Dante, but he had one beautiful and inestimable gift, the faculty of reverent appreciation; and we can at least sympathize with the sad and baffled feeling, the sense of dull disappointment, with which he must have folded and put away the laureate's lengthy letter.

In how different a spirit do we find Petrarch writing to Boccaccio, a few months later, October, 1359, of "Virgil, Horace, Livy, and Cicero. These I have read and re-read, not once, but a thousand times; not cursorily, but studiously, intently, bringing to them the best powers of my mind. I tasted in the morning, and digested at night; I quaffed as a boy, to ruminate as an old man. These works have become so familiar to me that they cling not to my memory merely, but to the very marrow of my bones: they have become so identified with my own genius that, even were I never to read them again, they would still be there, rooted in the deepest recesses of my soul."

Nevertheless, he goes on rather finely to say he would not permit himself consciously to borrow from these masters of his; not even to the extent to which they sometimes borrowed from one another. And if Boccaccio or any other friend, he adds, has ever discovered in his writings any overt act of plagiarism, they would do him the utmost service by pointing it out, bravely, frankly, and kindly. "No reproof could be more acceptable to me, save one which should touch the conduct of my life; and I declare myself ready and eager to amend both life and style, and that not merely at the suggestion of my friends, but in obedience to the howls of my rivals, if only I discern some spark of truth amid the darkness of their hate."

Nor was Petrarch invariably absorbed in himself and his own fame.

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He could also enter into the difficulties and appreciate the occasional vagaries of his friend, and give him counsels of the most practical common sense. About two years after the date of the last letter, Boccaccio received a visit from a monk of Siena, who succeeded in thoroughly frightening him by a prediction of his imminent death. The letter which the younger poet wrote to the elder upon this occasion has not been preserved, but we gather from the reply it drew forth that he was on the point of obeying the friar's mandate, relinquishing his studies, selling his books and the few other treasures which he possessed, and going into a convent *pour faire son âme*. This impulsive purpose Petrarch opposes briskly and with authority, drawing his arguments from a wide range of authors, both sacred and profane. His final summing up is in this wise: —

"Many, doubtless, have attained the highest degree of sanctity without learning, but learning need never prevent any one from becoming a saint. It is true the apostle Paul was taunted with having been made mad by much learning, but the world has long known how much truth there was in that reproach. Were I to speak my whole mind upon this matter, I should say that the path which leads to virtue by the way of ignorance may be easy, but that it is the chosen route of the sluggish and the cowardly. The goal of all good men is the same, but it is reached by a great variety of roads. One traveler goes faster, and one slower; one moves in shadow, another in light; one stops at a lower level, and one climbs to a greater altitude. Blessed is the journey of them all, but most glorious surely the path which leads through the sunshine and over the heights. . . . But a truce to controversy. . . . If you are indeed firmly resolved to abandon your studies and sell your books, thus parting with the very instruments of culture, I am much obliged to you for having given the preference over all other purchasers to me, who am, as you say, and as I freely own, *so greedy of books*."

And then follows a passage which shows Petrarch in his most amiable and charming light. As for the poverty which Boccaccio pleads, he is not, he says, going to insult him by sending him a list of other illustrious paupers. Whenever he, Petrarch, has offered him anything, Boccaccio has seemed to prefer his own independence and peace of mind to accepting an obligation. All very proper and praiseworthy, no doubt. "But what I do not consider in the least admirable is your haughty disregard of my many friendly invitations. I have not the means of making you rich; if I had, I should do so without further parley. But I have more than enough for the needs of two men who could live together in one house and be of one mind. You will wrong me if you make light of my offer. If you do not trust me, you wrong me yet more deeply. Farewell."

Whatever influence Petrarch's arguments may have had, it is certain that Boccaccio relinquished his purpose of quitting the world; and though he did not consent to live with his friend altogether, he paid him a long visit in Venice in 1363, and, returning to Florence at the end of the summer, was followed almost immediately by a sad and tender letter announcing the death of those two dear friends whom they had always called Lælius[1] and Simonides.[2] He also expresses the keenest anxiety on Boccaccio's own account.

"I wrote you a long letter concerning this twofold misfortune and the woes which are afflicting the entire world" (the plague had reappeared); "and then I did not send it, but kept it by me, not so much through languor and inertia (though these may have had their part)

[1] Lello di Pietro Stefano, a Roman.

[2] Francesco Nelli, Prior of the SS. Apostoli at Florence.

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as through the fear of having written in vain to you, as I had done to those two. For to both I had sent very long letters, which arrived before their limbs were cold, and were returned to me in one and the same hour, from places far asunder, with their seals unbroken. I saw at once what ill tidings they brought, and threw them as they were upon the fire, a funeral sacrifice to those dear *manes*. And to tell you the truth, Donato and I have been seized with panic lest the same fate should have overtaken you. We cannot believe that, if you were still in life, you would not have written to relieve the torment of our anxiety. If living, you are indeed inexcusable. But if, as Virgil says, *absumpta salus*, you need no excuse. Happy you, and wretched we who remain to weep for you, if indeed we have any tears left to shed."

Fortunately for himself and for posterity, Boccaccio was enjoying, and long continued to enjoy, excellent health. His friendship with Petrarch had now reached its *mezzo cammin*, and was to grow ever firmer till its close. In 1365, Boccaccio was sent on an embassy from Florence to Pope Urban V. at Avignon. Petrarch, who happened to be occupying his "cisalpine Parnassus" at Pavia, hoped for a visit from the ambassador on his return; but the latter was forced, by press of business, to hurry past, and merely sent a letter of regret on his arrival in Florence.

"You did well," writes Petrarch on the 14th of December, "to visit me by letter, since you could not or would not come in person. From the moment I knew you had crossed the Alps, on your way to the Occidental Babylon, — which is as much worse than the Oriental as it is nearer at hand, — I was in misery until I heard of your return. . . . God be praised, who has brought you safely back. . . . If, however, you had not been in such exceeding haste, it would have been easy for you to make a detour from Genoa to this place. Then you would have seen not only me, whom you can see anywhere, but something which I think you have never seen, — the city on the Ticino which the moderns call Pavia, which the grammarians tell us means 'admirable.' It was a famous residence of the Lombard kings, and had been visited by Augustus Cæsar during the German war, long before their time. . . . You would have seen the city where Augustine found a tomb, and Severinus (Boethius) fit surroundings for the exile of his old age and for his death. Now they sleep in two urns beneath the same roof, along with that King Luitprand who had the remains of Augustine brought hither from Sardinia, — a noble and pious company of truly great men. It seems as though Boethius, the earnest disciple of Augustine, had refused to be severed in death from him whom he resembled in his genius and his works, especially in his treatise on the Trinity. . . . And who would not long to find his last resting-place beside these most enlightened and holy men?"

At the close of this same letter we find Petrarch acknowledging in a somewhat critical spirit a gift from Boccaccio which he had himself solicited: —

"The extracts from Homer[1] which you made for me arrived before I left Venice, and I am deeply indebted to your kindness, but also very sorry for your unnecessary trouble, which I never would have imposed had I known what I now know. The truth is, I had not the slightest desire to know what passes in the Greek inferno; it is quite enough to be familiar with that of the Latins: and God grant that we may know the latter by books and hearsay only, and not by personal experience! I was merely curious to see how Homer, a native of Greece or of Asia, and blind withal, would have described the remote and lonely parts of Italy, — the Æolian Islands,

[1] They were translations into Latin, for Petrarch could not read the original.

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Lake Avernus, the Circean promontory. But since you propose to send me, later, the whole of this great work, I may yet find there what I desire. My only anxiety is that you say you will send me the Iliad in full and extracts from the Odyssey, while what I want is in the latter poem."

Unfortunately, only a few of Boccaccio's letters to Petrarch have been preserved. To judge by those we have, they must have been full of charm, bright, graphic, affectionate, — just what one would have expected from a man of his temperament and his gifts. In order to understand the first from which we shall quote, a little explanation will be necessary. On the 10th of July, 1361, Petrarch's son Giovanni, who had been legitimized along with his sister Francesca by Clement VI., but who had caused his father, in a short life, incessant pain and disappointment, died suddenly of the plague. Not long afterward, — possibly, as Fracassetti thinks, in the same year, — Francesca, who appears to have had all the personal graces and filial virtues that her brother lacked, was happily married to Francesco da Brossano, a native of Milan, but settled in Venice. The sweetest of Petrarch's declining days were passed in their home, and his grandfatherly fondness for their children and grief for the one who died in infancy are very touching; while Boccaccio records as follows the gracious impression made upon him by that fair Venetian interior. The letter is addressed to "Francesco Petrarca, Laureate," and dated Florence, June 30. The year is not given; Fracassetti conjectures 1368.

"It was to see you, my illustrious master, that I left Certaldo on the 24th of March, bound for Venice, where you then were; but I was detained at Florence by the continual rains, the persuasions of my friends, and the formidable accounts brought back by those returning from Bologna of the perils of the way, until I learned, to my deep disgust, that you had been recalled to Pavia: whereat I was so disturbed that I was near giving up my whole plan, as I seemed to have the best of reasons for doing. For though there were a good many things in Venice which I wanted to see, I never should have set forth on account of these. But there were certain friends of mine, who had confided to me the management of delicate affairs of their own, whom I was unwilling to disappoint; and also I did have a strong desire to behold those two people to whom you are so extremely and so justly attached, — I mean your Tullia [1] and her Francesco, whom I had never seen at all, whereas most of those whom you have loved in the past are already known to me. And so, the weather having improved, I resumed my journey, and finally arrived, dead tired, at the end thereof. Of my unexpected and most joyful meeting with Francesco on the way I think he himself has told you. When we had exchanged gay and friendly greetings, and I had learned that you were safe and well, as also many other gratifying things about you, I had leisure to consider the stately figure and sweet countenance of the man himself, his refined speech and gentle manners; and I derived amazing pleasure from the sight, and at the very first glance approved your choice. But when did you ever do anything which I did not approve?

"I had to tear myself away from him, however, and at daybreak I boarded my little bark.[2] But the moment I set foot upon the shore of Venice it was as if you yourself had given notice of my coming, for I was surrounded by a concourse of our own fellow-citizens, each one competing for the privilege of being my host in your absence. . . . Had

[1] Francesca.

[2] Francesco, who was starting on a journey, had met Boccaccio upon the mainland.

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there been no friend to meet me, I should of course have gone to an inn, for I could not stay in Tullia's house when her husband was away. . . . But so soon as I was a little rested I went to pay my respects, and she, feeling my arrival as she would have done your own, came out to meet me, her cheeks glowing with a charming blush. Her eyes fell when she saw me, but she saluted me prettily, and welcomed me with a most modest and filial embrace. I saw at once how you had prepared her for my coming, and how completely you had trusted me, and I blessed God for your confidence. So, after we had exchanged a few words, we went and sat down in your little garden, where there were several friends present, and where, in the simplest and quietest manner possible, and always preserving the same matronly dignity, she placed at my disposal the house and the books and all your belongings. And while we were talking, who should come out but your — and my — dear little Eletta,[1] with a step sedate beyond her years, yet laughing as she looked at me even before she knew who I was. I snatched her to my arms, not so much gladly as greedily, for she seemed to me, at the first glance, to be the very child whom I had lost.[2] How can I describe it? If you do not believe me, ask William of Ravenna, the physician, or our friend Donato, who both knew her, whether your Eletta be not the very image of mine, — the same features and expression, the same merry eyes, the same gestures and movements and carriage of the little person. Only mine was rather taller, because she was older; she was almost five and a half when I saw her last. Had they spoken the same dialect, they would have used the selfsame words. I could scarcely have told them apart, but that yours has golden, and mine had chestnut hair. Ah me! how many times, when I was fondling and frolicking with your grandchild, the thought of the lost one brought tears to my eyes, which I wiped away hastily, that they might not be seen!"

Later on he recurs to the fine character of Francesco, and to his unstinted hospitality. "And do you know," he says, "that when I was leaving Venice, he, aware of my poverty, which I never deny, took me, late at night, into his own little room, and, without any parade of words, grasped my puny arm in those huge hands of his, and, in spite of all my remonstrances, fairly made me blush for his generosity; then he embraced me and ran away, leaving me aghast at what I had suffered him to do. God grant that some day I may be able to repay him!"

Boccaccio's poverty, like that of many other open-hearted and agreeable men, was plainly constitutional, and only to be palliated for the time being by any material aid. Petrarch himself sometimes offered him a more fanciful order of consolation, as in the following letter, in which he replies to Boccaccio's statement that he had been ill in a lonely place, far away from physicians, whom, however, he could not have afforded to summon, had there been any at hand. It will be seen that the prejudice against the profession which Petrarch had imbibed at Rome during the jubilee year was still in full force.

"I must really congratulate you on your isolation and impecuniosity, which were as serviceable to you in this case as they have often been to other men in spite of themselves; for had you been in easier circumstances you would no doubt have called in a doctor, not to say butcher; and you would have done this, not because you expected him to cure you, but for those conventional reasons which perpetually lead men to risk their lives rather than imperil their credit in the eyes of the world. You never made

[1] Francesca's daughter.

[2] Boccaccio has embalmed the memory of this little girl in his beautiful fourteenth eclogue, where she is called Olimpia.

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any secret of your opinion concerning physicians. You say in so many words that they are more apt to diminish the substance than the sufferings of their patients, and to lighten their purses of gold rather than their bodies of evil humors. This is the way I manage. I have had a good many friends, first and last, who were physicians, and of these four are still living, one in Venice, one in Milan, and two in Padua, all of them polite and accomplished men, capital talkers, keen in argument, excessively plausible, — capable, in short, of doing murder in the mildest and most reasonable manner, and then offering the most satisfactory apologies for what they have done. Cicero, Seneca, and Aristotle are forever on their lips, and, what is more remarkable, even Virgil; for whether it be owing to mental weakness or some form of mania, or to mere chance, they know everything better than their own profession. . . . Now, if I fall ill, I welcome them all to my house, but as friends merely, never as physicians; for I am always delighted to see my friends, and I consider it one of the most efficacious means of restoring and preserving health. If they advise anything which appears to me reasonable, I do it, and acknowledge my obligations to them. If their prescriptions do not square with my views, I let them talk, and follow my own counsel. And I have given special orders to my own people that, if I am ever in serious danger, they are not to do to me any of the things which the doctors order, but to let Nature have her way, and the God who created me and has set a limit to my days, which I may not overpass."

Petrarch seems to have had a strong presentiment that this "limit" would coincide with his grand climacteric. There are two letters of his to Boccaccio, written, the one on his sixty-second, the other on his sixty-third birthday; that is to say, when he felt himself to be entering upon the critical year, and when he considered that he had safely passed it. The first is a long and dreamy essay on the theory of the climacteric and the vanity of human life, accompanied by the touching confession of many of his own shortcomings, as well as of the faith which continually rose "triumphant o'er his fears."

"And so," he says, near the close of this letter, "I look upon death as an effect of nature, and find comfort in the hope of a resurrection to life eternal. All the good and wise have agreed with me in the first; some very great men have been without the second, and yet, by the sheer force of their virtue, they have met death so quietly and bravely as to show how possible — nay, how easy — it is to rise above its terrors. How shameful, then, it would be for a Christian, with all the light he has received, to shrink from death! To-day, and in this very hour, I enter upon the year which is falsely called fatal, since it can bring me nothing new, or at least nothing dreadful, if I quit me like a man. . . . For I was born at dawn, in the city of Arezzo, in the year 1304 of this last era, which takes its name and its beginning from Jesus Christ, in whom is my hope; . . . and to-day is Monday, the 20th of July of the year 1366. Count, then, upon your fingers, and you will see that I have fulfilled sixty-two years since I crossed the threshold of this troubled life, and that I am stepping at this moment into the tremendous sixty-third. . . . I have told you my first day: I would gladly tell you my last, if I knew it. But in vain I repeat with David, 'Lord, make me to know mine end.' Wherefore I recommend all my days, and the latest above all, to the King of the Ages."

Petrarch's next birthday, however, found him still alive, and in a cheerful if somewhat less elevated frame of mind. "The year has come round again, dear brother," he begins, "and the sun is once more in Leo, having made a com-

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plete turn of the zodiac since I wrote you a letter which may have alarmed you somewhat, though I myself was feeling very calm." He attributes his composure of mind on that critical morning to the good and pious meditations he had been making rather than to his contempt of "astrological babble."

"For I must admit," he proceeds, "that, on a review of what I had observed during my own short life, I had almost persuaded myself that there was some truth in what they say about the seventh and ninth years; that is, that these years do often bring unpleasant changes and unusual misfortunes. But that, as the same authorities pretend, the year sixty-three, which is the multiple of the two, ought for that reason to be twice as malignant as the others, this I never did believe, and still less can I do so now, when, by divine mercy, I have experienced the exact contrary. . . . For the fact of the matter is that, whatever the portentous year may have been or may be to others, to me it has been full of good and pleasant things; and I never remember to have enjoyed more perfect health in all my life."

Tradition (for, strange to say, there is no precise evidence) has it that Petrarch lived exactly to complete his threescore years and ten, and then, on the morning of another 20th of July, was found dead in his library, bowed, as had been his wont in life, over one of his beloved books.

A long break in his correspondence with Boccaccio follows Petrarch's climacteric. If any letters were exchanged between 1367 and 1373, they have not been preserved; but in the latter year Petrarch sent his friend three letters in one packet, or rather two accompanied by the following explanatory note: —

"I thought at first that I would not answer your letter at all,[1] because, although the advice which it contained was practical and friendly, it was entirely averse to my way of thinking. I then took it into my head to write you a long letter on quite another subject, which letter was so full of erasures that I undertook to copy it; whereupon a friend came in, and, pitying my weak condition, — for I am almost always ill in these days, — he offered to relieve me of the labor. But while he was writing I said to myself: 'What will my Giovanni say to this? He will be sure to think that I am ready to write to him on trivial matters, but will not answer him on essential points.' So, without much reflection, but quite on the impulse of the moment, I picked up the pen which I had flung aside, and wrote another letter, not quite as long as the first, but at least a proper answer to yours. Almost two months elapsed before I found any means of sending to you; but now at last here come those two voluminous epistles, accompanied by the present little note, and left quite open, in order to spare the officials along the route the trouble of unsealing them. They are quite welcome to read them, but I trust that, having done so, they will forward them without alteration. They will see that we are not plotting war: and I would that no one else were doing so, and that we might all enjoy that peace which seems banished from our borders! Please to read first the letter in my handwriting, and then the other. I have arranged them in this order. I expect you to say, when you have finished, 'Can this be my friend, the poor, ailing, overworked old man, or is it not some brisk young person of the same name, with nothing in particular to do?' Nay, it is I myself, but I rather wonder at my own energy. Farewell."

One would like to quote in full the eloquent old man's testimony to the blessing of work, in the second letter; his ardent belief in the beneficial effects of study upon the physical health, both

[1] Boccaccio had evidently written entreating Petrarch to remember his age and infirmities, and to slacken a little the ardor of his studies.

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as a prophylactic and a cure. The gift of long life, he says, would be to him a curse rather than a blessing, were his years to be passed in idleness. A little further on he takes up the defense of poverty, prefacing his discourse upon this head by a familiar quotation from his beloved Horace:[1] —

"'A hundred herds of lowing kine,
Sicilian bred, and chariot fine
By neighing race horse drawn, are thine;
And woolens soft thy frame define
In murex double-dyed.
But no false Fate 't was gave to me
Some notes of Grecian melody,
Of my few acres made me free,
And the base crowd's malignity
Well taught me to deride.'

"There is the proper answer to any one who presumes to boast of his perishable riches! I take leave to repeat in this place what I have always said when discussing this matter with my friends. Suppose a man, endowed only with his many virtues, takes service with a prince who shows himself hard and mean, and says to his protégé, 'Do you be content with your virtues, and suffer me to bestow my substantial benefits upon less exemplary men.' The other would then have a perfect right to retort, 'My virtues, if I have any, were no gift of yours. If, therefore, you would be just, you ought simply to consider my merits, and reward me in accordance with these, recognizing that what is in me is Heaven's gift, not yours.' . . . But so may not a man speak to God, the donor of his virtues, the maker of his body and his soul."

Nor can we imagine Petrarch using quite this language with Galeazzo Visconti. He would not have been guilty of such a breach of good manners. Nevertheless, this high-spirited passage undoubtedly affords one more clue to the secret of Petrarch's remarkable, yet upon the whole honorable acceptability to the great and powerful. He outdid all other courtiers by the mere fact of rejecting all the courtier's hackneyed arts. He accepted what princes and potentates had to give him, simply but proudly, as a fair exchange for what they had received from him; and by so doing he preserved his personal dignity, while offering a subtle suggestion that it was for their own sake he adhered to his patrons, and not for what they could give him.

The third letter in the packet was not, as we have seen, in Petrarch's hand, but there could never have been any question about the authorship. It is interesting from the fact that it is one of the very few in the correspondence which refer to Boccaccio's own works.

"There lately fell into my hands — I cannot remember who gave it to me — a book written by you in our mother tongue, and, if I mistake not, while you were still young.[2] I cannot pretend to have read it thoroughly, for the volume is bulky, and written in a free and easy style to catch the popular fancy; whereas my occupations are many and my time is short. . . . So what do you think I did? I ran it over rapidly, noting a point here and there, as a traveler in haste notes the objects along his route. . . . Thus cursorily perused, your book pleased me very much; and though I was occasionally offended by a certain coarseness and freedom of expression, I attributed the fault to your years, to the style and the language you had employed, to the lightness of your theme, and above all to the quality of those whom you addressed. For it is always most important to consider for whom one is writing, and to adapt one's language to the tone of one's readers. . . . As usually happens, however, when one skims

[1] Carm. II. xvi. 33–40.

[2] The stories comprising the Decameron were first collected and given to the world in 1353, when Boccaccio was thirty-nine years old, but some of them were probably written earlier, for we hear of his reading tales of his own to Joanna of Naples in 1344.

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a book, I noted more particularly the beginning and the end. In the former I found a description of that horrible pestilence whereby, for an unparalleled warning to the world, our age was crammed with misery and woe; and I was profoundly impressed by the masterly manner in which you had depicted, and the feeling with which you had deplored, that awful scourge of our fatherland. On the other hand, the last story in the book struck me as different from all the rest, and I was so delighted with it that, though distracted by a thousand cares, I committed it to memory, and greatly enjoyed repeating it to myself; resolving also to recite it to my friends, the first time our conversation should turn upon any kindred subject. This, not long after, I actually did; and all who heard me were so fascinated that it occurred to me the tale might prove equally acceptable to those who do not understand our vulgate. . . . So, one day, when I had been racking my brains after my usual fashion till I had exhausted my patience with myself and mankind, I flung my work contemptuously aside, seized a pen, and began to rewrite your story, making sure that you would not dislike having me for a translator. . . . My version having been much admired, and being in great request, to whom but yourself should I dedicate it? — for yours it is. Whether it be improved or injured by its new dress you must judge. It returns whence it came, . . . and if any ask me whether the tale be true, I shall refer them to its proper author, my dear Giovanni."

And then follows Petrarch's refined and somewhat amplified rendering of the oft-told tale of the patient Grizzel. Something is indeed sacrificed of Boccaccio's entirely convincing *naïveté*, but the laureate has added exquisite touches of his own, lovely bits of scenery, and more than one supremely happy epithet. Boccaccio's long-suffering heroine was plainly the old poet's last love. He would like to think that she had once lived, though he candidly owns that he does not expect the matrons of his day to conform to her standard of wifely devotion. The matrons of ours would consider themselves bound by the most sacred obligations to Woman and the World to resist from the first such outrageous pretensions as Gualterio's; and what is indubitably best for Gualterio is probably (though this seems less certain) best for Griseldis as well.

To this Latin translation of the Griseldis Petrarch appends a postscript, in which he takes a fond farewell of Boccaccio as a correspondent.

"I am firmly resolved," he says, "to write no more letters, both because they distract me more than they used from graver studies, and because I know no other way of avoiding the insolence of those miscreants into whose hands they are likely to fall. . . . I determined some time ago that I would write more briefly, in order to save a little of the time which is wearing so fast away; but that resolution proved of no use, and I am now convinced that it is harder for true friends to say little than to be wholly silent. . . . Farewell, then, friends! Farewell, letters!

"Among the Euganean Hills,
June 4, 1373."

There is every reason to suppose that Boccaccio bowed with his usual gentle deference to the austere decision of his aged friend. The consciousness of his own failing health and the near hope of an eternal reunion doubtless helped him to be patient. It seems certain, at all events, that no further written communication passed between them. The latest of Boccaccio's own letters which we possess[1] was written to Francesco da Brossano, in Venice, in reply to one announcing the laureate's death: —

"I received your sad letter, dearest brother, and not recognizing the hand,

[1] Dated "November" only, but probably belonging to the following year, 1374.

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I broke the seal and glanced at the signature; but the moment I saw your name I knew what the letter contained, and that it was come to tell me of the happy passage of our renowned father and master, Francis Petrarch, from the earthly Babylon to the heavenly Jerusalem. . . . It came into my mind to go to you, that we might weep together over our common misfortune. . . . But I am another man from him you knew in Venice. I have wasted away and lost my color; my eyes are dim; my knees shake under me, and my hands tremble. There is no more question of the Apennines for me. I have just managed, by the help of friends, to crawl back to the old place at Certaldo, where, weak in body and troubled in soul, I while away my days, unsure of myself, and relying on God alone, who can, if he will, subdue my fever, and give me his healing and his grace. . . .

"But enough of me. When I had read your letter, a great wave of pity swept over me; . . . not, you may be sure, for that best of men, concerning whom I am assured, when I remember his goodness and the fashion of his life, — his prayers, his fasts, his vigils, and his all-pervading piety, — that he has winged a straight flight from the sorrows of this evil world to the presence of the most high Father and the everlasting joy of his Christ. It was myself I compassionated, and other friends of his, — friends abandoned upon this quicksand as in a boat without a rudder, driven ashore by wind and wave. Yet even amid the tumult of my distress I could think of the sharper grief which must be yours and hers, your wife, Tullia, my ever loved and honored sister. . . . You tell me that he closed his eyes in the little village of Arquà, in the Padovan territory, leaving an earnest injunction that he should be laid to his last rest upon that very spot. . . . Ah me! I own my sin, if sin it be! As a Florentine, I grudge so bright an honor to that Arquà who hath it through another's humility, and not by any merit of her own! . . .

"My weakness warns me that I must write no more. I am come to my last prayer, — love me, dear brother, and farewell for long. . . . It has taken me almost three days to write this short letter, which I close at Certaldo on the 3d of November.

Your unworthy
GIOVANNI DA CERTALDO."

Before the end of the next year the friends were reunited; but ere he went Boccaccio had found voice for another and fuller tribute to the master whom he was following so fast: —

"Now, dear my lord, thine is the heavenly height,
That kingdom thine, all souls may hope to share,
Though weight of many sins from earth they bear,
So God's election place them on his right.
Now art thou where the longing for a sight
Of thy sweet Laura drew thee oft, and where
My Fiammetta, who is ever fair,
Sits down by her full in their Maker's light.
With Dante, Cino, and Sennuccio now,
Thou livest secure of peace for evermore,
And knowest all that here we could not know.
Oh, if on earth we loved, in pity bow,
And draw me hence; and sight of her restore
Who kindled in my heart Love's earliest glow!"

Harriet Waters Preston.
Louise Dodge.

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SOME LATE ITALIAN BOOKS.

THE new Italy, like every other living land in these days, is full — only too full — of copious writers both in prose and verse. No one of the first rank has yet appeared among them; but neither has there been any such apparition in any other country since the fairest of all recovered her full national consciousness, a generation ago. A good many of these new voices are the voices of women, and this also is a sign of the times; the most distinguished and promising of the young writers of Italian verse being undoubtedly the Lombard poetess, Ada Negri.

Very little is known even in her own country concerning her person and her history, but that little is interesting and affecting. She is very young, scarcely more than twenty. Her birth was as obscure as possible; her childhood was passed in grinding poverty. Her parents (her mother, at least; of the father we hear nothing, and he may have died in Ada's infancy) belonged to the class of day laborers; and when the girl was made mistress of a school at Motta-Visconti, the appointment to this laborious and humble post was great promotion for her. Ada Negri's first poems appeared singly in the newspapers, a good many of them in the Corriere della Sera. It is only during the last year that they have been collected and issued by the Brothers Treves, in Milan, in a tiny sixteenmo, whose title, Fatalità,[1] will perhaps appear less affected and Leopardian to the reader after he has had a taste of their quality. The Italian form of these verses, though ingeniously and irresistibly musical, is not so perfect that they will be greatly wronged in this respect by the attempt to render a few of them into English metre. It is the spirit of them which imports, and to that we have been as faithful as possible.

The introductory stanzas, from which the book takes its name, tell briefly, with no waste of words or metaphor, of the midnight apparition by the bedside of the poor little singer of a dark spectre, regarded at first with uncontrollable fear and aversion, but afterwards accepted bravely as a lifelong companion. The name of the shape was Misfortune, and the burden of her message is all in that proverbial stanza,

"Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass,"

one among the many of which it was given to Longfellow to make an absolutely perfect translation: —

"Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,
Who ne'er the mournful midnight hours
Weeping upon his bed has sate,
He knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers."

We turn a couple of pages, and come to Birichino di Strada, or

THE STREET ARAB.

Forever through the mud I see him faring,
Handsome in all his dirt,
The flutter of his ragged little shirt,
His bursting shoes and merry braggart bearing;

Scudding between the cart-wheels o'er the paving,
His raveled hose all shown,
Hitting the dogs' legs with a well-aimed stone,
Thievish, corrupt, the world thus early braving.

I see him in his glee, and fall a-thinking,
Poor little flower o' the thorn,
Of mother in the factory since the morn;
The hut forsaken; father always drinking.

And all my heart is wrung with pain and pity.
"What wilt thou do," I say,
"Unkempt, untaught, going thine own wild way,
Without a guide or helper in the city?

[1] *Fatalità.* Di ADA NEGRI. Milano: Fratelli Treves.

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"Now rings the cottage to thy lusty warble,
But in a score years' time
Wilt thou be snatching purses, deft in crime,
Skilled artisan, or skilled to cheat and garble?

"Wilt thou put on the workman's honest blouse,
Or convict's livery?
Turn brave or brutal? Shall I look for thee
In shop, or hospital, or prison-house?"

And lo! I must go down into the gutter,
And strain him to my breast,
In extreme transport of a soul possessed
By ruth and anguish that no words can utter;

And in a sudden burst of kisses, all
His lips, his bosom, smother,
And, sobbing o'er him as he were my brother,
Cry out in broken speech, hysterical:

"I, too, have suffered: I am not above thee;
I, too, a flower o' the thorn,
With mother in the factory since the morn.
I know it all; and oh, I love thee, — love thee!"

Surely the divine passion for poverty has found no keener expression since the days of St. Francis of Assisi. And this leads us to note one singular, yet after all perfectly natural characteristic of much of the new Italian literature: though resolutely and intensely modern in sentiment, it is full of the signs and suggestions of antiquity, — unconscious classicisms of thought and phrase, which plainly come *de race*, and not of studious endeavor. Whoever has had much to do with Italians will have noticed something similar in his daily intercourse with them. Superficially candid, they are essentially mysterious. The heir of an infinite series of old civilizations is perpetually startling and baffling the child of the comparatively new. One comes upon dark gaps in his inner being, opening into half-choked passages, like the underground galleries which may be found connecting remote buildings in so many of the old cities. The Italians have wonderful traditions of construction, and are sought for all over the world as practical builders, but their special genius is for tunneling.

To return to our little Lombard schoolmistress. She is absolutely loyal to her origin, but in her proud manner of embracing her depressed lot there is something essentially patrician. This is how she identifies herself with

THE DEFEATED.

There are hundreds and thousands and millions looming,
A numberless, endless horde;
Their serried tramp like the distant booming
When thunderstorms are toward.

On in the teeth of the north wind ever,
With measured march and slow,
Bareheaded and sackcloth-clad, and fever
In every eye aglow.

Me they were seeking, and they have found me;
Surging as surges the sea,
All gaunt, and gray in the face, around me
They close relentlessly;

Crowd, overpower, submerge, imprison.
I hear their pantings hoarse;
A long-drawn wail in the dark hath risen,
With sighs and curses coarse:

"We come from homes whose hearths are fireless,
From beds that give no peace,
Where slowly, slowly, the frame once tireless
Yields to its long disease.

"From horrible holes and stifling hovels
And dens of thieves we come.
Wide as the world our shadow grovels
With danger fraught and doom.

"For Faith we sometime went a-groping,
And were by Faith betrayed.
For Love we sought, believing, hoping,
And were by Love betrayed.

"But work is life, and toil makes stronger.
'Work only,' we entreated.
Unheard our prayer! We strive no longer.
Pity for the defeated!

"Floods of sunshine around and o'er us,
Golden the light above;
Rings the welkin to one glad chorus
Of labor and of love;

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" Steam-fiends fly with a shriek appalling,
Hide in the mountain hollow;
Trumpet of enterprise loudly calling
On brave, strong men to follow.

" Lips unto ardent lips are clinging
With infinite desire;
Generous lives their all are flinging
Into the seething fire.

" But we are impotent! Who then thrust us
On our stepmother earth?
Stifled our heart-throbs? Would but trust us
With anguish and with dearth?

" Where is the foe whose stealthy hate
Failure to us has meted,
Mocking our cry to an eyeless Fate,
'Pity for the defeated'?"

A large majority of the lyrics strike the same sombre note. In place of the frank egotism common to the youthful singer, the application to all the facts of nature and life of the test of individual feeling, we have the sufferings of the race, the dark riddle of the fallen world, laid resolutely to an almost childish heart, as in Popolana, La Macchina Romba, Vegliardo — in Chiesa, and the truly terrible protest of the outraged body in Autopsia, which we have not ventured to touch. But Ada Negri is too thoroughly human and ingenuous not to have other moods. Youth and genius will sometimes revolt against Fatalità. There are reactions toward the joy of life, cries for love, and passing moments of strange exhilaration like that which she has recorded in the poem called

LIGHT.

In the ether serene
A fount is set flowing
Of colors all glowing;
The newly sprung green,
How sparkling, how tender!
Suffusion of splendor
In heaven and earth
Ardent, unveiled, and victorious in mirth.

Beads iridescent
The waters are treading,
White butterflies wedding
With roses; and crescent
To glorious completeness,
The old pagan sweetness
Breathes from each flower;
And they laugh, and they sing of the loves of the hour.

In my soul is reviving
A fountain of hope,
And the rapture and scope
Of divine of mere living.
My happy dreams follow
The flight of the swallow
Through sunlighted air.
I 'm the spendthrift of song, and the sun's millionaire!

Here, too, in the curious lilt of the short measure we catch an echo of something exceedingly far off, which we presently capture and identify in one of the fine Resurrection hymns of the Latin Church:

" Plaudite cœli,
Rideat æther,
Summus et imus
Gaudeat orbis!"

The rapture of Luce is inevitably brief. It seems connected with a very simple bit of maidenly experience just hinted at in the next song, Take Me Away, where the key modulates rapidly through the familiar phases of doubt and struggle and renunciation to the wistful minor of

REVISITED.

Poor little home, I am come back again!
Poor little rooms the mother made so gay!
Ah, what wild hopes were whirling in my brain,
How rich my day-dreams, when I went away!
Poor little home, I am come back again!

White is the cover of my baby-bed,
And flowering creepers wave a lullaby;
Some heavenly memory of the Aprils dead
Whispering in their soft sprays continually.
White is the cover of my baby-bed.

And in my heart a slender hope is born,
Responsive to those memories of yore;
A touch of higher faith and finer scorn
Curls the mute lips I thought would smile no more,
And in my heart a slender hope is born.

So, mother, in the stillness, close by thee,
I drop my head, and feel the old caress;

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And as I were a child upon thy knee,
My overmastering troubles I confess,
Here, mother, in the stillness, close by thee.

And let us part no more at all, I cry,
Sole comfort of my sorrowful twenty years;
For while I cling to thee, thou knowest why
The ache subsides, the terror disappears.
And let us part no more at all, I cry.

The air about us draws a sigh of peace,
Making the stars throb in the firmament;
And all the sick creation falls on ease,
The petals close, the noisy winds are spent,
The air about us draws a sigh of peace.

Is it fanciful to note again, in the last stanza, a coincidence with the thought of an almost immeasurably remote past? It was Diogenes of Apollonia, one of the earliest of the Greek philosophers, who supported his theory that the universe was one vast living organism by the palpable fact that the stars sparkled when it drew breath!

This shall be the last of our attempted versions. But observe — for it is after all characteristic of the volume — that the tone of Revisited, though sad, is by no means morbid nor entirely pessimistic. It is in this respect that the work of Ada Negri differs most remarkably from that of the lady who writes under the name of Marchesa Colombi, and still more from the heart-rending studies in poverty and pain of the very powerful Neapolitan novelist, Matilde Serao. The All'erta, Sentinella![1] of the latter leaves the reader for the time being in despair not of united Italy only, but of all things in heaven and earth; and the Conquista di Roma,[2] a bitterly ironical title, in which the same strong writer deals directly with some of the burning questions of the hour, is no better. The most confident enthusiast for the new order, as he journeys southward, in the last chapter of the Conquista, with the ruined deputy, San Giorgio, must ask himself whether the dream of a regenerate Italy be not, after all, the most deceitful of chimeras; whether this complex and fickle people, in whom the sympathetic and the cynical, the wildest idealism and the most pitiless realism, are blended in such curious proportions, does indeed contain the material for an army capable of the permanent conquest of Rome.

A wholesome antidote to these melancholy misgivings may be found in Daniele Cortis,[3] by far the cleverest of the novels of Antonio Fogazzaro, and already known to the American reader by an English translation. The political salvation of the peninsula could never have come out of *bella Napoli*. It must have issued from the north, if at all. It was the sense of his personal unfitness for an inevitable leadership that killed Charles Albert; it was the bold acceptance of all its risks and responsibilities which crowned Victor Emmanuel, and has immortalized his great minister. In Daniele Cortis we have the firm answer of the man of the north to the brilliant but hysterical woman of the southern province. The two describe the same difficult and dangerous political situation; and how fairly they both describe it is plain from the virtual identity of their pictures. All the more striking are the widely different conclusions which they draw from the same premises.

"It has not yet been proved," says the man, who professedly adopts the ideal, and follows the precepts of Cavour, "that there is any element here present which need prove fatal to our hopes. Let us work on, therefore, and be of good heart." "I *feel* that this will fail!" cries the impatient woman. "Better desist at once from the agonizing, hopeless endeavor."

In time, one of these will be justified, and one will be confuted. The ques-

[1] *All'erta, Sentinella!* Di MATILDE SERAO. Milano: Fratelli Treves.

[2] *Conquista di Roma.* Di MATILDE SERAO. Firenze: Barbéra.

[3] *Daniele Cortis.* Di ANTONIO FOGAZZARO. Torino: F. Casanova.

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tion really is whether there are more San Giorgios or Cortises growing up in united Italy. For in Daniele Cortis Fogazzaro has performed the difficult feat of drawing a blameless hero, who is yet never priggish, who does right with a certain matter-of-fact simplicity which enlists all the reader's sympathy, and who is yet always real. Very real, too, is the heroine, Elena di Sta. Giulia, wistful and winning, with the fatal clairvoyance of the modern Italian girl, and the modern girl in general; above all, accurately and pitifully conscious how fictitious is the strength with which the world credits herself, how suddenly and completely her power of moral resistance is likely to fail. Great knowledge of a woman's heart is shown in the scene where Elena, who has taken her self-denying resolve bravely, and begun resolutely to carry it out, finds her courage fail her in one treacherous instant, and helplessly abandons herself and her future to the will of the man she loves. Happily he is a good man, and she is saved.

It would be unfair to tell more in this place of the plot of Daniele Cortis, which is not merely an able political pamphlet, but an admirable story. The minor characters, the two mothers, Elena's uncle, — that testy, lovable *malade imaginaire*, — the senator of the old school and he of the new, are all drawn with a sure hand, and are alive and consistent. Daniele Cortis is a true drama, and shows an enormous advance on the earlier prose works of Fogazzaro, who made his début in verse.

SOME RECENT AMERICAN VERSE.

M. Sully-Prudhomme, writing not long ago of the verse appearing in France, declared his belief that never before have new writers displayed such mastery over the art of verse-making. They know their *métier* through and through, he says, but never has the number of the skillful so far exceeded that of the inspired. If the same observations were to be made upon the new verse appearing in English, on this and the other side of the Atlantic, few readers of the magazines would be disposed to disagree. We say "readers of the magazines," because "magazine poetry" has become something like a byword, and in looking over any new batch of American books of verse one comes upon little that has not first seen the light in magazines.

The particularly noticeable fact in such a group of volumes, put forth as they usually are in the best manner of modern book-makers, is that they present so limited a supply of poems which can in any sense be called inevitable; so few things which after all might not almost as well have been left undone. The hard, homely old saying, that pretty good poetry is like a pretty good egg, comes back to the reader with strange force, and he wishes from the bottom of his heart that some rigid standard of the inevitable might be established. But how? It is not possible to imagine an agreement between writers and readers as to the precise limits of this class of verse. What seems a matter of absolute necessity to the person longing to express himself strikes the reader as not at all indispensable. After all, it is the reader who must exercise his rights and powers of election, and must decide for himself what he is going to do without. Occasionally the problem of elimination is made extremely easy for him, as in the new volume opening with eight pages of

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verse on the Sensations of a Bat Awaking by the Amazon. More often he is led on by apparent promise only to find that "man never is, but always to be, blest" with the satisfaction he craves.

If the magazines are to be blamed as the first mediums between the makers of such verse and the public, it must be remembered, on the other hand, that nearly all that is best to-day, in poetry as in fiction, appears first in the periodicals. Moreover, the unflattering remarks just made regarding the new books apply with far more directness to the entire collection of books from which a few are here chosen for special mention than individually to any of those few. Yet, selecting from these best books the best pieces of verse, one must be discouraged, like M. Sully-Prudhomme, at the relation found to exist between skillful and inspired work. Mastery of rhythm, good taste, ingenuity of fancy, subtlety and cultivation of thought, our present writers are displaying in no unplentiful degree, and the resulting sum of their poetic labors is eminently pleasant. One other quality they exhibit in striking measure, and that is cosmopolitanism. Whether assuming a virtue or having it, the larger number of our writers to-day certainly deal, when they will, with foreign scenes as familiarly as if Italy, England, or France had been their life-long home. Whether this is because we are a nation of travelers, or springs from an American quickness in catching the essence of new impressions, the fact is noteworthy and interesting. Add this cosmopolitanism to the other agreeable qualities in the best new books of verse, and though the average patriot might be glad to see a little more that is intrinsically American in our poets, though the critic may steadfastly withhold the meed of greatness, yet both must rejoice that clever men and women amongst us are capable of giving distinct if not dangerously excessive pleasure with their songs.

One of the most thoroughly agreeable of the later books of verse is Mr. H. C. Bunner's Rowen, Second Crop Songs,[1] as he aptly terms the collection. Praise is especially due the book for its freedom from that ambitious quality which takes so many modern singers beyond their depth and chokes their clearness of expression. Simplicity marks the most serious of Mr. Bunner's verses; and if their beauty does not rise upon the heights, their sincerity and genuineness leave one with a hearty liking for the best of them. Pretty as Mr. Bunner's previous Airs from Arcady were, these new verses reach a higher level in that many of them speak from the deeper experiences which have come to the writer with added years. It is not, however, for the confessedly serious performances of Mr. Bunner's Muse that one cares so much as for the work demanding a lighter touch, — work which abounds in that variety of humor defined as "wit plus sympathy." The verses One, Two, Three, for example, recounting the imaginary game of hide-and-seek between the blind old lady and the lame little boy, are full of the spirit which charms alike the contemporaries of the aged heroine and the youthful hero, to say nothing of many people neither so old nor so young. In a vein no less charming are several other songs in which youth and age figure side by side. Mr. Bunner's fancy is in general a stay-at-home, for it is with themes of New York that he is most at ease; not the New York of mere money-getting and "enterprise," but of traditions and the better fullness of life. Like Austin Dobson's, his is an urban Muse; and if man made the town, it is surely this lady who is responsible for some of the pleasantest things about it.

In strong contrast with Mr. Bunner stands Mr. Maurice Thompson, whose Muse, far from being of the town, may

[1] *Rowen, Second Crop Songs.* By H. C. Bunner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1893.

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almost be said to have all outdoors for her province. His verse, possibly because of this fact, is far less equal than Mr. Bunner's. His volume of poems [1] contains a considerably larger portion of the things that might have been omitted without serious loss. The first few poems in the book, for instance, purport to be

> "Songs of a mocking-bird,
> Translated carefully,
> Golden note by golden word;
> Th' original melody
> Imitated phrase by phrase,
> As heard in dewy dawn-lit ways
> Of Freedom's solitudes
> Down by the sea in the springtime woods."

To outmock the mocking-bird, to sing a deeper human meaning into his song, is no light undertaking; and if Mr. Thompson's success has not been uniformly conspicuous, there need be little wonder. One or two short passages are so good that the wonder, for the moment, may be transferred to their existence. It is as the man, not the mocking-bird, in the woods that Mr. Thompson is at his best, — the man skilled in men's sports, especially the ancient, genuine use of bow and shaft. With a zest equal to Miss Jewett's tenderness in writing of the escape of her White Heron, he tells how the arrow brought down the prize for him. Virility is Mr. Thompson's clearest note, and wherever the man is found, close to nature or among the vanquished on the field of battle, he speaks unmistakably forth. There is so true a ring, so hearty a spirit, in the best of Mr. Thompson's verse that one is ready to condone the inequalities of the rest of it.

Though one of Mr. Thompson's longest poems, In Exile, in praise of archery, has the rather unpatriotic refrain,

> "The while I wait for friends to come
> And tell me England calls me home,"

he is as distinctively American as any of the new singers, with the exception of Mr. Eugene Field. The newspapers have made Mr. Field's work very familiar, yet one cannot pass his Second Book of Verse [2] without some mention of its Americanism, so purely of the type that will please those English cousins of ours who are unwilling to believe that any American can speak without the direct aid of his nose. Indeed, there could be no possibility of mistaking Mr. Field's work for anything but that of an American, and one to whom the West is almost as much of the world as he cares to recognize, except in European journeys undertaken for the strictly utilitarian purpose of dispelling dyspepsia and recovering from overwork. Nevertheless, it must be said that there is in Mr. Field's work a robust nonchalance, a broad vein of humor, a perfectly outspoken vulgarity, — if so harsh a word must be used, — which command a certain sort of liking from nearly all classes of readers, and wins a large number of lovers of free and easy verse completely to his side. If, however, he is to be a new Bret Harte, it can only be as his contemporary Chicago composer is the Sullivan of the West. To this composer, indeed, Mr. Field might without unfitness play the rôle of a Gilbert.

Mr. Field's Americanism is touched — more amply, perhaps, than we have suggested — by familiarity with the Old World, but not at all in the degree exhibited by Miss Louise Imogen Guiney in her new book, A Roadside Harp.[3] Slight as this point of kinship is between the two writers, it is the only one which can be said to exist. To any writer so imbued with classicism as Miss Guiney, not only the Old World, but the models and themes of ancient literature, must perforce be a staple of inspiration. The

[1] *Poems.* By MAURICE THOMPSON. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1892.

[2] *Second Book of Verse.* By EUGENE FIELD. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1893.

[3] *A Roadside Harp.* A Book of Verses. By LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893. (Advance sheets.)

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charm of her work is that all her intimacy with the past of letters has not impaired her own individuality. She sings a song of Greece or Rome or of Elizabethan England in a manner abundantly suggestive of its time, yet alive with the personality of its modern author. Who but a classicist would devote a goodly bit of verse to envy of Lovelace for having written,

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more"?

Or, to go back to the truly ancient, who but such an one could have done The Cherry Bough, a lament over Ovid's exile by one of his friends, under a cherry-tree they both had loved? Thus like a very translation from the Latin it ends:

"Alas! When my young guests have done with singing
I break it, leaf and fruit, my garden's glory,
And hold it high among them, and say after:
'O my poor Ovid,

'Years pass, and loves pass too; and yet remember
For the clear time when we were boys together,
These tears at home are shed; and with you also
Your bough is dying.'"

And from old Rome to modern London, of which this new book has twelve striking sonnets, Miss Guiney turns with no loss of firmness and spirit. One thing from the classics, however, she has still to learn, — lucidity. She always has an idea, — which cannot be said of all our singers, — even if she fails sometimes to make it clear to others. A gain in this respect is noticeable in this last collection of her work, and in her next we shall look for a still greater advance. It is not to be expected, nor hoped, that her work will be any less that of a lover of books. If in this very direction she continues to grow, as she is growing also in sympathy with many things more essentially human than paper and printer's ink, it is not too much to predict that her ripened talents will win her a place among the few women who have made enduring contributions to American verse.

A complete edition of the Poems of Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr[1] comes to claim its place among these contributions. The addition of some new verses does not greatly help nor mar the reputation her work has already won with its readers. The best things in the book are among the sonnets, a few of which are very direct and forcible. Miss Edith M. Thomas, too, is so well known to the public that little need be said of her last book, Fair Shadow Land.[2] Like much other verse of our day, Miss Thomas's suffers unduly at times from compression; but sensitive human nature, feminine, finds constant, true expression throughout her book, and some of the poems spring from a fund of fancy more than commonly attractive.

The cosmopolitan vein of our verse crops out again in the two new volumes, Francis Drake, a Tragedy of the Sea,[3] and The Mother and Other Poems,[4] by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, possibly, with the exception of Miss Guiney, the least markedly American of our present singers. The subject of the first volume, a poem in dramatic form, is taken from the career of the great Elizabethan admiral. In selecting the theme of Thomas Doughty's trial and execution, and the farewell supper, after a last communion on St. Julian's Island, with the friends who had condemned him to death, Dr Mitchell chose one of the most dramatic scenes in history. Though Shakespearean and Bible phrases lend

[1] *Poems.* By Julia C. R. Dorr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1892.

[2] *Fair Shadow Land.* By Edith M. Thomas. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

[3] *Francis Drake.* A Tragedy of the Sea. By S. Weir Mitchell, M. D., LL. D. Harv. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

[4] *The Mother and Other Poems.* By S. Weir Mitchell, M. D., LL. D. Harv. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

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their aid to the archaic diction perhaps more often than its effectiveness demands, the poem is so essentially dramatic that one does not insist upon all points of detail, and welcomes a production which, meant for the closet rather than for the stage, may take no mean rank among the plays that are more properly works. The volume beginning with The Mother — a poem, by the way, strangely akin in thought, though not at all in treatment, to William Watson's Destiny of Man — is as a whole less striking. Its showings of the effect of recent holidays upon the writer's mind are, however, all agreeable, and some of the poems of Rome and Venice have no slight beauty of their own.

Italy is the theme, too, of one of the most attractive things in Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson's volume, The Winter Hour and Other Poems.[1] For the sake of hastening the time when a composer shall give music to the following lyric, and for its own sake, we reprint it. Outside Florence, the poet looks

> "from Bellosguardo's goal
> Upon a city with a soul,"

and sings

LOVE IN ITALY.

They halted at the terrace wall:
  Below, the towered city lay;
The valley in the moonlight's thrall
  Was silent in a swoon of May.
As hand to hand spoke one soft word
  Beneath the friendly ilex-tree,
They knew not, of the flame that stirred,
  What part was Love, what Italy.

They knew what makes the moon more bright
  Where Beatrice and Juliet are, —
The sweeter perfume in the night,
  The lovelier starlight in the star;
And more that glowing hour did prove,
  Beneath the sheltering ilex-tree, —
That Italy transfigures Love,
  As Love transfigures Italy.

Music, travel, books, home and the woman's spirit which animates it, are some of the themes of Mr. Johnson's very graceful Winter Hour. For the rest of the book, excepting a few lyrics of the seasons, it must be said that the occasional has too prominent a place, though good taste and ease constantly give the work a value, even if it is not of the highest in the poetic scale.

It would be slighting our accessions of verse during the year past to leave unnoticed Mr. Richard Hovey's Seaward, an Elegy on the Death of Thomas William Parsons.[2] It may be somewhat unfortunate that whenever a poet dies it is thought necessary to serve his memory with a poem framed upon the lofty plan of Adonais and Thyrsis. The result is rarely adequate to the conception. Mr. Hovey has essayed an American threnody, and in some aspects has shown himself equal to the task. The poem contains noble stanzas, full of appreciation of Dr. Parsons's true place among our poets, and fired with the enthusiastic loyalty of a younger friend and admirer. When Mr. Hovey is enticed away into praise of some of his contemporaries, and into other passages which bear no very vital relation to the subject of the elegy, he shows the lack of self-restraint which, in smaller measure, mars some of his separate lines and stanzas. Still better things than the best of Seaward may be expected of him when he has himself more thoroughly in hand.

A word, too, must be said of The Dead Nymph and Other Poems,[3] a posthumous volume by Charles Henry Lüders, a young Pennsylvanian singer. It is only a pledge of what might have been, and the friends and critics of Mr. Lüders thought that to be no mean thing. The little book is full of grace

[1] *The Winter Hour and Other Poems.* By Robert Underwood Johnson. New York: The Century Company. 1892.

[2] *Seaward.* An Elegy on the Death of Thomas William Parsons. By Richard Hovey. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. 1893.

[3] *The Dead Nymph and Other Poems.* By Charles Henry Lüders. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1892.

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and pleasant fancy, and, showing rather scanty accomplishment, has its more than common share of promise.

Nearly every poet tells us that sweeter than anything he has yet given the world are his "unsung songs." These must be the poems which one day are to swell the pleasant stream of modern American verse into a stately river. Meanwhile, let us take what joy we may of the stream, and try now and again to remind ourselves, by such glances at the banks as we have just been giving, that perhaps the river is yet to be.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Poetry and the Drama. Poems by Two Brothers. (Macmillan.) The date "1893" and the simple signature "Tennyson" under the preface of a new volume are fresh reminders that the present Baron Tennyson of Aldworth is not the poet; for in sending forth this new edition of an historic little book of verse Lord Tennyson now says: "It is requested that none of the poems in this volume said to be by my father, and consequently signed A. T., be included in any future edition of his works, as my uncle, Frederick Tennyson, cannot be certain of the authorship of every poem, and as the handwriting of the manuscript is not known to be a sure guide." The book, uniform in style with the Macmillan edition of Tiresias, Œnone, and The Foresters, brings the first work of the laureate as nearly as possible into kinship with his last, and will be welcome to collectors of the landmarks of literature. — Later Canadian Poems, edited by J. E. Wetherell. (The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd., Toronto.) A few years ago Mr. Douglas Sladen put forth an Australian anthology, and now the English province nearer our own borders holds out its sheaf of recent song. The poets' pictures with which the book is adorned show that the best Canadian verse to-day is coming from young men. American magazines have made much of it familiar to American readers, and the names of Archibald Lampman, Bliss Carman, and C. G. D. Roberts, to each of whom a goodly share of the book is given, speak for its general character. — Under King Constantine. (Randolph.) The three poems of this anonymous volume are so clearly lineal descendants of the Idylls of the King that comparison between the children and their forefathers is hard to repress. Be it said, however, that the author has chosen three capital stories of the British Court soon after King Arthur's day, and tells them with quiet skill and effect. — Mâlmôrda, a Metrical Romance, by Joseph I. C. Clarke. (Putnams.) An early Irish story of love and bloodshed, told in parts with considerable spirit, even if it is not informed with the breath of poetry. It will be better, however, when writers of narrative poems learn that a blank-verse speech of thirteen pages from one character impedes the movement of the story. — Narcissus and Other Poems, by Walter Malone. (Lippincotts.) — The Echo and the Poet, by William Cushing Bamburgh. (Houghton. Privately printed for the Author.) — Night Etchings, by A. R. G. (Lippincotts.) — Cosmos and Other Poems, by Anna Hubbard Mercur. (Peter Paul & Brother, Buffalo.) — The Decision of the Court, by Brander Matthews. (Harpers.) Patrons of the Theatre of Arts and Letters have seen this little play upon the stage. It has its share of witty speeches, but as a contribution to dramatic literature, appearing as it now does in the Black and White Series, it need hardly be taken more seriously than an expanded joke from Life upon the never-failing subject of divorce. — Adzuma, or The Japanese Wife, by Sir Edwin Arnold. (Scribners.) This play is based, we are told, on a Japanese story. It is the tragic history of a faithful wife entrapped by intrigue, and discovering no way out except by the strategic sacrifice of her life. The action of the play moves straight to a logical end; but the reader finds the verse — and the prose, for that matter — of a confectionery order. One suspects it to be as much like the real

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Japanese as Liverpool ware is like Canton china.

Fiction. The World of Chance, by W. D. Howells. (Harpers.) There is a light interplay of seriousness and whimsiness in Mr. Howells's latest story which leaves one in doubt whether it is going to turn out a song or a sermon. The characterization of the young man who makes a pretense at being a hero is singularly delicate; but although the personality thus built up has its attractions plainly for the other people in the story, its creator has turned him so very inside out that there is almost an indecent exposure of the young man's mind, and people outside of the book may be pardoned if they are a little skeptical of his charms. The heroine is drawn in so faint a light, and with her face so turned away from the spectator, that it seems almost an intrusion to try to know her too well. The story is rendered more shadowy by being about a story, but the book is charged with an unfailing humor. — John Paget, by Sarah Barnwell Eliot. (Henry Holt.) A story of twin brothers: one brought up in the Southern States, the other in the Northern; one religious, the other an unbeliever; and both in love with the same young girl. The style is good, but lacks life and vigor; and while the book is unobjectionable, it does not rise to the level of the best novels. — Susy, a Story of the Plains, by Bret Harte. (Houghton.) Mr. Harte, in this clever novel, is more careful than usual in his characterizations, — more close, that is, to human nature as most see it, — and is, may be, thereby brought to the use of a somewhat more reasonable plot, for the two go together. Certainly the book is throughout in a more natural key, and there are in it many passages of genuine feeling. — Figaro Fiction. (W. J. F. Dailey, Chicago.) A collection of short, very short stories by ten writers in a Chicago journal. They have such virtue as may be in brevity, and in some instances they are the slightest possible incidents, requiring no fuller treatment; in others they are efforts at extreme condensation. Nearly all of them impress the reader as efforts. The writers have tried their prettiest to produce something striking, but it often happens that the incident is insignificant and the telling is forced. There is little spontaneity in the work, and one is caught by the cleverness rather than by the art of the thing. — Harvard Stories, by Waldron Kentzing Post. (Putnams.) When one finds Hollis Holworthy, Charles Rivers, and Dick Stoughton bound up in a book, the first impulse is to regret the carrying of undergraduate journalism out into the larger world of letters. But this collection of tales about a very genuine group of Harvard undergraduates amply justifies its existence. If the stories are not always told with the highest literary art, — and it would be easy to suggest technical improvements, — they breathe such a hearty spirit of youth, and reflect so frankly the manners, good and bad, of the most amusing, and amused, set at Harvard, that the readers for whom they are meant must thank Mr. Post for what he has done. Indeed, the humorous career of Rattleton, a collegiate Van Bibber, and the pathos of the old Southern graduate's story, In the Early Sixties, will appeal to more readers than those alone who love Cambridge. The book is dedicated to the class of '90, but a much larger body of Harvard men will care for it, and some of them will be made better Harvard men for reading it. — The Odd Women, by George Gissing. (Macmillan.) An exceptionally interesting and forcible, but, as is the author's wont, a peculiarly dreary and depressing book. "Do you know that there are half a million more women than men in this happy country of ours? So many *odd* women, — no making a pair with them," remarks the first to the second heroine, early in the story. And the former is trying, so far as in her lies, — and she has great capabilities, — to assist in the training of a few of the educated class belonging to this category. The forlorn and futile struggles of certain gently bred and inefficient women are sketched with pitiless realism and undeniable cleverness and insight, as is the pretty Monica's loveless marriage for the sake of a home. But while every separate detail may be accurately given, we think that most readers will feel that as a whole the picture is more or less distorted and untrue. The self-reliant and emancipated women of the tale, who have, it is to be presumed, the writer's approval, are only a little more attractive than their weak sisters. Of course they have thrown off "conventions" and "superstition," but there is also a lack of high or inspiring thinking to accompany their strenuous living, so that the assumed

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gain hardly seems to outweigh the loss. The book will attract thoughtful readers, even if it repel them as well, and it will not be left half read. — The Great Chin Episode, by Paul Cushing. (Macmillan.) A story of the detective order, by no means of the first class, but with a certain readable quality, as well as enough ingenuity and liveliness to probably insure its success as a summer novel.

History and Biography. Women of the Valois Court, by Imbert de Saint-Amand. Translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin. (Scribners.) The principal figures in the group of women here portrayed are, of course, Marguerite d'Angoulême and Catherine de' Medici. Though one does not expect from M. de Saint-Amand a profound study of women so complex, yet he gives a sufficiently vivid and picturesque presentment of the two queens — so different in character and aspirations — to hold the interest of the large *clientèle* which his later works have gained in this country. He is usually just in his instincts and moderate in tone ; and though, in a work of this kind, the truth can hardly be more than hinted at, he makes no attempt to minimize the unspeakable corruption of the time in church, state, and society, or to withhold an occasional incidental tribute to the courage and constancy of one and another of the great company of the confessors and martyrs of French Puritanism. Though he is inclined to acquit the queen, to whom the Machiavelian policy was literally an inheritance, of the charge of deliberately corrupting her sons, he finds it of little moment whether the gigantic crime for which she was chiefly responsible was one of long or short premeditation, as "there are deeds for which neither excuses nor extenuating circumstances can be pleaded, and certain rehabilitations that can be nothing more than paradoxes." — George William Curtis, by John White Chadwick. (Harpers.) On the 22d of February of every year an address is delivered at the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences upon the character of Washington or "some other benefactor of America." The Black and White Series preserves the address of 1893, in which Mr. Chadwick, with sympathy and understanding, sets forth some of the many ways in which Mr. Curtis served his native land. — The French War and the Revolution, by W. M. Sloane. With Maps. (Scribners.) The second volume in the American History Series. Professor Sloane's task was in some respects simpler than that of his predecessor, Dr. Fisher, who had to bring into orderly show the scattered beginnings of the colonies ; but though he has a more direct narrative to relate, he is equally with Dr. Fisher desirous of deducing the logic of events, and his book is a well-considered study of the problems in civil development which were subjected to the test of war. The successive steps taken in the formation of the nation, and the close connection with European, especially English history, are clearly borne in mind by the writer, who thus communicates them to the reader. — History of Federal Government in Greece and Italy, by Edward A. Freeman. Edited by J. B. Bury. (Macmillan.) This is a reissue of the first volume of the incomplete History of Federal Government, with the addition of a single chapter found in manuscript. The title is made thus to conform to the contents, and the unlucky reference to the end of federal government in North America disappears. The book is not otherwise changed, so that the reader may still be amused by Mr. Freeman's predictions. History may be past politics ; it is questionable prophecy. — Phillips Brooks, by the Rev. Arthur Brooks. (Harpers.) The reprint of a commemorative sermon in which Dr. Brooks presented a sympathetic, discriminating sketch of his eminent brother's character and career. We like especially what he says of his Americanism. The entire treatment encourages one in his hopes for the coming full biography.

Philosophy and Religion. The Interpretation of Nature, by N. S. Shaler. (Houghton.) There is a personal note in this volume, all the more significant for not being obtrusively first personal. That is to say, Professor Shaler lays aside his academic robes, and addresses his readers, as he did the theological students who heard the book when it was in the form of a series of lectures, as one who, having given years to the scientific study of natural forms, and having meanwhile been called on constantly to consider the fundamental laws of human being, now pauses and asks himself what are those deeper relations of man and nature, which may indeed be expressed in

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terms of theology, but are not shut up in those terms. As a result, the book is singularly helpful to one who craves a thoughtful view of these relations, and even fuller than the writer's books usually are of cosmological suggestions. — Leaves of Antiquity, translated from the German of Johann Gottfried von Herder by Caroline M. Sawyer. (Universalist Publishing House.) It is to be supposed that these Prose Poems by Herder have never been done into English before. They are his Leaves of the Poetry of Hebrew Tradition, and are held to be the earliest known stories of the human race. Many of them have to do with Bible characters. All of them speak clearly from a time when the world was young, and have the quality, not inherent in folk lore, of interesting other readers than students. — The Æsthetic Element in Morality, and its Place in a Utilitarian Theory of Morals, by Frank Chapman Sharp. (Macmillan.) This might be a thesis for a doctor's degree. It is a study of beauty as exhibited in conduct and character, and an attempt to establish a satisfactory criterion of right and wrong. It is a little singular that, in summing up what he is pleased to call the aid given by religion to virtue, the author should apparently overlook entirely the emotional nature of man ; he sees that religion means faith and hope, but he ignores, apparently, the third great member. — Present Day Theology, a Popular Discussion of Leading Doctrines of the Christian Faith, by Lewis French Stearns. With a Biographical Sketch by George L. Prentiss. (Scribners.) Dr. Stearns was a young man when he died, but the maturity of his mind was noticeable early, and this book marks the healthy growth of a nature which found in theology a congenial theme, and addressed itself to the task of discovering its vital relations rather than of reducing it to an exclusive system. Hence the thought is sane and free, and theology under his hands is a living, growing force. The book makes one regret more than ever the loss to American theological scholarship in the death of its author. — A History of Religions, being a Condensed Statement of the Results of Scientific Research and Philosophical Criticism, by Elizabeth E. Evans. (The Commonwealth Co., New York.) An arid little book, in which the negations of Christianity are presented in the most uninviting form. — Moses or Darwin, by Arnold Dodel. Translated by Frederick W. Dodel. (The Commonwealth Co., New York.) In somewhat violent language the writer seeks to demonstrate the antagonism between the doctrine of evolution and the doctrine of Christianity, with special reference to the relations between school and university. His observations are taken from the meridian of Zurich. The translator applies the results, in an introduction, to the public school system especially in the Northwest. — Miscellanies, Religious and Personal, and Sermons, by Rev. George W. Nichols. (Marigold Printing Co., Bridgeport, Conn.) Dr. Nichols starts off with some rambling reminiscences of men of eminence and some autobiographical notes, and then prints twenty-five sermons of a parochial character.

Criticism. The Making of a Newspaper, edited by Melville Philips. (Putnams.) This book is made up of a collection of papers by "certain representative American journalists," which first appeared as the Journalist Series in Lippincott's Magazine. Their editor calls them typical and trustworthy, and hopes they are readable ; and so they are, for, in the bustling fashion to be expected from such articles, they give as a whole a very clear idea of the energy of body and brain that brings us, every morning, the news of the world. If any of us would see it brought in a somewhat different form, that is another matter. — The Novel, What It Is, by F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan.) Few men writing to-day can be expected to know better than Mr. Crawford what the novel is. In this little book, reprinted from The Forum, he gives it the two definitions of an "intellectual artistic luxury" and a "pocket-stage," and, as the sum of all his observations, says, "Humanity, the novelist's master, bids him strike only at the heart." The book is full of good things, well said, regarding various tendencies and conditions of the art Mr. Crawford practices. One random remark may well be quoted for the sake of the many readers who are sure to agree with it. "Dialect," says Mr. Crawford, "seems to me to rank with puns, and with puns of a particular local character."

Illustrated Books and Books on Art. Scenes from Every Land. Over Five Hundred Photographic Views, embracing the most

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Beautiful and Famous Palaces, Cathedrals, Churches, Monuments, and Statues of the Old World; Feudal Castles, Heathen Temples, and the Classic Ruins of Italy, Egypt, Sinai, and the Holy Land, together with the Masterpieces of Sculpture and Painting in the Art Galleries of Europe. A Photographic Panorama of the World, giving Exquisite Views of Mountain, Lake, River, Forest, and Ocean Scenery in every Country; Instantaneous Photographs of Street Scenes in the Great Cities, and Objects of Natural Curiosity, Artistic Beauty, and Sublimity Everywhere. Designed to take the Place of an Extended Tour of the World. With an Introduction by General Lew. Wallace. Descriptions of every Scene prefaced especially for this Work by a Corps of Talented Writers, among them Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D. D., Hamilton W. Mabie, LL. B., Lit. D., Rev. Washington Gladden, D. D., Charlotte Reeve Conover, and Others. Edited by Thomas Lowell Knox. (Mast, Crowell & Kirkpatrick, Springfield, Ohio.) What remains to be added to this title-page? Little, except that the pictures are for the most part nearly a foot long; that they are half-tone process cuts; that nature, art, and humanity are all on one flat level; and that under each picture is a compact description, with occasional reflections. — The Song of the Ancient People, by Edna Dean Proctor. With Preface and Notes by John Fiske, and Commentary by F. H. Cushing. Illustrated with eleven Aquatints by Julian Scott. (Houghton.) The combination of poetry, science, and art in this volume is a little unusual, but there is an apparent equality of terms. Miss Proctor has taken a suggestion from the facts as related of the Zuñis and Moquis and worked it up into a rhythmic monologue, which begins with spirit, but perhaps necessarily gets lost in a somewhat generalized poetic rendering. Mr. Scott translates the Indian and his surroundings into something which seems to establish a likeness between the West and the East. Mr. Fiske and Mr. Cushing add prose comment which, perhaps unconsciously, serves especially to annex the Indian to the white man's domain in thought and feeling. — The Evolution of Decorative Art, by Henry Balfour. (Macmillan.) In this interesting little essay the author confines himself to tracing the evolution of certain ornaments from their first infantile form at the hands of primitive races to their later æsthetic conclusion. In illustration of his subject he tried the experiment of giving out a very simple design to be copied, that copy to go to a second, and the process to be repeated; with the result that, after thirteen trials, the sketch of a snail crawling over a twig became a bird on a bough. Very like the game of scandal. The book is liberally illustrated, largely from objects in the Pitt Rivers collection at Oxford, of which Mr. Balfour is curator.

Sociology and Finance. First Biennial Report of the State Board of Charities and Corrections to the Governor and Legislative Assembly of the State of Oregon. (F. W. Baltes & Co., Portland, Oregon.) The pictures of jails in this book tell a varied story to the reader: great stone jails incorporated with court buildings; prosperous middle-sized jails; homely, rather cosy little wooden jails, which suggest that the prisoner eats his supper on the doorstep. But behind all these pictures is the earnest inquiry into the best way of looking after the morally sick and dying in that new, cheerful country where one would think it would be very easy to be virtuous. — The Silver Situation in the United States, by F. W. Taussig. (Putnams.) A volume in the Questions of the Day Series. Mr. Taussig has taken advantage of the reissue of his little work to revise it and bring it down to date. It is a careful and moderate discussion, with a distinct confidence in the elastic capacity of a gold standard. — The Light of the Ages. (Published by the Author, Charles Orchardson, Quincy, Ill.) From the signature under an appeal for money, at the end of this book, we infer that it has two authors, to one of whom the volume is dedicated. The title-page is so full that we give it in lieu of comment: The Light of the Ages, recently written by Ancient Immortals, and the Deathblow to Poverty, by the Modern Antediluvian. Crime-Breeding Poverty is a Flag of Distress on the Ship of State. You cannot save the Ship by cutting down the Flag with the Cold Axe of Charity.

Education and Textbooks. Abelard and the Origin and Early History of Universities, by Gabriel Compayré. (Scribners.) A volume in the series of the Great Educators. A brief but fresh presentation of

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the subject on its historical rather than biographical side. The author has a humane interest in his theme, and the reader comes pretty close to the actual life in the universities. We wonder if M. Compayré is indebted to his translator for the singular phrase which we have italicized in this sentence, taken from the close of his preface: "I trust, also, that the literary dictionaries of the future, if they should grant me a place in their pages, will have the goodness, when they mention my name, to follow it with this notice: Gabriel Compayré, a French writer, *whose least mediocre work*, translated into English before being printed, was published in America." — Another volume in the same series is Froebel and Education by Self-Activity, by H. Courthope Bowen. (Scribners.) This is a clearly written exposition of Froebel's doctrine by an English teacher and student of teaching, — a more satisfactory interpretation, we venture to think, than the more technical treatises of Froebel's direct disciples. We are not sure that Mr. Bowen meets the practical objections which have been raised to kindergarten methods, that they stimulate the activity of observation rather than the grip of intellectual power, but all that he says of the child's faculty of expression is excellent. — Literary Criticism for Students, edited by Edward T. McLaughlin. (Holt.) The author, an assistant professor of English at Yale, speaks in his introduction of the difficulty with which many minds acquire anything like an appreciation of the real beauty of literature. He has here selected some classic bits of English criticism, which he supplements with notes, — not of the formal, academic sort, but designed to point out the spirit and the broader significance of the passages considered. The idea and the execution are good. The book will lead some young people into the better paths of appreciation, but we suspect that nothing short of a miracle will quicken the apprehension of the class Mr. McLaughlin has already found so difficult of approach.

Sports and Humor. Practical Lawn Tennis, by James Dwight, M. D. (Harpers.) People who know absolutely nothing about tennis can learn but one thing from this book, — that the game is infinitely less easy than it looks. Actual players will find the little volume full of useful and interesting suggestions. They might have been somewhat more effectively arranged, but after all a veteran's counsel is worth more than a book's form to tennis players; and if Dr. Dwight's advice could be generally followed, there is no doubt that better, more "scientific" tennis would be played the country over. — Bon-Mots of Sydney Smith and R. Brinsley Sheridan, edited by Walter Jerrold. (Dent.) If to such a little book as this, adorned with grotesque sketches of the Japanese sort, could be added the remarks Sydney Smith and Sheridan might make upon seeing their random witticisms so preserved, its value would be doubled. We do not attempt to guess what they would say, but cannot help thinking that the reputation of a wit loses, perhaps, as much as it gains by the scraping together of all the words with which he has made people laugh. Yet of course the humor that endures leavens any lump of speeches from England's two greatest wits. In the same series with this volume are two other collections of *mots* by Lamb and Jerrold, Hook and Foote.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Academician of Life.

THE author of The Moral Revival in France rightly refers to M. Melchior de Vogüé as the primary apostle of the Neo-Christian movement, and it is worth while to look a little more closely at the personality of a man who is such a figure to-day in French letters. The Vogüé family has lived for centuries in the heart of France, among the volcanic mountains of the Vivarais. Its history goes further back than the crusaders who fought for the tomb of Christ. There is a Melchior always in the family, because of some delightful legend of the Middle Ages which makes the first of the name a descendant of the wise Melchior, one of the

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three kings from the East who followed the star of Bethlehem, and offered gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh at the feet of the new-born Saviour.

The present Melchior had no time for dreaming in his youth. He was called to fight for his country in the disastrous war of 1870, and he afterwards had time, in a German prison, to meditate on the irreligious selfishness which was eating out the heart of France. Then he learned to know the inner life of nations in the service of diplomacy. This gave him that striking air of one familiar with the handling of human affairs which makes his writing so acceptable to studious and ambitious youth. But his principal work, as already pointed out, is the revelation to his countrymen of a literature, new and enthusiastic, if fanciful and incomplete, having all the qualities which are so sadly wanting in their own later writers. The gospel which is according to Count Tolstóy, the prelude to faith which is found in Dostoievsky's scenes of pity, may seem but meagre spiritual fare to the devout reader of the New Testament. But they are calculated to reach and arouse ears deaf to the old gospel.

This scion of an old aristocracy, who has received into his veins more than his share of modern democracy, does not limit his work to a mere saying over of the thoughts of others. He would be the first to admit that their thoughts are incomplete and even contradictory. He has tried to work out for himself, and others like him, a philosophy of the life which is around him. He is, morally, in sympathy with the old beliefs; but he also sees the new difficulties of the world as it is. In this he is like Taine, his master and friend. It is of him, I believe, that his young wife laughingly said, in answer to an inquiry, "He has gone to Rome to ask the Holy Father's leave to be a Protestant." It is probable that Catholic and Protestant alike would find him too preoccupied with what goes before religion. Yet both should be interested in knowing what lessons he has for converting men to be themselves, instead of being simply *la bête humaine.*

More even than Tolstóy he is in sympathy with the virtues of the Christ who suffered that he might save. For the true man is not that product of modern culture whom the sorrows of life find "resigned provided that he has his provender of daily pleasure, having decided to despise men while making of them the best possible use for his own enjoyment." He is rather one of those who are despised by modern culture, some character from his own simple Winter's Tales.

There is the peddler Fédia, old, unlucky, distrusted, who confides his philosophy of life to the one innocent boy who sees something good in him. He has been refused shelter for the night, and the storm is threatening.

"'But if the hurricane of snow should catch you on the road, what would become of you?'

"The man made his humble grimace, like a frightened hare. 'It 's nothing, *bârine*, who cares for Uncle Fédia? He has n't a great place in God's world. If misfortune happens to him, that will not trouble anybody.'"

The story goes on to tell how the old man whose misfortunes would trouble no one fell under suspicion of murder. There is no evidence against him, and he is cleared; but strong circumstantial evidence comes up against a poor woman, who is the mother of helpless children. She is on the point of being condemned. "Sunk to earth, with choking sobs, with her hands and eyes lifted toward the crucifix, she burst out in heart-rending tones: —

"'Saviour Christ, save me! Lord, have pity on thy servant and her children! Have pity!'"

All the peasants throw themselves upon their knees in the court room, when, in the midst of solemn silence, Uncle Fédia, with humble and timid mien, comes forward and takes his place before the judges. He recalls to them that a tar-pot found beside the murdered man was evidently from his own merchandise; it must be he who is the guilty one. The judges are persuaded, the people are more than ever convinced that the disreputable old man deserved all their suspicions, and he is condemned to the mines of Siberia.

As the officers drag him away, the little boy, who has watched him closely, slips a few coins into his hand. "'Farewell, poor Uncle Fédia!'

"He murmured, 'Thank you, bârine! It is nothing; my misfortune will not trouble anybody.'"

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Six years later, the miller, who had bought the tar-pot from the peddler, confessed with his dying breath that he was the real murderer. "Of the peddler he said, 'He was a soul of the good God: he must have had pity on the widow and her children; he must have given himself up to save them.'"

All the search made in Siberia could not find Uncle Fédia. He had died from exposure in one of the mines.

"When they learned in the village the failure of the steps we had taken, the widow brought a basket of eggs to the priest, begging him to celebrate a service for the repose of the soul of poor Uncle Fédia. We all went to the church. I never prayed with so full a heart; for the first time I understood well the meaning of the verse which the celebrant read in the gospel of the day: *As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them.* I understood, seeing again before my eyes the humble figure of Uncle Fédia, trembling in his foxskin cape, in the midst of the judgment hall, scorned of the people."

Notwithstanding the case of conscience involved in this little story, it is essentially Christian, — far more so than the tales of Tolstóy. And its author has not that unpractical mysticism which prevents the Russian writer from becoming an effectual teacher of youth. He sees the providential education of the world even in such evils as war. Here suffering is not the great evil, but only immorality and degradation. This argument we must give in his own words:

"You ask me my opinion on the possible success of the Universal Congress of Peace. I believe with Darwin that violent struggle is a law of the nature which rules all creatures; I believe with Joseph de Maistre that it is a divine law, — two different fashions of naming the same thing. If, by an impossibility, a fragment of human society — let us say all the civilized West — should succeed in suspending the effect of this law, races more governed by instinct would take it on themselves to apply it against us: these races would prove that nature is right against human reason; they would succeed, because the certainty of peace (I do not say *peace;* I say *the absolute certainty of peace*) before fifty years would engender a corruption and a decadence more destructive of man than the worst of wars.

"I consider that we must do for war, which is the criminal law of humanity, that which we ought to do for all our criminal laws: we should soften them by making their application as rare as possible; we should tend with all our efforts to making them useless. But the whole experience of history teaches us that you cannot suppress them so long as there remain on earth two men, and bread, money, and a woman between them.

"I shall be very happy if the Congress puts me in the wrong; I doubt if it will do as much for history, nature, God."

This lack of sentimentality in a writer full of the highest Christian feeling is not the least sign of a movement which returns toward Christianity. The Christian argument against the Utopias of socialism and other anarchy, moral or political, has always been drawn from human nature, call it depraved or what you will; and its remedy for evil has also been drawn from the divine principle of sacrifice.

Adrift in a Hammock.

— I have seen from summer waters the pine grove where I daily swing a hammock. So seen, the recessed shade appears like a true cavern cut into the substance of the sky. The straight gray shafts of the trees that stand at its entrance take the guise of natural pillars, upon which, according to the whim of aerial architecture, rests, now a roof of lapis lazuli tint, now the sober canopy of lessening mist.

Without the trouble of raising sail or plying oar, I may go asea; yielding to the pleasures concentrated in that word fatal to all utilitarian result, — drift! Here I shall rock at ease, lulled to memory, quit of forethought. I shall but barely recall what the Natural Historian has told me about the stern character of the pine-tree which bears the weight of my netted boat: how, if the central shaft, which figures as a sort of "star-y pointing" steering mast, be lopped away, the tree never rests until it has with long effort raised a lateral branch to fill the vacant post. I shall quickly lose the suggested analogy, — that in this respect the pine-tree has its human fellow in a certain order of centred, sincere, unswervable nature, to whom, befall whatever pain, the guiding motive of the life is but the more firmly stablished.

My hammock is swung between two

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stanch, many-wintered pines, tressed along the stem with floating green-gray mosses, and crowned, far above me, with whispering feathery branches. It rocks gently from side to side, as the wind takes it; and it has also a buoyant motion, wavelike, up and down, in the greater swells that affect simultaneously the elated shafts of the trees which Neptune chose for his own, and which support my frail bark. Looking out past green shrouds and cordage, I have glimpses of bluest sea, — fragmentary, perspectiveless glimpses that suggest bits of the shell of a robin's egg dropping down through the branches. Also, through the interstices of trunk and foliage, I see the summer-day clouds moving about the horizon, like white-vestured ministrants in some holy place performing their lustral rites, or

> "priestlike task
> Of pure ablution round earth's human shores."

The voices of many and various grove-haunting birds come to my ear, — among these the oriole's, a sweet, thrilling, but scarce perfected flute-note. I try to enter into his mood, his views of life. He, too, affects the hammock, but chooses the elm, and not the pine, for his roof-tree. His criticism, turned upon my nest, would doubtless be, that I did not weave it myself, that it is swung too low, and that it does not serve me for rainy days as well as for fair.

So far I have merely been coasting, hugging the shore of earth, as it were. Let me swing farther out to sea, ploughing some "road of the bold" away towards the starboard. The ship Argo, as followed in the pages of my beloved mythology, and reconstructed in my childhood's dreams, sailed no liquid sea, encountered no troublous Symplegades, but, swanlike, steered right on through the great deep of the air, with sublimed white sails for wings! So, having closed my eyes, let me voyage, alternately rising and sinking with the motion of the wind waves, until it shall seem possible to land on some silvery stellar coast, — some friendly region of the Martian seaboard, where they will not be wholly strangers who shall run down to greet the strange craft and its idle supercargo.

"The Dim Winds." — Philosophers have discoursed of it, poets have sung it, artists have shown it, — the gift of second sight. I do not mean the thick-crowding fancies which beset the wizard in Lochiel's Warning, the unhallowed perceivings professed by modern witchcraft, nor the miracles of theosophy, but that second sight which brings far things near, which paints upon the inner eye a picture whose vividness of tint outrivals all reality; being illumined by

> "The light that never was, on sea or land."

Fairy lore has no greater fascination in store, after having placed us upon the enchanted carpet, and whisked us away to realms unknown. Even faith has its own resources in this sort, as when Cardinal Newman, by way of argument, tells us of the wonders seen and enjoyed by himself, an untraveled John Bull, sojourning or wayfaring in lands we read of, but may never visit. There is a yet more modest form of second sight, of which nor poet nor painter nor purveyor of fairy lore makes mention, but which is, nevertheless, measurably among the delights within reach of all, however faith and imagination may fail us on their own fields of vision. Especially have the privileges of this form of second sight been extended since one of our scientists, desiring to popularize his beloved studies, published a series of suggestive articles entitled Astronomy through an Opera Glass.

While I am dusting my binocular, and preparing a stand on which to adjust and balance the somewhat heavy implement, I fall to considering what a wonderful thing is a spyglass. Those who marvel at the extraordinary results reached by electricity are largely impressed by the dramatic, not to say theatrical nature of those performances. From the days of Franklin's kite to the last achievement of the trolley system, the evolution of this power has been rapid, and in many instances, indeed, sensational. Shortly after the first announcement of the successful use of the telegraph wire, there appeared in a Richmond newspaper the following colloquy: "'Canst thou speak by the lightnings?' — *Job.* 'Yes, sir-ree!' — *Professor Morse.*" Which was simply a popular way of expressing the popular wonder at a remarkable phenomenon. The artificial production of rain, which we must consider a costly experiment, in view of the fact that it was first learned in the stern school of battle, is wonderful enough in itself; though, as in many so-called inventions,

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it is but a mere imitation of nature. But the evolution of the telescope or the spyglass has been marked by a singular conservatism, and has been so gradual as to suggest its analogy in some of the slow processes of geological formation, rather than a resemblance to any of the theatrical achievements of man; and not yet has this instrument flattered our human interest by revealing anything even in Mars which should invest that planet with the least shadow of proof of human inhabitation.

With such thoughts, on a fair summer day, I lay my glass upon the stand and sweep the horizon. But a change has come over all within the field of vision. The haze which hung suspended between me and those enchanted islands of the main has assumed a more fragmentary character, and has become a composite of many-shaped and ragged clouds, all drifting in the direction indicated by the prevailing wind. There are little loops between these clouds, through which clearer glimpses of the landscape may be obtained; and at certain points the fleecy curtain is so lifted as to show the horizon, — a line marking the meeting of the light blue of the sky and the dark blue of the sea. How strange that this line should be irregular, and that, at this distance, the tumbling of the waves should be most distinctly visible! I remember that, out at sea for the first time, just before going beyond sight of land, the impression was as if we were in a bowl gradually settling towards the centre whereon our gallant ship seemed to stand. Lingering remnants of land, not yet passed from vision, marred the symmetry of this appearance, and suggested that the bowl had been carelessly mended, while still in all directions there was the steady upheaval of the waves, which in calmest weather is by sailors called the "breathing" of the sea. From my seaside balcony, the waves, which are almost always present, form, in the perspective, a wrinkled roughness of surface, which has not escaped the poet, and which is lighted up by a glint of intensified sunshine; for the reflection of the sea seems to have added to the intensity of the sun.

Little by little, the hoarse haze — for hoarse it seems, in the ever-recurring analogies between sight and sound — floats away and disappears altogether, when an increased roughening of the watery surface denotes a change of wind. Ha! now I understand what the sailors meant when they spoke of the "cat's-paws" that heralded the wished-for breeze! Now the islands on which my glass is turned shine distinctly through many miles of distance; and cottage and field and rock and stunted tree stand forth gladly to announce dry land beyond those miles of ocean. All trace of mist has finally vanished, — faded into almost preternatural clearness. Watching carefully for any changes in sea or sky or land beyond this glittering field of waters, there floats upon my vision a crystalline consciousness of *air!* I certainly can see it, flowing with that shimmering incertitude of small currents which imparts to the leaves their quivering motion, — flowing, flowing steadily to the south, like a vast sea of purest liquid, setting toward the equator. The strange part of it is the wonderful translucence. It is not like that tremulous gas which arrests the sight over a heated morass or a furnace. The effect I observe can scarcely be due to heat, for the north wind blows coolingly. I notice in the eddying currents a varying irregularity characteristic of fluid in motion; and for a moment, at least, I feel certain that what I had supposed to be the viewless air, but now behold, is nothing more nor less than "the dim winds" which were trod by Shelley's fairy! Science tells us we are immersed in the aerial ocean to the depth of some forty-five miles, but the flood which I can see must be illimitable and beyond plummet reach. It almost seems strange that we should live, move, and have our being under the tumultuous tide, now as distinctly visible as the sea itself!

After enjoying this vision and the paradoxical reflections it evokes, the spyglass is withdrawn; and I gaze wistfully over the blue field so lately informed with the magic of art and the dreamland of science. I look again. All is as usual. That flowing translucent sea has faded to utter invisibility. No cloud or feathery mist affords pretext for the thought of ocular delusion; and were it not that the stern arbitrament of Science decides these things for herself, I should still hold to my belief that I have seen the air with my natural eyes, aided by a twelve-lens glass. At any rate, I have as good warrant for my belief as had the

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South Sea Islander for his when he averred that he had shot at the wind in the guise of an old man, and had seen it disappear in a cleft of the rocks!

Self-Plagiarism.

— Dr. Holmes tells a charming story of how, having once made a bright impromptu to a lady whose guest he was, on a lecturing tour, he, to his great consternation, caught himself repeating it to the same person at the same place and on a like visit, long afterwards. He had never thought of the remark since he first uttered it, till, through some occult trick of association, the identical words slipped again from his lips; but he records his conviction that the lady undoubtedly supposed him to be in the perennial habit of getting off the saying wherever he went.

I have always been grateful to the Autocrat for this confession, because it enabled me to receive as true the well-known Joe Miller of the gentleman who asked his servant, as they rode over a bridge, "John, do you like eggs?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. A year after, coming to the same spot, the master simply said, "How?" and instantly received the answer, "Poached, sir." This ancient chestnut became to me no longer a preposterous invention, but a profound illustration of the principle of recurrent ideas.

Self-plagiarism is of two sorts, the deliberate and the accidental. The former is like the familiar features in some of the old painters, who when they got a good thing clung to it, and when they considered that they did a thing well could not feel that they could do it too frequently. Witness for this the white horse of Wouverman, the satin robe of Gerard Terburg, the haunting face of his wife which looks out of Andrea del Sarto's canvases.

So it can hardly be by accident that two horsemen trot into so many opening chapters of Mr. G. P. R. James. This name, by the way, suggests (digressively) the distinction a friend of mine is wont to use. He is not a youthful friend, but is able to remember as far back as the days when we read Darnley and Morley Ernstein, as well as the later times when we took delight in Daisy Miller and other international episodes. We asked him how one could speak of our two authors without implying a comparison. Should it be as James the First and James the Second? "By no means," was the reply. "James the First (of England) was a consummate idiot, and James the Second an obstinate ass, and I would not wish to link even in a moment's thought the names of these regal dunces with my beloved authors. No, I distinguish by emphasis. I say 'James *the* novelist, and James the *novelist*.'" "And which is which?" we his admiring hearers asked. "Ah, that is precisely what I leave you to find out."

Commending this to my reader's sagacity, I return to my southdowns. No one can forget that Lord Macaulay's schoolboy was flung at many heads on whom he pronounced the sentence of inexcusable and egregious blundering. In fact, all style is more or less akin to self-plagiarism. It is the repetition of familiar terms by which the reader comes to feel the author's originality and individual lines of expression. Macaulay has a favorite trick of comparison of which one could give a dozen instances. The formula of it is that Smith is as much superior to Brown as Brown is to Jones. Carlyle's mannerisms crop up in every page. Thackeray is never tired of illustrating by images and metaphors drawn from the stage.

There is another form of this where the writer recasts his earlier work. One instance is Charlotte Brontë's revision of the Professor in Villette. Another is Tennyson's Lady of Shalott and Elaine. Bulwer amplified an earlier sketch into the powerful story of Zanoni. Thackeray made several shots at the burlesque story of Richard Cœur de Lion before he struck the bull's eye in Rebecca and Rowena. I suppose The Origin of Epping Hunt is known to but few of his admirers, but it is unquestionably the germ of the clever continuation of Ivanhoe. He having failed also to win the queen's cup by his farce of the Wolf and the Lamb, changed, in yachting parlance, his cutter into a schooner, and made much better sailing in Lovel the Widower.

But the unconscious repetition of self is of course the proper theme of this paper. The author who is simply an author is less exposed to this peril, for the reason that he seldom forgets the children of his brain. On the other hand, men who do much of their work for special occasions, who compose sermons, make speeches in

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debate, lecture, write leaders for a daily journal, and who often have to get up their matter when by no means in training, can hardly help the occasional repetition of what they have said. The makers of after-dinner speeches and the tellers of post-prandial stories are, it is said, obliged to keep a sort of ledger, in which their *bon mots* are duly entered, with dates and names. No memory can stand the strain of recalling when and where a story has been told, if one is in the habit of firing the convivial rocket whenever the demand for fireworks is made.

Indeed, it is possible for a man to forget his own brilliancies. Some one quoted to Crabbe a passage of his on old age. "Ha! very good!" exclaimed the bard. "Whose is it?" This is the more remarkable since the six lines in question are quite vigorous enough to stay in the memory even of a casual reader. Had it been any other than George Crabbe, the guileless and revered clergyman of the Church of England, one would have called this affectation, instead of crediting it to the score of a psychological curiosity.

The real source, however, of self-plagiarism is that the author remembers the thing said, but not who said it. This can hardly come from want, but rather is the sign of excess, of mental wealth. Fox and Pitt might well be excused for not remembering all that they had spoken in the debates of the House of Commons, but "Single-Speech Hamilton" could hardly have forgotten his first and last display of oratory. It is said Sir Walter Scott did not recognize one of his own songs as he heard it sung; but the disguise of music to one who was no musician may have been enough to account for this.

There is still another element which enters into the case. The author remembers the thing said, forgets who said it, but likes it well enough on its own merits to adopt it. This is the voice of nature crying out to the long-lost child while ignorant of its parentage. This does happen in the working of what is called (most unphilosophically) absent-mindedness. It was Lord Ward, I think, — at any rate it was an English nobleman who was given to talking to himself, — of whom it was told that he once rode up to London in his chariot in that sort of self-communing, and ended by inviting himself to dinner, as the pleasantest fellow he had met with in the whole season. There was here, not absence of mind, but clearly mind enough for two. Like Alice in Wonderland, we all do something of this in dreams, but we quickly learn in our waking hours that we shall pass for being beside ourselves, and so the trick which solitary children almost always develop is brought to an end.

The point I make is, then, that it is not objectionable, under certain circumstances, to repeat one's self. This must not be the babble of childhood which comes from the activity of a brain that has not yet laid in an adequate store of material, but sings out of sheer inability to keep still. Nor is it to arise from the self-conceit of youth holding all its utterances for oracles. Still less should it proceed from the hardened egotism of middle age, which, having passed the pupil stage of life, is incapable of aught beyond its "little hoard of maxims" and its formulas of enlightened ignorance. Least of all may it be meaningless and servile prattle of the breaking mind, which forgets the phrase it has spoken but a moment agone, and saddens us with its importunate iteration.

It must spring from exuberance of strength, from the flush of life and the desire of doing so masterful as to shut out egotism which has

> "Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight."

Love language is self-plagiarism, the countless conjugatings of the verb "amo," which weary not the wooer to speak nor the wooed to hear, so long as the sense of self is absorbed in the presence of the beloved. When that begins to pall, it is a sure sign that Damon or Phyllis, or both, are resuming the consciousness of their own personality.

It is the effacement of egotism which lies at the root of all true and noble work, but in most of the great achievements of earth that effacement is by no means incompatible with the intensest feeling of personality. "My lord," said the great commoner in the crisis of Britain's fate, "I believe that I can save this country, and that no one else can." This is true because the highest sacrifice is the most voluntary; the most perfect valor is where the peril to be dared is most plainly perceived. Hence it is generally impossible for the man who

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most entirely forgets himself in his work to forget that it is his work. It is in the rare case where the work is of a sort to possess the man utterly with the delight of doing that he ceases to remember what he has done. And since most human work is imperfect, and the better it is the more the true worker is aware of the imperfection, the less likely is he to forget himself in replica of his art or copies of his literary performances.

Nevertheless there is a danger, and since this paper is written under the sense of deserved critical correction, permit me to suggest a remedy which the legislature of the republic of letters will kindly consider, if it please.

The Bank of England has an inflexible rule that no note of its making shall ever be reissued. If a customer changes his mind on receiving his notes, and passes them back to be replaced by coin, the bank paper which has barely left the teller's hands, and has not gone out of his sight, is consigned to inexorable cremation. Let a like law govern the world of letters and art. Whatever ceases from circulation must die. No reissuing of thoughts and fancies shall be permissible.

How this law is to be enacted and enforced concerns the critics who have *not* failed in literature and art, and they, of course, will discover and decide.

Nantucket Quakers in France.

—The story of An Island Plant, in The Atlantic for May and June, reminds me of the curious concatenation of circumstances which brought Nantucket Quakers before the French National Assembly, to be addressed by Mirabeau.

Battered between hammer and anvil during the War of Independence, Nantucket fishermen found themselves, at the peace, shut out of British markets as foreigners. Some of them made overtures for immigration, first to England, where they encountered procrastination or refusal, and then to France. François Coffyn, a native of Dunkirk and an English interpreter, was anxious that they should settle in that port. They stipulated for exemption from import duties, a bounty on their sperm oil, the command of their own whalers, and liberty of conscience. Shubael Gardner, who had been a prisoner in London, conducted the negotiations, and in February, 1785, he went back to Nantucket, where Rotch convened the selectmen at Sherburne to consider Coffyn's offer. Coffyn raised the £1800 required for the expenses of the emigration, and Rotch, landing with his brother at Dunkirk on the 28th of April, proceeded to Paris to conclude the arrangement. Three oil-laden whalers — the Canton, Captain Whippey, the United States, Captain Thaddeus Coffin (a namesake, but of course no relation to François Coffyn), and the Mary, Captain Moore — shortly afterwards reached Dunkirk.

But, meanwhile, English intrigues, according to the Dunkirk historian, Derode, had made the French government change its mind, while, on the other hand, the London courts had raised the embargo on Nantucket oil, and the English authorities wished to reopen the negotiations for immigration. The fishermen, however, with Quaker probity, rejected these overtures as coming too late. Gardner, with his wife and daughter, accordingly sailed for Dunkirk, accompanied by six boats, and a refugee family from England followed.

The naval rope factory was assigned to the immigrants, until cottages and factories could be erected for them on the Isle Jeanty, and some lodged with the townspeople. In 1789, the three above-named whalers sailed from Dunkirk for Brazilian waters, and twelve others followed. A series of hitches, however, occurred. The French government refused to pay the promised bounty of fifty francs per ton, and England, obtaining a reduction of import duties, undersold the Nantucket settlers in the French market. The Revolution, with its civic oath and military service, brought further complications, so that on the 10th of February, 1791, three Quakers, their hats on their heads, appeared before the National Assembly. Their names were J. Marsillac, W. Rotch, and B. Rotch. Marsillac was a doctor, a graduate of Montpellier, who, a little later on, published a Life of Penn, and also a treatise on gout. How and when he had become a Quaker does not appear; but Languedoc then contained, as Nîmes still does, a few French Quakers, and these had apparently fraternized with the Nantucket immigrants. Of Marsillac there is no trace after 1792, but a Paris jeweler of that name, a native of Lyons, guillotined in 1794, may have been a kinsman. We can

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fancy the half-puzzled, half-amused look of the Assembly and the galleries when one of the three hatted men, doubtless Marsillac, asked permission to read a memorial. After mentioning the Nantucket immigrants, and affirming the existence of Quakers in several towns and villages of Languedoc, the memorial explained the Quaker objection to oaths and to bearing arms; it cited Pennsylvania in proof of the feasibility of these principles, and it pleaded for the toleration accorded in England and the United States.

Mirabeau, who was then president of the Assembly, made a characteristic reply. He expressed a hope that regenerated France would become a second Pennsylvania. He promised the fullest religious toleration, and raised no difficulty as to oaths; but as to non-resistance, while admiring it as a grand philosophic principle, he suggested that self-defense was sometimes a duty, that liberty could not be won nor preserved except by force, and that colonists could not allow their wives and children to be slaughtered by savages. "If one of us," he added, "meets a Quaker, he will say to him, 'Brother, if thou hast a right to be free, thou hast a right to prevent thyself from being enslaved. Inasmuch as thou lovest thy fellow-man, do not allow him to be butchered by tyrants. It would be tantamount to killing him thyself. Dost thou desire peace? Remember that weakness is what causes war. General resistance implies universal peace.'"

The memorial was referred to the Constitutional Committee, and the deputation was invited to "the honors of the sitting;" that is to say, to seats on the floor.

In September, 1791, the Assembly confirmed the engagements originally entered into, and invited a further immigration. Forty whalers are said to have sailed from Dunkirk in that year, the crews being half French. When war broke out with England, ninety fishermen asked permission to fly the American flag; but this, of course, could not have been recognized by the English, and the fishery necessarily collapsed. On the 26th of October, 1793, another Dunkirk deputation waited on the Convention to complain that the English wives of some of them had been arrested by the municipality under the decree for the detention of British subjects, and the Convention ordered their release. On the 15th of September, 1795, a hatted Quaker, perhaps Marsillac, perhaps Rotch, was observed in the gallery of the Council of Elders, and one member would have had him ejected, but the Council left him unmolested.

Spasmodic attempts to revive the whale fishery were made during the short Peace of Amiens, and again in 1815, 1830, and 1836, but were fruitless. The present generation, however, has witnessed a revival, and there are now 100 or 120 boats, with 1500 sailors. But the Nantucket Quakers, with their (to French ears) outlandish Christian names, — Levi, Benjamin, Eliezer, Samuel, Laban, Shubael, — must either have quitted the town or have left no male issue, for I detect no trace of them in the Dunkirk directory.

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